PRICE $4.99

THE NEW YORKER

APRIL 16, 2007

ailstones
crossroads
low shoulder
children at play
loose gravel
basketball
darkness
black ice
loose gravel
sleet
hairpin
slick road
blind curve
sideswipe
construction
hard turn
merging
turn
slick road
darkness
black ice
pedestrians
crossroads
debris
fishtail
children at pla
high winds
children at play
low shoulder
mist
crossroads
hailstones
fis
hairpin
childre
low shoulder
p

©2007 Lexus.

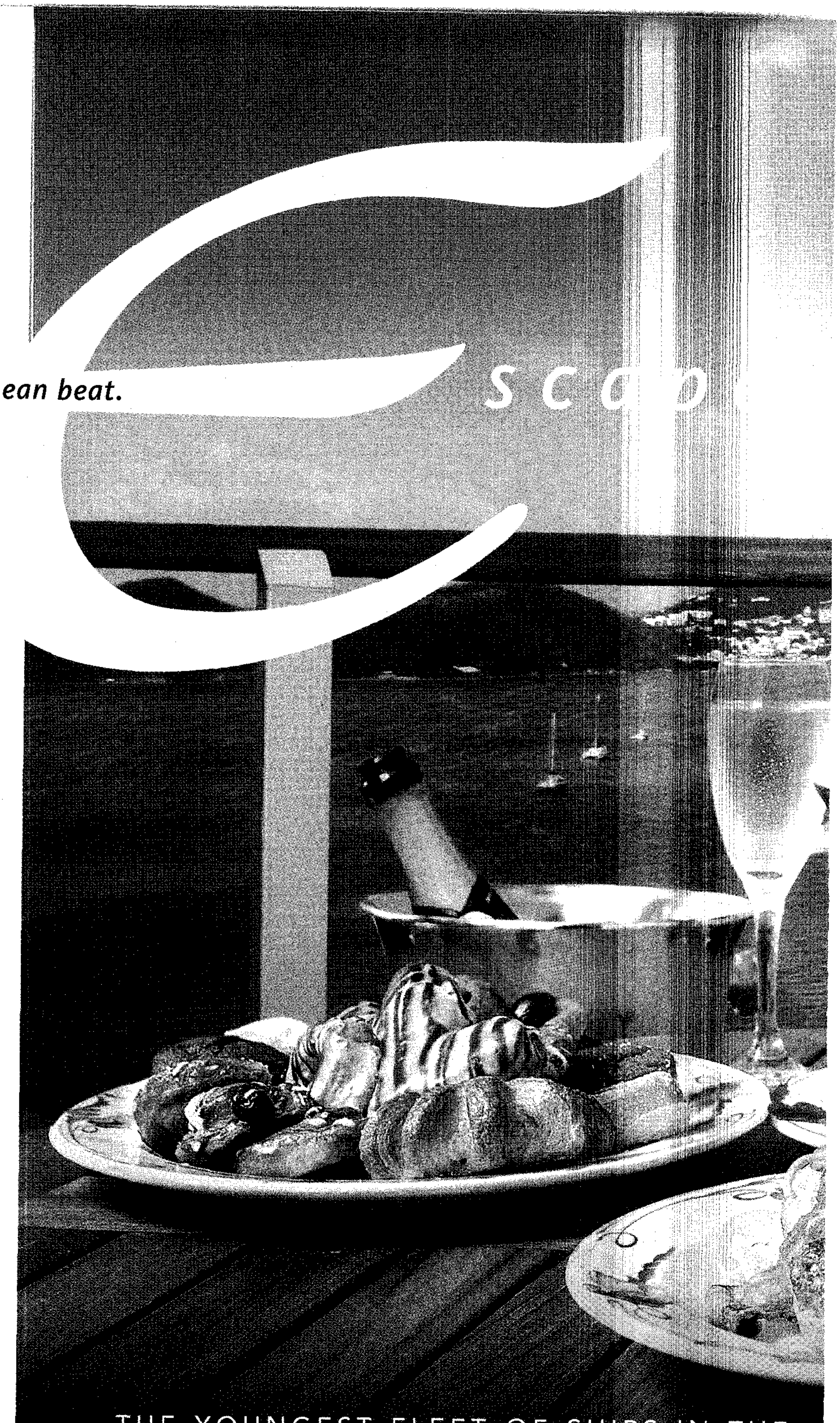
hailstones
debris
rain
slick road
darkness
blind curve
sleet
loose gravel
children at play
blizzard
construction
children at play
high winds
hairpin
darkness
sleet
blizzard
fallen rocks
potholes
children at play
blowout
construction
black ice
blowout
low shoulder
potholes
basketball
high winds
children at play
children at play
fallen tree
pedestrians
blind curve
sleet
children at play
merging
children at play
black ice
children at play
black ice
darkness
fog
basketball
slick road
merging
high winds
fallen tree
blind curve
children at play
pedestrians
hailstones
high winds
pedestrians
loose gravel
fog
mist
blind curve
fishtail
merging
tree
darkness
pedestrians
children at play
black ice
pedestrians
potholes
fallen rocks
deer
fog
collision
fallen tree
merging
hail
high winds
children at play
merging
high winds
blowout
pedestrians
loose gravel
high winds
children at play
basketball
loose gravel
low shoulder
potholes
blind curve
fishtail
children at play
darkness
children at play
blowout
merging
snow
potholes
collision
high winds
fog
fog
broken glass
deer
slick road
blind curve
low shoulder
slick road
blind curve
blizzard
debris
pedestrian
children at play
fog
collision
hailstones
pedestrians
debris
high winds
loose gravel
black ice
hailstones
black ice
merging
low shoulder
high winds
sideswipe
darkness
debris
pedestrians
sleet
fallen tree
fog

ACCIDENT UNPRONE.

Introducing the 2008 RX from Lexus. With 14 Actively Safe features, it's designed to help you avoid all sorts of trouble. Because the safest accident is the one that never happens. To learn more, visit ActivelySafe.com.

THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

Trade city streets for a Caribbean beat.

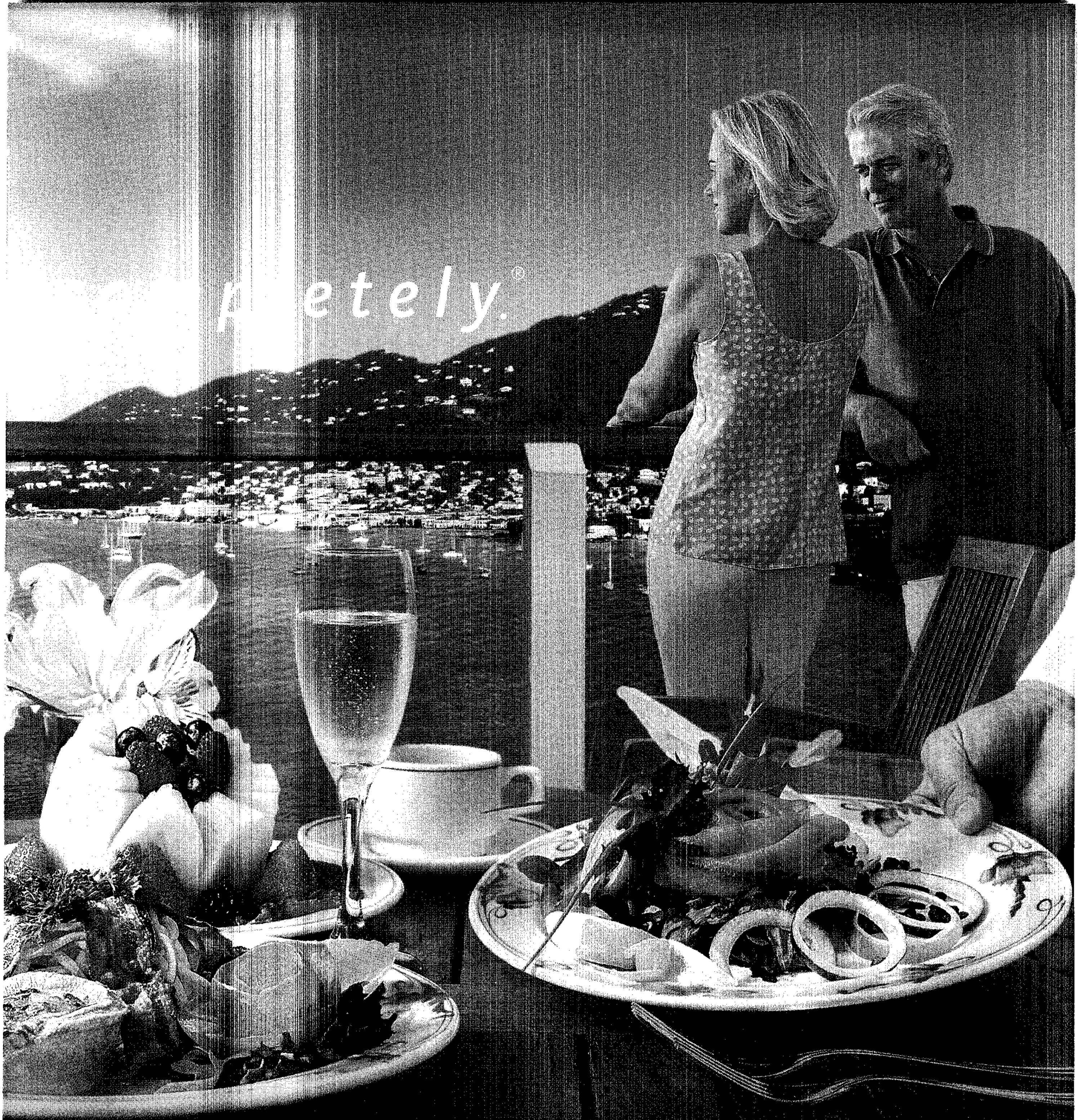


THE YOUNGEST FLEET OF SHIPS IN THE CARIBBEAN BELONGS TO PRINCESS.®

For a much-needed escape, choose Princess. We have the youngest 7-day fleet of any major cruise line in the Caribbean. Altogether, these newer ships offer over 150 sensational sailings to 31 ports on 12 unique itineraries. Three of our ships,

Africa • Alaska • Asia • Australia • Caribbean • Europe • Greece • Hawaii

See your travel agent Call 1.800.PRINCESS



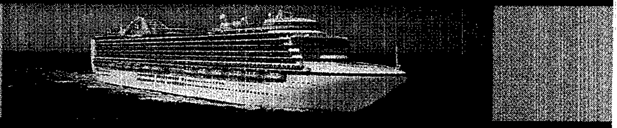
including the new Emerald Princess,℠ have nearly 900 balcony staterooms. This is the ideal setting to watch the sun dance with the sea, and indulge in Ultimate Balcony Dining, featuring a champagne breakfast. With incredible destinations like St. Thomas, Antigua, and Grenada, plus our spectacular ships, there's no better way to see the Caribbean. Book a complete escape today.

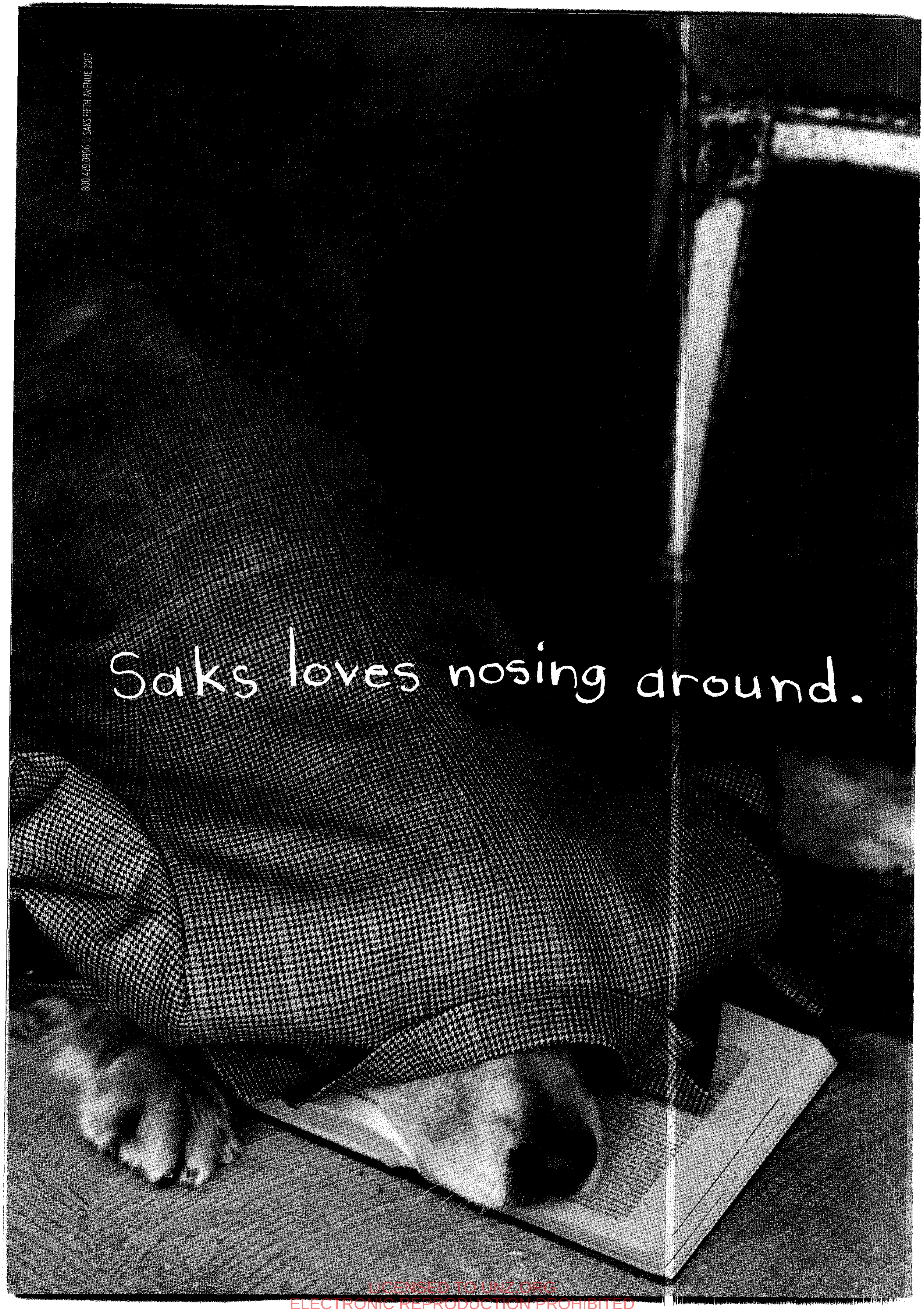
PRINCESS CRUISES
escape completely®

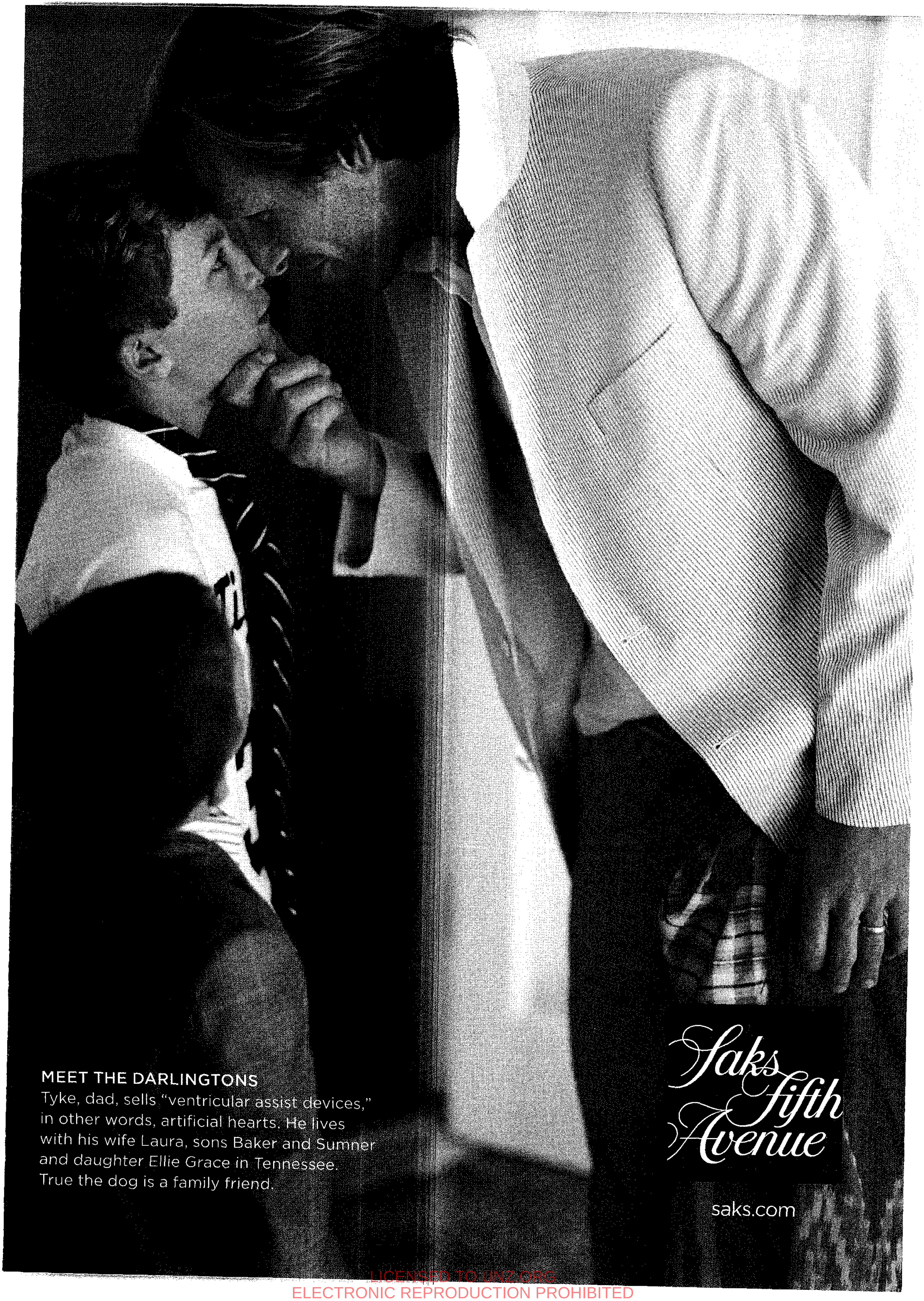
India • New Zealand • Panama Canal • Russia • South America • Tahiti

Visit princess.com

Amenities vary by ship and additional charges may apply.
©2007 Princess Cruises. Ships of Bermudan registry.




800.429.0996 © SAKS FIFTH AVENUE 2007
Saks loves nosing around.



MEET THE DARLINGTONS
Tyke, dad, sells "ventricular assist devices," in other words, artificial hearts. He lives with his wife Laura, sons Baker and Sumner and daughter Ellie Grace in Tennessee. True the dog is a family friend.

Saks Fifth Avenue

saks.com

THE NEW YORKER
JOURNEYS

APRIL 16, 2007

14 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

47 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Hendrik Hertzberg on the 2008 primaries;
James Surowiecki on the boom in India.

Orhan Pamuk 56 PERSONAL HISTORY
My First Passport
What it means to belong to a country.

Nick Paumgarten 58 ANNALS OF TRANSPORT
There and Back Again
The soul of the commuter.

Pankaj Mishra 82 OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS
The Train to Tibet
Beijing comes to Lhasa.

Patricia Marx 101 ON AND OFF THE AVENUE
Emotional Baggage
Shopping for a suitcase.

Alec Wilkinson 106 THE SPORTING SCENE
No Obstacles
The art of parkour.

John Colapinto 118 A REPORTER AT LARGE
The Interpreter
The puzzling language of an Amazon tribe.

Marguerite Duras 138 FICTION
"The Stolen Pigeons"

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

Claudia Roth Pierpont 142 *Martin Duberman's "The Worlds of Lincoln Kirstein."*

153 Briefly Noted

John Updike 154 *Hermione Lee's "Edith Wharton."*

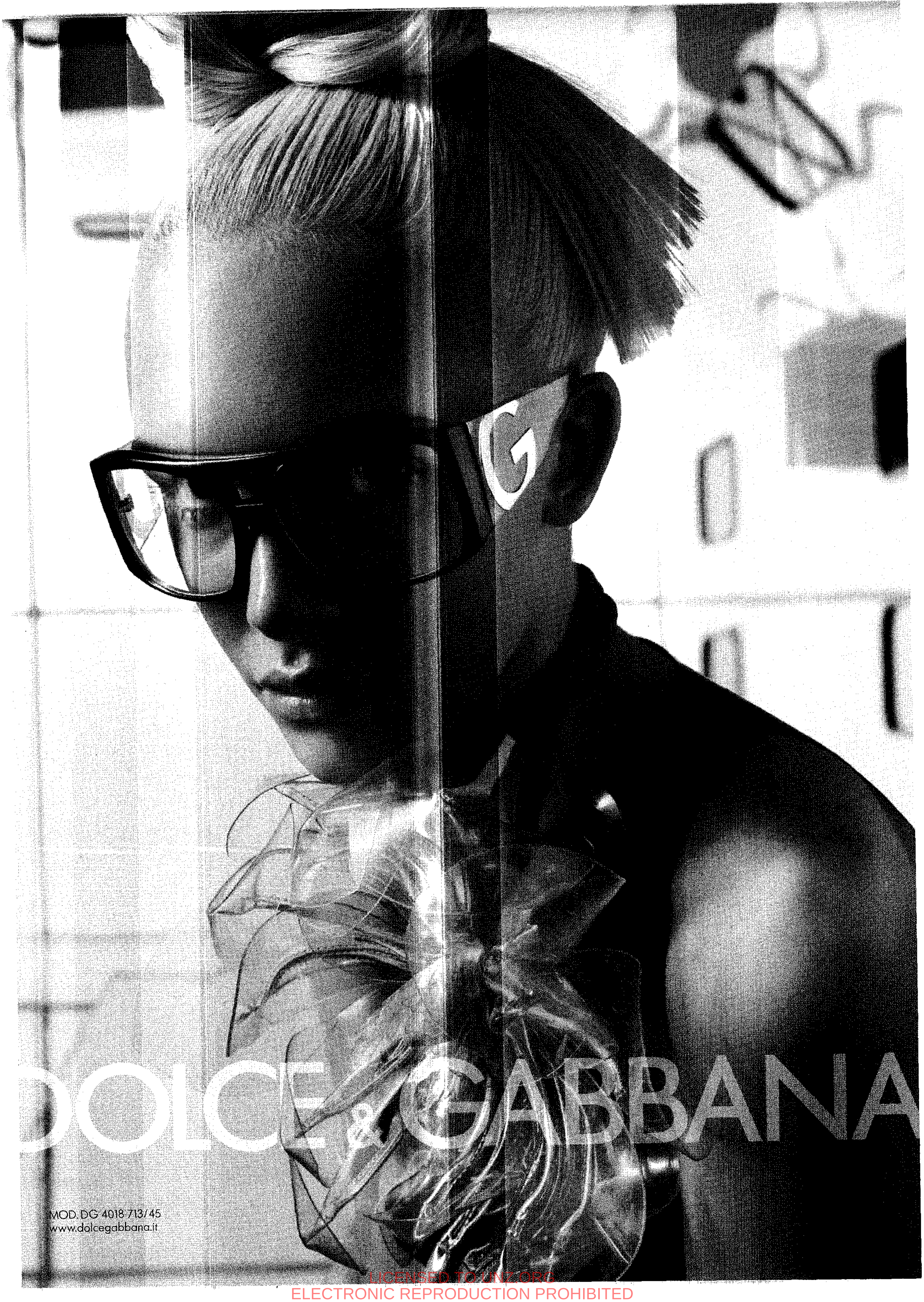
Rebecca Mead 158 *Leslie Bennetts's "The Feminine Mistake."*

Sasha Frere-Jones 162 POP MUSIC
Feist's new album.

Nancy Franklin 164 ON TELEVISION
"This American Life."

Continued on page 8

www.newyorker.com


DOLCE & GABBANA
MOD. DG 4018 713/45
www.dolcegabbana.it

Alex Ross 166 MUSICAL EVENTS
The vitality of New York's new-music scene.

David Denby 168 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Grindhouse," "The TV Set."

POEMS

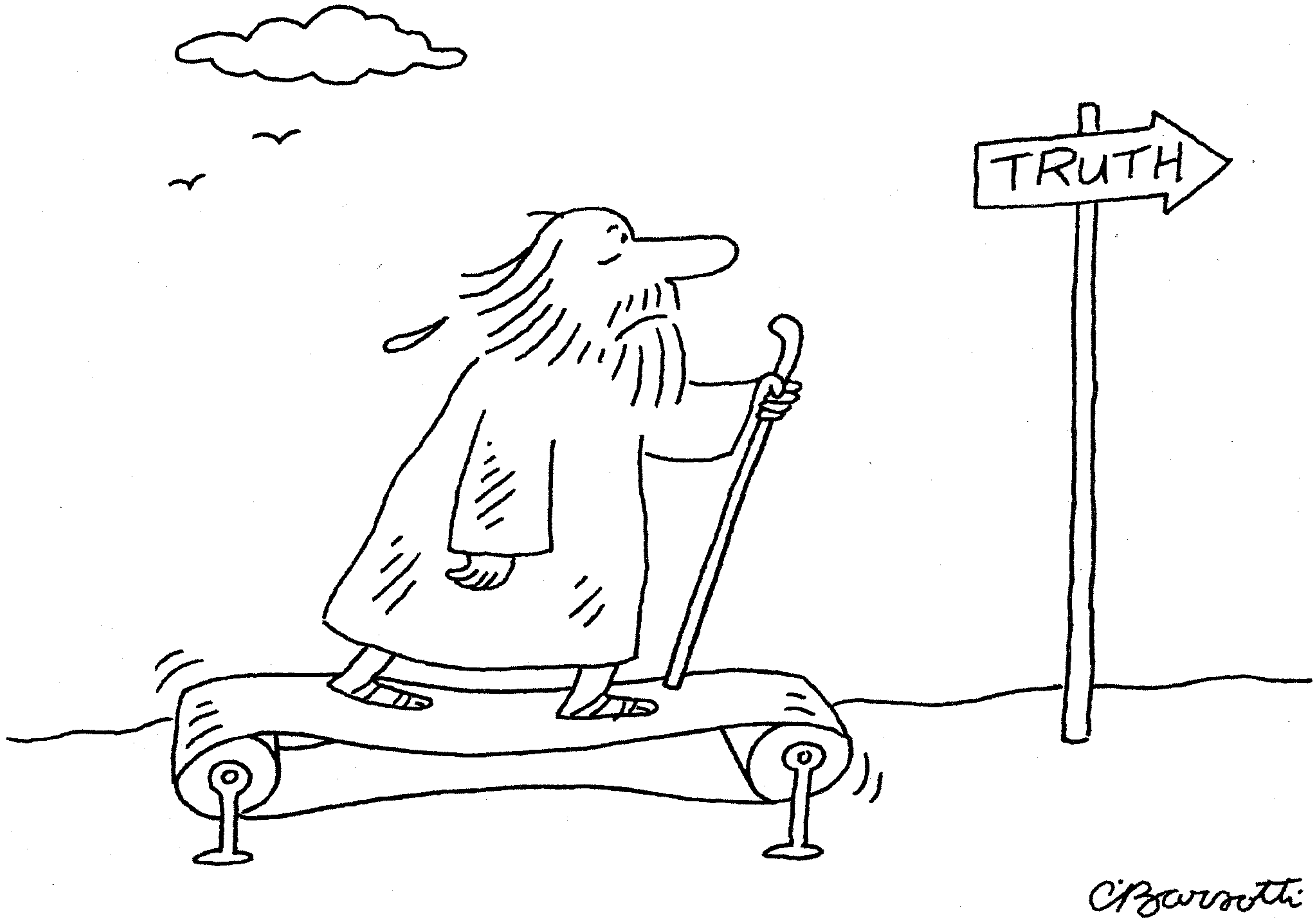
Philip Levine 68 "Burial Rites"

C. K. Williams 114 "The United States"

Jacques de Loustal COVER
"Rare Birds"

DRAWINGS *Charles Barsotti, Leo Cullum, Drew Dernavich, Caroline Dworin, Sam Gross, Kim Warp, Robert Leighton, Roz Chast, Jason Patterson, Tom Cheney, Robert Weber, Barbara Smaller, Bruce Eric Kaplan, William Haefeli, Gahan Wilson, David Sipress, P. C. Vey, Michael Crawford, Alex Gregory*

SPOTS *Philippe Petit-Roulet*



[illegible] Real-time traffic available only in select markets. [illegible] Acura and TL Type-S are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd.

A CIVILIZED WAY TO HANDLE YOUR AGGRESSION.

The all-new Acura TL Type-S. The civilized way to handle aggression is to embrace it, with 286 hp and sport suspension, exclusive to the Type-S. While enjoying sophisticated technology like voice-activated navigation and real-time traffic monitoring.[1] Aggression has been refined. Barely. Visit us at acura.com.

ACURA
ADVANCE.

MassMutual
FINANCIAL GROUP®

MassMutual Financial Group is a marketing designation (or fleet name) for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company (MassMutual) and its affiliates. ©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

CONTRIBUTORS

Nick Paumgarten (The Talk of the Town, p. 48; "There and Back Again," p. 58) is a staff writer.

Hendrik Hertzberg (Comment, p. 47) writes frequently about politics and policy. His book "Politics: Observations & Arguments" is out in paperback.

Orhan Pamuk ("My First Passport," p. 56) received the Nobel Prize in Literature last year. "Other Colors," a collection of his essays, will be published in the fall.

Philip Levine (Poem, p. 68) has been the recipient of a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize. His most recent collection of poems, "Breath," is available in paperback.

Pankaj Mishra ("The Train to Tibet," p. 82) is the author of "The Romantics," a novel, and "Temptations of the West."

Patricia Marx ("Emotional Baggage," p. 101) writes for film and television. Her novel "Him Her Him Again The End of Him" came out in January.

Marguerite Duras (Fiction, p. 138), a novelist, playwright, and filmmaker, died in 1996. "The Stolen Pigeons" is an unpublished story from a notebook she kept in the nineteen-forties.

John Colapinto ("The Interpreter," p. 118), a staff writer, is the author of two books, "As Nature Made Him" and "About the Author," a novel.

Martin Schoeller (Photographs, p. 118) has an exhibit of his portraits at the Griffin Museum, in Winchester, Massachusetts. His work will be shown at the Ace Gallery, in Los Angeles, this summer.

Alec Wilkinson ("No Obstacles," p. 106) is the author of eight books, including "The Happiest Man in the World," which has just been published.

Claudia Roth Pierpont (Books, p. 142) is the author of "Passionate Minds," a book of essays about women writers.

John Updike (Books, p. 154) has a collection of essays and criticism, "Due Considerations," coming out in the fall.

Rebecca Mead (Books, p. 158) is a staff writer and the author of "One Perfect Day: The Selling of the American Wedding," which will be published in May.

Alex Ross (Musical Events, p. 166) is the magazine's music critic. His book "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century" will come out in October.

THIS WEEK ON NEWYORKER.COM

A slide show of photographs of the Pirahã tribe by *Martin Schoeller.* / Videos of David Belle and other parkour *traceurs.* / *Alex Ross* fills in the new-music map. / *John Cassidy* answers readers' questions about Paul Wolfowitz. / From the archives: *Nick Paumgarten* on MapQuest, *John Updike* on the revival of Edith Wharton, and more. / A selection of articles from the current issue. / Video versions of animated cartoons; the caption contest; Q. & A.s and other Web exclusives; and a calendar of *New Yorker* events across the country, on our redesigned Web site.

assMutual Financial Group is a marketing designation (or fleet name) for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company (MassMutual)
nd its affiliates. Life insurance issued by MassMutual, Springfield, MA 01111-0001. ©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Life Insurance Seems Too Complicated

THE MAIL

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

Seymour M. Hersh, in his essay concerning bombing attacks on unauthorized targets during the Vietnam War and the cover-up that followed, completes a story that has represented for me both the best and the worst of the conduct of war (Comment, March 26th). During 1971-72, I was assigned to the Air Force's 56th Special Operations Wing at Nakhon Phanom, Thailand, as an intelligence specialist. With us was Sergeant Lonnie Franks, who was on temporary duty from the air wing at Udorn Royal Thai Air Force Base, from which the strike missions in question were flown. Sergeant Franks, in debriefing pilots after their missions over Vietnam, realized that they were being instructed to give fabricated information, and was told that he had to support this action by lying in official intelligence reports. Instead, Sergeant Franks wrote to his Senator explaining that he had been ordered to lie in official reports documenting how the war was being fought. His action exemplifies the military's core ideal: when something is wrong, you must do something.

Master Sergeant Bob Schrynemakers
United States Air Force (Retired)
Torrance, Calif.

TUNING IN

James Surowiecki argues that consumers may benefit if antitrust authorities permit the only two providers of satellite radio to merge, so they can compete more effectively with the big chains that dominate AM/FM radio (The Financial Page, March 19th). Surowiecki writes, "Sometimes, it seems, you can have fewer competitors but more competition." This kind of argument has found considerable favor with the Republicans currently in charge of antitrust enforcement, and with conservative antitrust scholars more generally. But excessive consolidation—as happened in the telecommunications industry, or in the home-appliance market—often produces fewer choices, higher prices, and poor quality. Merger analysis is complex, and the facts in each case are different. But we should view skeptically the argument that fewer competitors can be better for consumers.

Gary L. Reback
Palo Alto, Calif.

A HISTORY OF MEN

Jill Lepore, in her piece regarding Jamestown as it approaches its four-hundredth anniversary, writes, "It is a story of some lessons painfully learned, and others not learned at all" ("Our Town," April 2nd). To that statement I would add, "and the most important lesson of all hardly recognized to this day." In his book "Sexual Revolution in Early America," Richard Godbeer, a professor at the University of Miami, writes, "Jamestown was initially an all-male settlement. . . . Male colonists outnumbered women by roughly six to one in the 1620's and by four to one in later decades. . . . It is difficult to believe that a group of young and notoriously unbridled men remained celibate for an extended period of time. It seems likely that some male settlers deprived of female companionship would have turned to each other instead . . . [and] reasonable to assume that much of the sex . . . was sodomitical." My research for my own work-in-progress "The American People: A History" has revealed not only that male-only partnerships were quite in evidence but that services were often conducted to join the partners "under God" and, of equal interest, that they adopted Indian children to raise as their own. I hope it will not be long before scholars will acknowledge that Jamestown was in fact not only America's first colony but also its first homosexual community.

Larry Kramer
New York City

AT RISK

George Packer, in his piece on Iraqi interpreters, vividly describes their uncertain future ("Betrayed," March 26th). I recently returned from a year in Iraq, where I served as a Military Transition Team member, living with Iraqi forces and acting as a mentor and adviser to them. My team and I did much to build and train these forces, under very difficult circumstances, and our success in doing so depended upon our Iraqi interpreters. These men act not only as our communicators but also as our cultural advisers and our friends, and they shared with us the dangers of combat and the rigors of military life. While interpreters are generally well paid, the risks associated with assisting Coalition Forces are extraordinary. These risks, I am afraid, will not abate, regardless of the eventual outcome of American involvement in Iraq; our nation must reciprocate the loyalty demonstrated by these men by offering them sanctuary in the United States.

Captain Aaron R. Inkenbrandt
Indiana Army National Guard
Indianapolis, Ind.

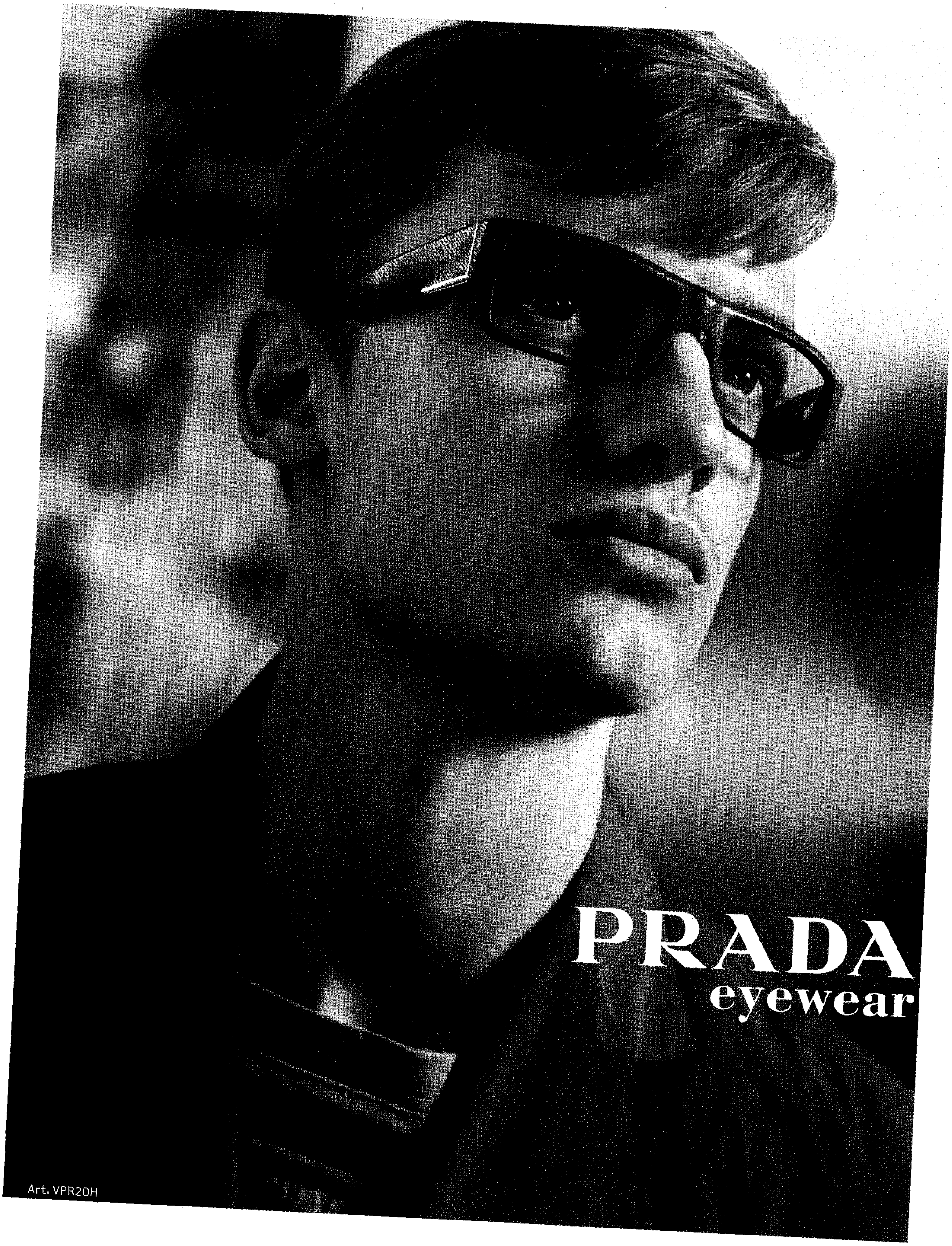
TRADITIONAL MEDICINE

Michael Specter, in reporting on the fight against AIDS in South Africa, notes that some AIDS sufferers have turned to unproven herbal remedies instead of antiretroviral drugs ("The Denialists," March 12th). Unlike Zeblon Gwala—the former truck driver who makes a small fortune from his ubhejane mixture—many traditional healers are benevolent community members who are often overlooked as a medical resource. As a former intern for South Africa's Treatment Action Campaign, I learned firsthand that it is essential for pharmaceutical companies and South African politicians to bear in mind the influence of healers when considering research and policy. In a country where healers still outnumber licensed doctors, healers will continue to be the first point of contact—indeed, the first medical authority—for many people suffering from the symptoms of AIDS.

Brendan Wattenberg
New York City

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium. All letters become the property of The New Yorker and will not be returned; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.


PRADA
eyewear
Art. VPR20H

"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," at the Metropolitan Opera. Photograph by Lisa Kereszi.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
15	16	17	11	12	13	14

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
LIVE AID

The Public Theatre presents a developmental production of "In Darfur," by Winter Miller, about the current crisis in Sudan. Mia Farrow and Ann Curry will each participate in a post-show discussion with aid workers and journalists. Joanna Settle directs. (See page 16.)

NIGHT LIFE
SOMETHING NEW

The venerable downtown concert hall Irving Plaza has been given a fresh coat of paint and a name that reaches back into the history of rock and roll: the Fillmore New York at Irving Plaza. The bewitchingly snarky English singer Lily Allen brings her ska-inflected pop to town for the inaugural show at the newly christened venue. (See page 20.)

ART
ADRENALINE RUSH

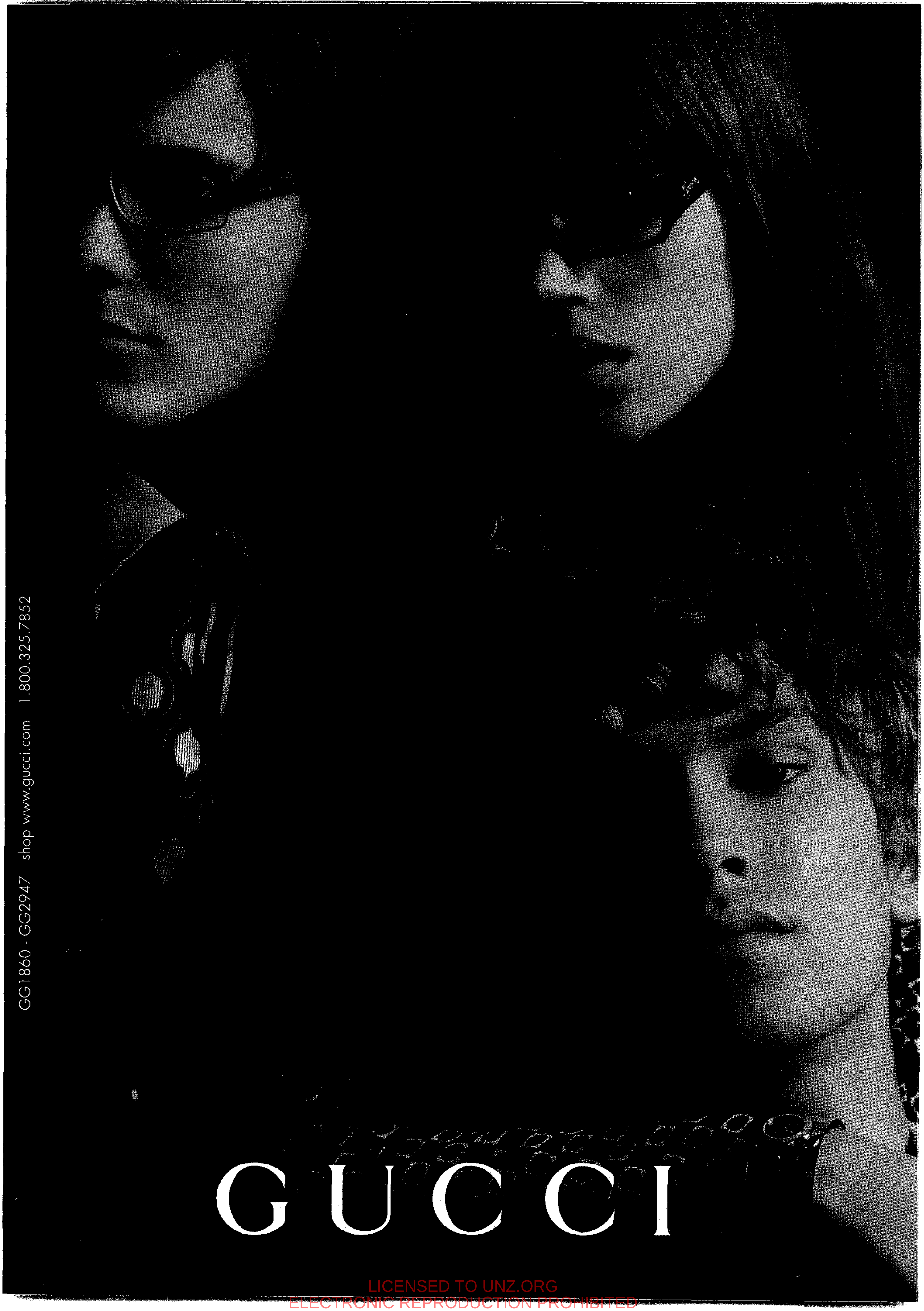
Kristin Baker's paintings, a new batch of which are on view at the Deitch gallery on Wooster Street, are both violently pretty and prettily violent. In this show, Baker moves beyond her usual subjects—racetrack mishaps and explosions, for example—to take on a few icons of art history, including Marcel Duchamp and Théodore Géricault. (See page 26.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
EYES ON THE PRIZES

The closest thing that composers have to the Nobel Prize is the Grawemeyer Award, which is given out (almost) annually by the University of Louisville. This year's winner, Sebastian Currier, has already won a Rome Prize and a Guggenheim Fellowship; his new Piano Concerto will be featured at Miller Theatre this week. (See page 30.)

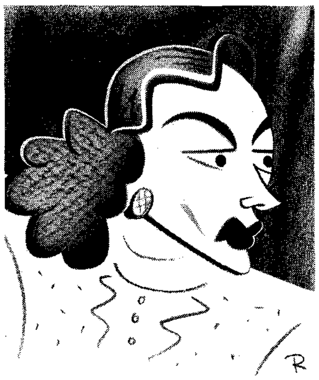
MOVIES
THE PARTY'S OVER

Despite ongoing censorship, Chinese filmmakers manage to make films outside state institutions. Walter Reade offers a weekend of recent independent films from China, including the bleak satire "Blind Shaft," about miners; "The Orphan of Anyang," a drama about a prostitute and her child; and "The World," about the quiet despair of Beijing's migrant workers. (See page 41.)



GG1860 - GG2947 shop www.gucci.com 1.800.325.7852
GUCCI

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
MOTHER LOAD



ROBERT RISKO

In the early forties, Joan Crawford left the suffocating glamour of M-G-M and entered the noirish shadows of Warner Bros. Her second film there was the startling "Mildred Pierce," from the James M. Cain novel, which is perhaps more candid about money and social status than any American movie of the period. (It screens at MOMA on April 12 and April 16.) Crawford is the poor divorcée Mildred, who works as a waitress, then starts a restaurant, then a chain of restaurants, and finally marries the quintessential heel, Zachary Scott, all to satisfy the snobbish demands of her daughter, Ann Blyth, who resents her mother's common origins. Crawford's performance is convincing and intelligent, and the bitterness feels genuine (Crawford herself was a wrong-side-of-the-tracks girl who struggled for respect). Like other good forties movies, "Mildred Pierce" starts with a murder and then works back to the roots of the crime. The director, Michael Curtiz, keeps the palette dark and rich and the psychological undertones resonant.

—*David Denby*

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

ALL THE WRONG REASONS
John Fugelsang performs a one-man show, about drug smuggling, neo-Nazis, and his Catholic upbringing. In previews. Opens April 15. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

AMERICAN FIESTA
Mark Brokaw directs this drama, about a Fiestaware collector from a conservative family, written by and starring Steven Tomlinson. Previews begin April 14. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 212-353-0303.)

ARMED AND NAKED IN AMERICA
Naked Angels presents two weeks of plays centered on American life during wartime. Playwrights include Theresa Rebeck, José Rivera, David Rabe, Warren Leight, and Will Eno. Opens April 11. (The Duke on 42nd Street, 229 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

BIOGRAPHY
The Pearl presents S. N. Behrman's 1932 comedy, about a Manhattan artist who causes a rumpus with the announcement of her revealing autobiography. Previews begin April 13. (80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

BORIS GODUNOV
Princeton University's Berlind Theatre will mount Pushkin's rarely staged 1825 historical drama, in a translation by Antony Wood, performed for the first time with choral and orchestral music composed for the play by Sergei Prokofiev in 1936. April 12-14. (91 University Pl., Princeton, N.J. 609-258-2787.)

THE BRIG
The legendary Living Theatre inaugurates its new performance space with a production of the 1963 play by Kenneth H. Brown, about atrocities committed in military prisons during the Korean War. The founding member Judith Malina directs. Previews begin April 12. (19-21 Clinton St. 212-352-3101.)

CORAM BOY
Helen Edmundson adapts Jamila Gavin's novel, about two orphans in eighteenth-century England. Melly Still directs the National Theatre production. Previews begin April 16. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

DEUCE
Angela Lansbury and Marian Seldes star in Terrence McNally's new play, in which champion tennis doubles partners reunite. Michael Blakemore directs. In previews. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

FROST/NIXON
Frank Langella and Michael Sheen star in the Donmar Warehouse production of Peter Morgan's drama, based on the taped conversations between David Frost and Richard Nixon in 1977. In previews. (Bernard B. Jacobs, 242 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

IN DARFUR
The Public Theatre presents a developmental production of a play by Winter Miller, directed by Joanna Settle, that examines the crisis in Darfur. Opens April 13. (425 Lafayette St. 212-967-7555.)

INHERIT THE WIND
Christopher Plummer and Brian Dennehy star in Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's dramatic retelling of the Scopes trial. In previews. Opens April 12. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE J.A.P. SHOW, JEWISH AMERICAN PRINCESSES OF COMEDY
Cory Kahaney, Jackie Hoffman, Cathy Ladman, and Jessica Kirson pay homage to their comedic predecessors. In previews. (Actors Temple Theatre, 339 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200.)

LEGALLY BLONDE THE MUSICAL
A musical adaptation of the Reese Witherspoon film, about a sorority girl who ends up at Harvard Law School. Directed and choreographed by Jerry Mitchell. In previews. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 212-307-4100.)

LOVEMUSIK
Michael Cerveris and Donna Murphy star in this musical, which chronicles twenty-five years in the romance of Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya. With songs by Weill and a book by Alfred Uhry. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews begin April 12. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200.)

110 IN THE SHADE
Roundabout Theatre Company's production of the musical by Harvey Schmidt, Tom Jones, and N. Richard Nash. Audra McDonald stars; Lonny Price directs. Previews begin April 13. (Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-239-6200.)

TRANSFIGURES
Women's Project presents a play conceived and directed by Lear deBessonet, in which tourists in Israel fall into religious delusions, a phenomenon known as the Jerusalem syndrome. In previews. Opens April 16. (Julia Miles, 424 W. 55th St. 212-239-6200.)

NOW PLAYING

THE ACCOMPLICES
Bernard Weinraub's drama, presented by the New Group, is about the Revisionist Zionist Hillel Kook, who campaigned for the aid of European Jews during the Second World War. (Acorn, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

BLACKBIRD
Manhattan Theatre Club presents a play by David Harrower, starring Jeff Daniels and Alison Pill, about a young woman who shows up unexpectedly at the office of her former lover. Joe Mantello directs. (City Center, Stage I, at 131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

CURTAINS
Originally conceived by the Broadway pros Peter Stone, John Kander, and Fred Ebb (the book and additional lyrics are by Rupert Holmes), "Curtains," cleverly directed by Scott Ellis, expertly spoofs everything to do with the clichés of the Broadway musical. At once a musical within a musical, a thriller, a backstage drama, and a romance, it is the narrative equivalent of a Dagwood sandwich, stuffed with relish and a lot of ham. With the droll, pitch-perfect David Hyde Pierce and the formidable Debra Monk. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/2/07.) (Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
The director Jack Cummings III outfits William Inge's 1957 domestic drama with a crisp, streamlined set, but the scent of mothballs still clings to this strangely unaffecting tale of an embattled couple in small-town nineteen-twenties Oklahoma. Rubin Flood (Patrick Boll) is a tough-as-leather cowboy who cherishes his job on the road, but his prim, querulous wife, Cora (Donna Lynne Champlin), won't let a man be a man: she wants Rubin in town, helping to raise their shy teenage daughter and fractious ten-year-old son. Cummings telegraphs the momentousness of the family quarrels with shadowy lighting, translucent scrims, and lots of melancholy Chopin, but the trappings only underscore how unworthy these characters are of such mythic stature. (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 212-352-3101.)

EXITS AND ENTRANCES
Athol Fugard's play, presented by Primary Stages, traces the author's relationship with the South African actor André Huguenet. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

FUGUE
An amnesiac woman (Deirdre O'Connell), discovered in a fugue state on the Chicago El, is placed for observation in a closely monitored hospital room. She recognizes no one. Under the guidance of a young doctor, Danny Lucchesi (Rick Stear), who's haunted by his own secrets, she begins to reknit the lost scenes from her past, conjuring bits and pieces of a life story that she's repressed. Lee Thuna's psychological-puzzle play,

Be immersed.

Renaissance Hotels & Resorts® are in the heart of cities known for must-see attractions and entertainment. They are designed for those who choose to be more connected. To be free to follow individual passions. Each Renaissance offers artful detail, refined comforts and warm people attuned to your preferences. Be at the center of our world. Be anything but ordinary.

PERE MARQUETTE
PA

RENAISSANCE®
HOTELS & RESORTS

www.RenaissanceHotels.com
1-800-HOTELS-1

© 2007 Renaissance Hotel Holdings, Inc.

directed by Judith Ivey, feels more constructed than lived, the characters' fears too neatly made to be convincing. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 212-239-6200.)

LOSING SOMETHING
Kevin Cunningham's new play, about a middle-aged man facing the ghosts of his past, uses 3-D technology to create lifelike apparitions. (3LD Art and Technology Center, 80 Greenwich St. 212-352-3101.)

LA MAGNANI
Theresa Gambacorta wrote and performs this portrait of the Italian film star Anna Magnani. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 212-279-4200.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN
The Old Vic's revival of Eugene O'Neill's romantic drama comes to Broadway, with Eve Best and Kevin Spacey. Howard Davies directs. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 212-307-4100.)

THE NIBROC TRILOGY
Three plays by Arlene Hutton center on the life of a Kentucky couple from the Second World War to the fifties. (78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. 212-352-3101.)

THE NUMBER 14
The Vancouver-based Axis Theatre Company brings back its popular physical-theatre show, performed with masks and clowning, about the passengers on a city bus. (New Victory, 209 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. Through April 15.)

OLIVER TWIST
A rotating pack of workhouse masters, thieves, morticians, and high-society types vie for control of a penniless orphan boy, Oliver (Michael Wartella), who manages to slip through everyone's grasp. Similarly, Neil Bartlett's staging and adaptation seems to slip away from its focus, derailing in its attempt to assimilate big chunks of the Dickens narrative into a deadpan theatrical whole. Still, there are plenty of ingenious touches, especially when the ghoulish cast of Victorian roustabouts and riffraff breaks into a-cappella song—also playing violin and hurdy-gurdy tunes at odd intervals. But in spite of a comic agility that's evident onstage, the script never coalesces, and, although several of the featured actors bring considerable charm to their roles, Oliver remains stubbornly two-dimensional. (Gerald W. Lynch Theatre, at John Jay College, 899 Tenth Ave. 212-279-4200. Through April 15.)

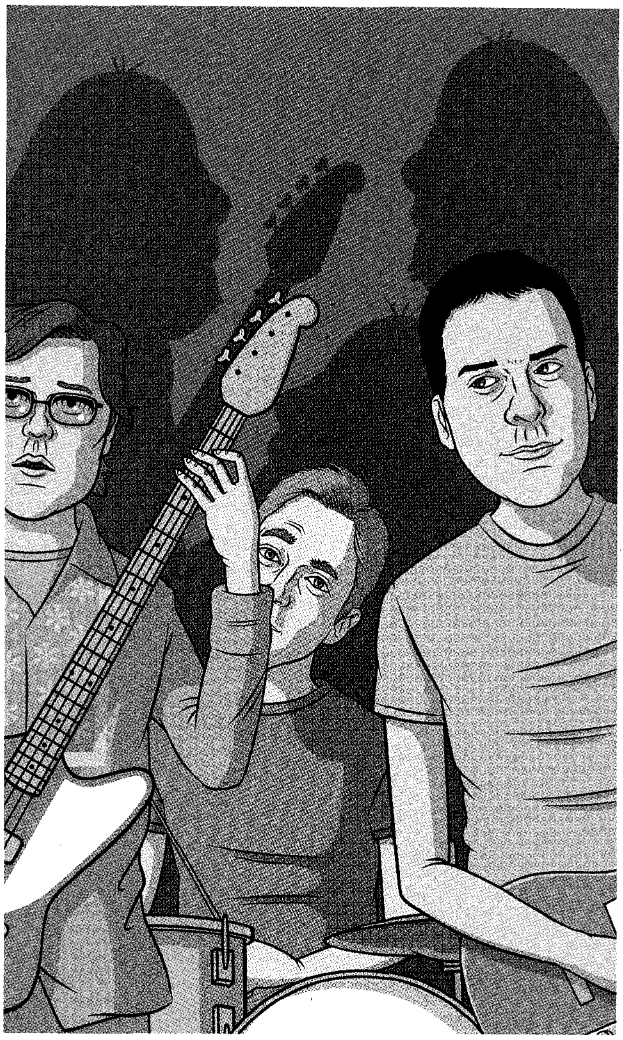
THE PIRATE QUEEN
From Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg (the writers of "Les Misérables" and "Miss Saigon") and the producers of "Riverdance" comes a new musical epic that's as soggy as the seven seas, based on the life of the sixteenth-century Irish chieftain Grace O'Malley. A poster girl for equal-opportunity swashbuckling, O'Malley (Stephanie J. Block) sings power anthems when she isn't fending off English colonialists or cramping the frilly style of Queen Elizabeth I (Linda Balgord). Pretty much everything about the show is big: the cast, the kicks, the costume budget. But the story is meagre, a bargain-basement sampling of megamusical clichés, and even the peppiest Irish jig can't stomp life into it. (Hilton, 213 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100.)

REARVIEWMIRROR
Carl Forsman directs a play by Eric Winick, about rock-and-roll fans looking for spiritual fulfillment. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

SERENDIB
David Zellnik's play about a group of filmmakers making a documentary about a team of scientists. Part of the "First Light" festival, which focusses on science-themed plays. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 212-352-3101.)

STAY
The première of Lucy Thurber's story of a young writer who discovers an angel. (Rattlestick, 224 Waverly Pl. 212-868-4444. Through April 15.)

TALL GRASS
A triptych of dark comedic vignettes about relationships, by Brian Harris. Directed by Nick Corley. (Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200. Through April 15.)



The tongue-in-cheek rockers King Kong, at Union Hall.

THE YEAR OF MAGICAL THINKING
Joan Didion's stage adaptation (directed by David Hare) of her brilliant, best-selling memoir, a chronicle of the year following the unmooring loss of her husband, the writer John Gregory Dunne, in 2003, which she has updated for Broadway with the additional unbearable news of her daughter Quintana's death, two years later, at the age of thirty-nine. What felt like curiosity in the book becomes grandiosity on the stage; the words may be Didion's but the metabolism isn't. Watching the strapping, hot-blooded Vanessa Redgrave try to embody Didion's birdlike, chilly character is rather like seeing a falcon impersonate a sparrow. In Redgrave's attack, which is instinctively melodramatic, Didion's persona loses much of its tact and its camouflage, and a certain pretentiousness shows through. Far from signalling the end of her year of magical thinking, the play turns out to be an extension of it. (4/9/07) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

Also Playing

A CHORUS LINE: Schoenfeld, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COAST OF UTOPIA:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200. **COMPANY:** Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200. **DEFENDER OF THE FAITH:** Irish Repertory, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. **ESSENTIAL SELF-DEFENSE:** Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200. Through April 15. **GREY GARDENS:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200. **HOWARD KATZ:** Laura Pels, 111 W. 46th St. 212-719-1300. **IN THE HEIGHTS:** 37 Arts, 450 W. 37th St. 212-307-4100. **JACK GOES BOATING:** Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-967-7555. **JOURNEY'S END:** Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **KING HEDLEY II:** Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529. **MY TRIP TO AL-QAEDA:** Culture Project, 55 Mercer St. 212-352-3101. Through April 14. **PRELUDE TO A KISS:** American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300. **PROMETHEUS BOUND:** Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 212-352-3101. Through April 14. **SOME MEN:** Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422. **SPALDING GRAY: STORIES LEFT TO TELL:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 212-307-7171. **SPRING AWAKENING:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **TALK RADIO:** Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200.

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

ALLEN ROOM
Jazz at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 60th St. (212-721-6500)—April 13-14: **Art Garfunkel.** The songs on Garfunkel's new album, "Some Enchanted Evening," are familiar standards by Gershwin, Berlin, and Rodgers and Hammerstein. These shows are a mixture of material from the new album and songs from throughout his career.

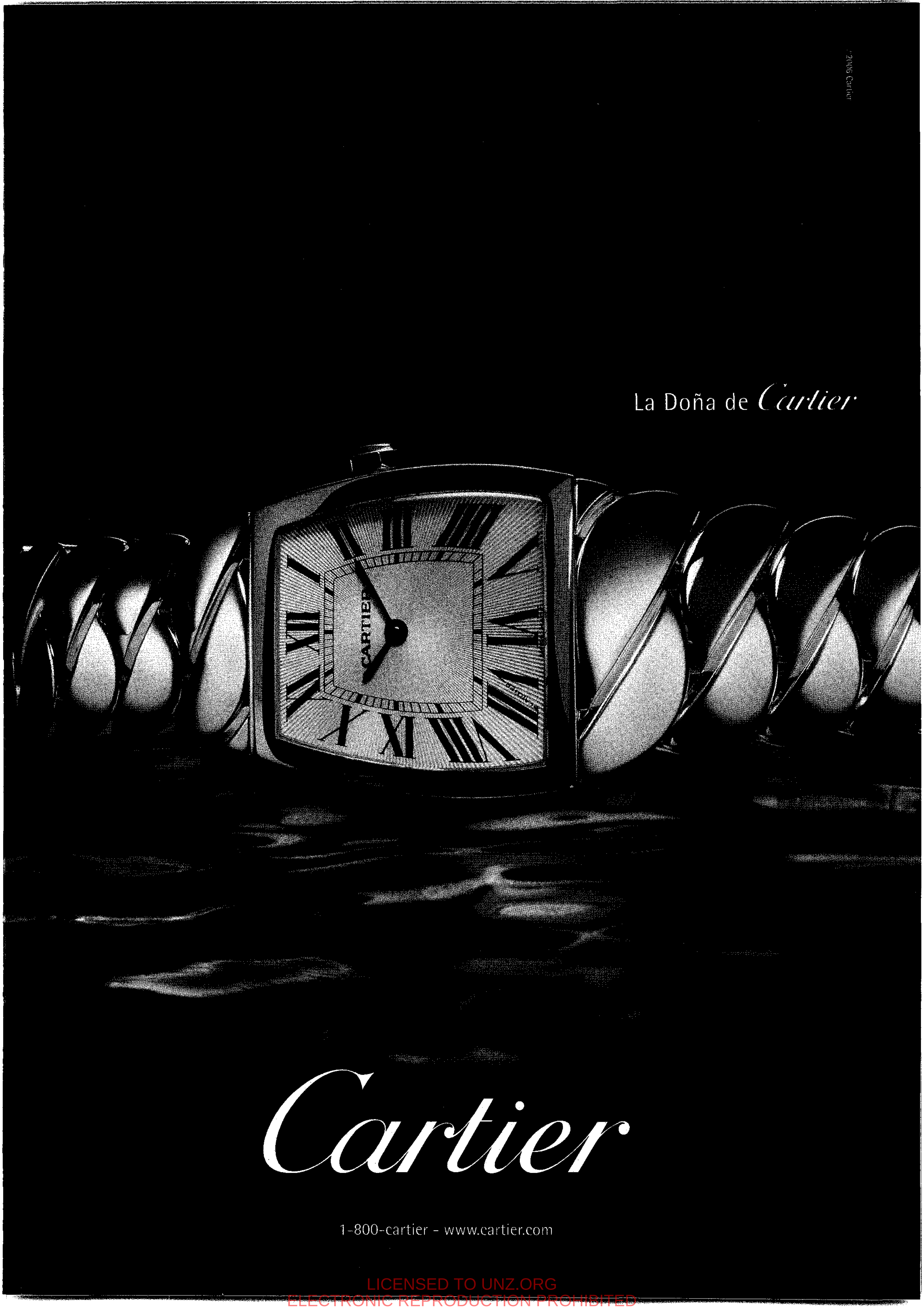
B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—April 11 and April 13: The incendiary bluesman **Buddy Guy.** April 12: The Mexican singer **Julieta Venegas** grew up listening to American rock and roll by way of Southern California radio stations; her infectious, angular compositions recall introspective singer-songwriters such as Suzanne Vega and spikier artists such as Fiona Apple and Björk. Later on April 13: The **Brothers Past** churn out improvisational rock and roll that's heavy on group interplay. April 14: **James Hunter,** a blue-eyed-soul singer from Colchester, England, with a chiselled chin and an eager, polite stage manner, returns to a bygone era with moving originals that evoke, variously, Ben E. King, Ray Charles, Van Morrison, and James Brown.

BEACON THEATRE
Broadway at 74th St. (212-307-7171)—April 13-14: The quirky pop group **Guster** came out of Boston just before the turn of the century, barnstormed the nation's college campuses, and developed a grassroots following. This tour makes use of buses running on biodiesel, involves the purchase of carbon-offset credits, and includes a mobile eco-village called the Shift Consciousness Pavilion. At this rate, they'll be playing Al Gore's sixtieth-birthday party, next year.

BOWERY POETRY CLUB
308 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-614-0505)—April 13: **Gods and Monsters,** the rock outlet for the maverick ex-Captain Beefheart guitarist Gary Lucas.

CUTTING ROOM
19 W. 24th St. (212-691-1900)—April 13: The earthy singer-songwriter **Taylor Barton** is joined

MICHAEL WELDON


©2006 Cartier
La Doña de Cartier
CARTIER
Cartier
1-800-cartier - www.cartier.com

by G. E. Smith, her blues-guitar-wielding husband and the former bandleader on "Saturday Night Live," and other downtown musician friends for a night of prime-time-ready adult pop.

FILLMORE NEW YORK AT IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—April 11: The vocalist **Lily Allen,** an impudent import from the United Kingdom, is set to brighten up the summer with her new album, "Alright, Still." Her show is the first under the venue's new name. Other changes here include renovations to the performers' dressing rooms, better sight lines in the V.I.P. section, and, later this summer, updates to the sound and lighting systems and new bathrooms. The opening act is the Los Angeles duo the **Bird and the Bee.**

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—April 12: The Austin-based musician **Alejandro Escovedo** played punk in the seventies and has since carved out a critically acclaimed career as a singer-songwriter with a penchant for world-weary homilies. Later on April 12 and April 13-14: The **Loser's Lounge** deconstructs the music of Hall and Oates. April 16: **Stew,** a raconteur and singer from Los Angeles who writes songs that echo Cole Porter, Burt Bacharach, and Randy Newman, offers a preview of his new rock musical, "Passing Strange," which is set to open at the Public Theatre on May 1.

MO PITKIN'S HOUSE OF SATISFACTION
34 Avenue A, between 2nd and 3rd Sts. (212-777-5660)—April 16: **Versari,** a trio from France, makes a rare New York City appearance. Led by the vocalist Jean Charles Versari and featuring his compatriot Cyril Bilbeaud, on drums, and the American cellist Jason Glasser (formerly of Clem Snide), this group traffics in moodily romantic fare. The three will be joined here by the bassist Ernest Adzentoivich, the saxophonist Andrew Innes, and the singer Dawn Landes. April 17 and April 19: **Mark Olson,** the co-founder of the Jayhawks, gives a preview of his intensely personal new solo album, "The Salvation Blues." He's also here the following Tuesday and Thursday.

UNION HALL
702 Union St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-638-4400)—April 16: The Louisville trio **King Kong** became a college-rock staple a decade or so ago with its goofy dance rock. After a five-year hiatus, the band is back, with a new album, "Buncha Beans," that returns to the carefree sounds of its earlier days.

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—April 16: The highly versatile Mexican guitar duo **Rodrigo y Gabriela,** whose engagement here last month was postponed because of visa trouble. April 17: **Ozomatli,** the extra-large Latin-funk collective from L.A.

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
April 14: The cosmopolitan Portuguese vocalist **Lura** explores the music of Cape Verde, the land of her forebears. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.) April 15: The flamenco guitarist **Juan Carmona** and his ensemble. (Symphony Space.) (For information about both shows, call 212-545-7536.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800)—Through April 14: The irrepressible cabaret team of **KT Sullivan** and **Mark Nadler** salute the legendary songwriting partnership of Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Expect such treasures as "Just in Time," "The Party's Over," "Some Other Time," and "Lonely Town" to get a thorough workout.

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—April 11-14: The ensemble that **John Abercrombie** brings together for his new album, "The Third Quartet," once again links the adventurous guitarist with the violinist **Mark Feldman,** the bassist **Marc Johnson,** and the drummer **Joey Baron,** sympathetic collaborators who, with each new project, play with ever greater lyrical authority.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—April 10-15: A double bill that offers a chance to assess the progress of two of the more promising tenor saxophonists of their generation. The saxophonist **Ravi Coltrane** continues his quest to find his own voice while acknowledging the mighty legacy of his father, John. With a gripping tone and a penchant for Latin rhythms, **David Sánchez** leads a quartet that now features the young guitar virtuoso **Lage Lund,** a winner of the Thelonious Monk International Jazz Competition.

CARNEGIE HALL
57th St. at Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800)—April 11: Celebrating the release of "Quartet," the second of their recorded collaborations, the guitarist **Pat Metheny** and the pianist **Brad Mehldau** indulge in symbiotic duets and group improvisations that waver between the sweetly sticky and the aggressively thorny.

DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—April 12-15: The weathered but still wondrously emotive singer **Jimmy Scott** and his quartet.

"HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ"
April 12: A Thelonious Monk ninetieth-birthday celebration. The brilliant pianist and composer Monk, who was once dubbed "the high priest of bebop" for lack of any better description of his sui-generis approach, is fêted by the pianist **Kenny Baron.** Also paying tribute is the world-class drummer and former Monk sideman **Ben Riley** and his Monk Legacy Septet. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 212-220-1460.)

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER
Broadway at 60th St. (212-721-6500)—Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans? Both **Dr. John** and his band the Lower 911 and **Wynton Marsalis** and his quintet do. On April 10, they share their bluesy laments as well as their celebratory stomps. ♦ Just five years after its inception, the **Afro-Latin Jazz Orchestra** is severing its ties with Jazz at Lincoln Center. The crack ensemble plays its final concerts under the organization's aegis on April 13 and April 14, with the Argentinean bassist, composer, and contemporary tango figurehead **Pablo Aslan.**

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—April 12-15: The **Wes Montgomery Tribute All-Stars.** The admittedly Wes-obsessed **Peter Bernstein** has the key role in this salute to the inimitable guitarist, who died in 1965. The horn players **Jeremy Pelt** and **Eric Alexander** (as well as the percussionist **Milton Cardona** on the 13th and 14th) augment the band.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—April 17: The experimental guitarist **David Torn** rips things up with the saxophonist **Tim Berne,** the keyboardist **Craig Taborn,** and the drummer **Tom Rainey,** the same lineup he uses on his barbed new release, "Prezens."

MERKIN CONCERT HALL
129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330)—April 14: **E.S.T.** (the Esbjörn Svensson Trio) is Scandinavia's answer to our Bad Plus Trio: a group of rock-inclusive free spirits eager to venture beyond the boundaries of mainstream jazz. Sharing the bill is **Matthew Shipp.** With the dissolution of David S. Ware's influential quartet, the pianist is officially on his own. Shipp, appearing here as a soloist, can balance his post-Cecil Taylor keyboard eruptions with pools of lyric calm, or, depending on his mood, not.

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503)—For almost a decade, this scrappy Lower East Side club has been a home to avant-garde jazz, outré pop music, and other, less easily classified sounds. On April 13, it is closing; the saxophonist **John Zorn** has the final honors. The owners are giving up on business here, but their commitment to new music remains undiminished. They have plans to put on concerts at the Abrons Arts Center and to look for a new space.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—April 10-15: The **Bill Frisell** trio. The most compelling of jazz guitarists remains so because he is open to outside influences. His roots and his world-music-spiked sensibility are well served by his longtime collaborators **Tony Scherr,** on bass, and **Kenny Wollesen,** on drums. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

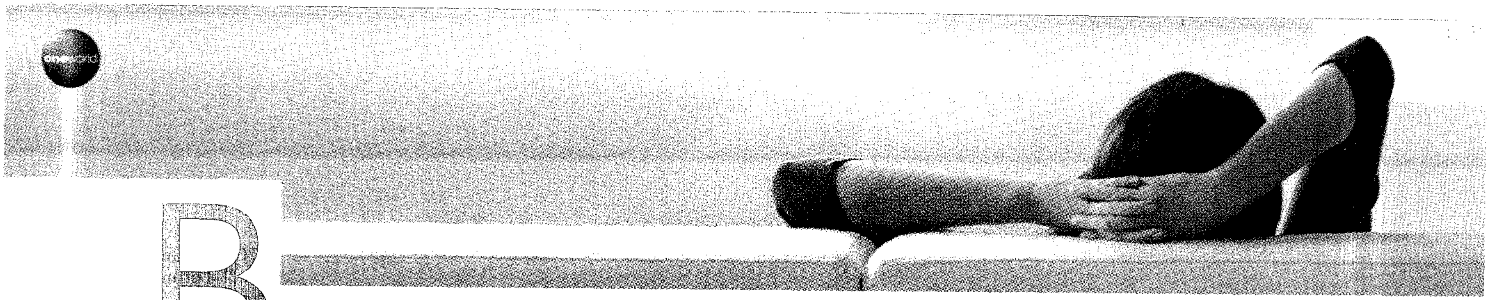
ZANKEL HALL
Carnegie Hall, 57th St. at Seventh Ave. (212-247-7800)—April 11: The **James Carter** quintet presents the New York City première of songs from "Gardenias for Lady Day," an album of Billie Holiday tribute songs that he recorded in 2003. Carter's group will be joined by the **Akua Dixon String Ensemble,** whose score-bound presence may have a salutary effect on Carter, a talented saxophonist who has the tendency to let his virtuosity get the better of him. With the vocalist **Miché Braden.**

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"Venice and the Islamic World, 828-1797."** Through July 8. ♦ **"Barcelona and Modernity: Gaudí to Dalí."** Through June 3. ♦ **"Louis Comfort Tiffany and Laurelton Hall: An Artist's Country Estate."** An eighty-four-room Art Nouveau fantasia, Louis Comfort Tiffany's Laurelton Hall was built in 1905 in Oyster Bay, on Long Island Sound. Before it burned down, in 1957, its treasures were parcelled out to various collections; regathered here, they establish an atmosphere of swooning luxury. Aestheticism effloresces in paintings, watercolors, Favrile vases, stained-glass windows, enamels, lamps, and even the complete "Daffodil Terrace," an elaborate pergola with glass-bouquet capitals topping marble columns. Through May 20. ♦ **"Discovering Tutankhamun: The Photographs of Harry Burton."** Through April 29. ♦ **"One of a Kind: The Studio Craft Movement."** Through Sept. 3. ♦ **"Closed Circuit: Video and New Media at the Metropolitan."** Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—**"Armando Reverón"** is a beguiling retrospective of a Venezuelan painter, hardly known in North America, who died in 1954, at the age of sixty-five. Through April 16. ♦ **"Artistic Collaborations: Fifty Years at Universal Limited Art Editions."** Through May 21. ♦ **"Live/Work: Performance Into Drawing."** Through May 21. ♦ **"Jeff Wall,"** a mid-career survey of the Canadian photographer's work. Through May 14. ♦ **"Comic Abstraction: Image Making, Image Breaking."** Through June 11. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—Tacita Dean's connection with cinema runs deep: she is related to two former production heads of Britain's Ealing Studios. The work that earned her the 2006 Hugo Boss Prize takes film in a direction different from that of narrative or feature filmmaking, exploring concerns like light and the passing relevance of celluloid in the digital era. "Kodak" features a French film factory on the verge of closing, and "Noir et Blanc" is made with the last rolls of 16-mm. film that Dean was able to procure from that manufacturer. Photographic film functions almost like painting in "Majesty (Portrait)," a work in which details surrounding a tree are blocked out, while "Found Obsolescence," a bit of film found in the sprockets of a machine in the French factory, serves as a kind of eulogy for the medium. Through June 6. ♦ **"Family Pictures."** Through April 16. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)



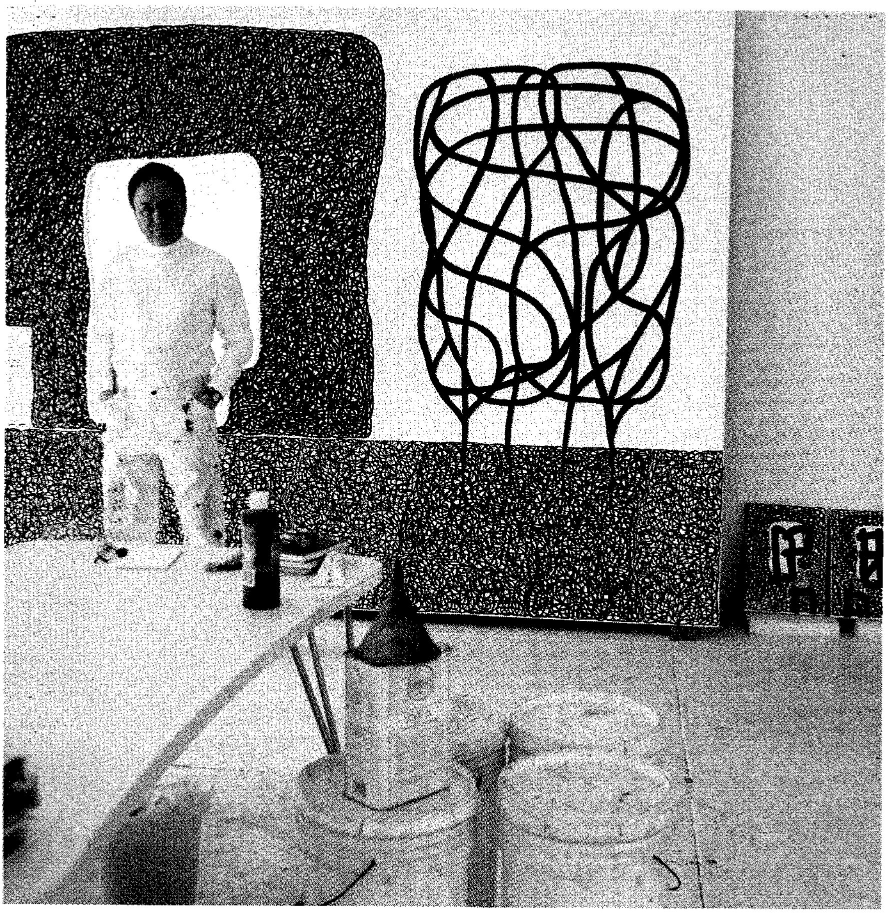
BE A GUEST NOT A PASSENGER. WE BELIEVE THE WAY YOU FLY IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS WHERE YOU FLY. IT'S NOT SIMPLY ABOUT GETTING A SEAT, IT'S ABOUT GETTING SERVICE. NOT JUST FOOD BUT A MEAL. NOT JUST SOMETHING TO WATCH BUT SOMETHING WORTH WATCHING. IN SHORT, IT'S ABOUT UPGRADING FLYING FOR EVERY PASSENGER ON EVERY PLANE. NOW THERE'S AN IDEA

book at ba.com

UPGRADE TO
BRITISH AIRWAYS

© 2007 British Airways Plc

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New paintings by Jonathan Lasker (shown here in his studio) are at Cheim & Read.

MICHAL CHELBIN

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"Gordon Matta-Clark: You Are the Measure."** Matta-Clark is a tricky subject for history. He completed one hectic decade of mature work before dying of cancer, at age thirty-five, in 1978. His major works—abandoned buildings cut into walk-in sculpture—have all been demolished. What remains are films, photocollages, drawings, and sculptural fragments of the building cuts. But even in their capacity as remnants, these tell a vivid story of brash and savvy adventures in what Matta-Clark called "anarchitecture." Through June 3. ♦ **"Lorna Simpson."** Through May 6. ♦ Terence Koh's one-room work comprises a single four-thousand-watt bulb in a lamp pointed at viewers, a withering assault on the senses. Through May 27. ♦ **"Taryn Simon: An American Index of the Hidden and Unfamiliar."** Through June 24. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5100)—**"Gold."** Through Aug. 19. ♦ The walk-through vivarium at **"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter"** is filled with hundreds of lepidoptera, which alight on cut fruit, lush vegetation, and visitors. Through May 28. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM
200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—Asher B. Durand, the president of the National Academy of Design from 1845 until his death, in 1886, was the dean of American academic painters, a kind of Caspar David Friedrich of the Catskills. He made engravings, genre scenes, and portraits—a jolly band of new colonials dances on the shore for "Peg Leg Pete" Stuyvesant, and Thomas Cole and Andrew Jackson glower from ornate frames. But the substance of **"Kindred Spirits: Asher B. Durand and the American Landscape"** is the mystical American continent as enshrined by Hudson River School sublimity, aglow with honeyed mists and framed by benignant trees. Through July 29. ♦ The Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art opened last month, with a permanent installation of Judy Chicago's **"The Dinner Party"** and two inaugural exhibits, **"Global Feminisms"** and **"Pharaohs, Queens, and Goddesses."** ♦ **"The Eye of the Artist: The Work of Devorah Sperber."** Through May 6. ♦ **"Landscapes from the Age of Impressionism."** Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

CHELSEA ART MUSEUM
556 W. 22nd St. (212-255-0719)—The artists in **"Dangerous Beauty"** contemplate modern societal obsessions—beauty, youth, thinness, unattainable perfection—through works in a variety of media. Among the participants are E. V. Day, Barbara Kruger, Ruud van Empel, Marilyn Minter, and Lauren Greenfield. Through April 21. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—**"Design Life Now: National Design Triennial 2006."** Through July 29. ♦ **"Made to Scale: Staircase Masterpieces."** A collection of staircase models, mostly from nineteenth-century France. Through June 3. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5, Fridays, 10 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 6.)

DAHESH MUSEUM OF ART
580 Madison Ave., at 57th St. (212-759-0606)—**"Fantasy and Faith: The Art of Gustave Doré."** Through April 22. ♦ On July 1, 1798, General Napoleon Bonaparte, then twenty-nine years old, arrived in Egypt with plans of conquest; by the following August he had returned to France unvictorious, and the last of his troops followed in September of 1801. But the ill-conceived campaign could be deemed a triumph of sorts, thanks to the work of scores of artists, scholars, and naturalists who accompanied the soldiers to Egypt and documented everything they saw—ruins, mummified heads, seaweed, native costumes, insects, boats—in the mighty twenty-three-volume "Déscription de l'Égypte." For **"Napoleon on the Nile: Soldiers, Artists, and the Rediscovery of Egypt,"** meticulous engravings from the first and second folio editions are supplemented with commemorative medallions, letters to and from Napoleon on administrative banalities, related paintings from the period, and James Gillray's acid cartoons mocking the emperor-general's hubris. Through April 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700)—**"George Stubbs (1724-1806): A Celebration."** Through May 27. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-369-4880)—**"High Times, Hard Times: New York Painting 1967-1975."** Through April 22. (Open Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—**"Tom Sandberg: Photographs 1989-2006."** That the first U.S. solo exhibition of this fifty-four-year-old Norwegian photographer is an event is obvious as soon as you step into the room. His work—in black-and-white formats that range from grainy to glossy—is beautiful in the modernist manner, at once rigorous, reserved, and keenly felt. With unexpectedly engrossing images of massed clouds, a puddle in the rain, a hand on a ledge, a naked child stretched out on a rug, and an open paper bag, Sandberg recalls Minor White, Ralph Gibson, and Wolfgang Tillmans, all masters of the enigmatic and the mundane. Although he pushes scale nearly to the breaking point (the largest piece here is almost twelve feet across), he's also smart enough to vary it; trust his smaller prints to be just as exciting as his massive ones. Through May 7. ♦ **"Jonas Mekas: The Beauty of Friends Being Together Quartet."** Through April 23. ♦ **"Not for Sale,"** a gathering of art that, for whatever reason, its makers would not consider converting into cash. The show includes work by Shahzia Sikander, Luis Gispert, Maya Lin, Jasper Johns, and Stephen Shore, among others. Through April 30. ♦ **"Vik Muniz: Reflex."** Through May 7. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

UKRAINIAN MUSEUM
222 E. 6th St. (212-228-0110)—**"Crossroads: Modernism in Ukraine 1910-1930."** Through April 29. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5.)

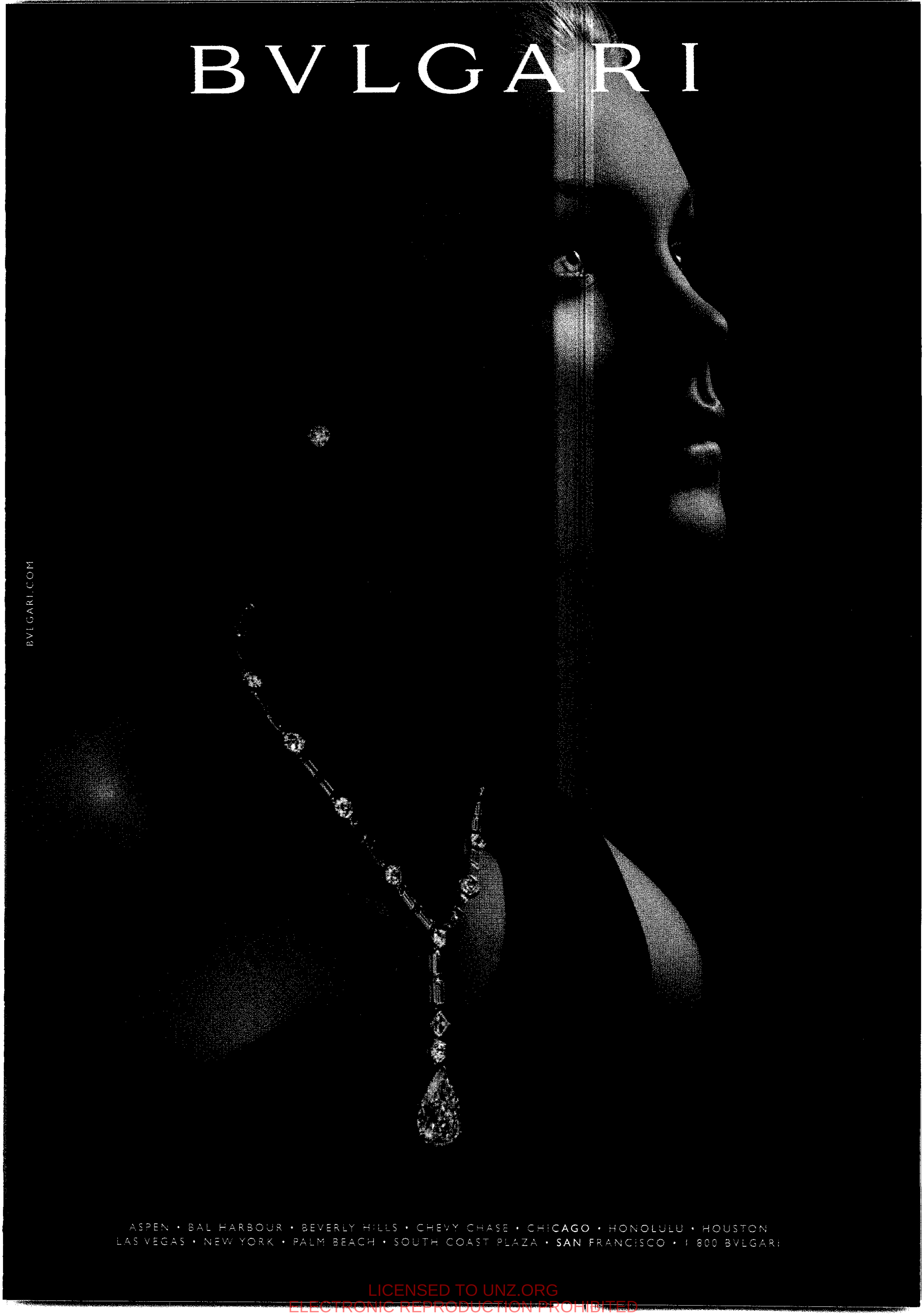
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

RALSTON CRAWFORD
Though rarely exhibited, Crawford's photographs deserve to be seen as more than source material for his paintings, drawings, and prints. Thirty vintage black-and-white prints made between 1940 and 1977 (the artist died in 1978) cover the expected range of industrial subjects (grain elevators, ventilation conduits, cranes) but don't stop there. With little interest in the natural world, Crawford zeroes in on details of the built and trashed landscape: a jumble of urban signage, rubble lining a dead-end street, torn posters, junked cars, a broken window. The best of these teeter provocatively between documentation and abstraction, anticipating similarly tough work by Robert Adams and Lee Friedlander. Through April 21. (Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 212-752-1223.)

Short List

PIERRE BISMUTH: Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. 212-752-2992. Through April 28. **LEE BONTECOU:** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 212-794-0550. Through April 28. **WILLIAM KLEIN:** Howard Greenberg, 41 E. 57th St. 212-334-0010. Through June 2. **"FOR A SPECIAL PLACE: DOCUMENTS AND WORKS FROM THE GENERALI FOUNDATION COLLECTION":** Austrian Cultural Forum, 11 E. 52nd St. 212-319-5300. Through May 3.



BVLGARI

BVLGARI.COM

ASPEN • BAL HARBOUR • BEVERLY HILLS • CHEVY CHASE • CHICAGO • HONOLULU • HOUSTON
LAS VEGAS • NEW YORK • PALM BEACH • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • SAN FRANCISCO • 1 800 BVLGARI

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

DOTTY ATTIE
In a revisitation of themes from a 2003 show, six-by-six-inch oil paintings, meticulously copied from press and personal photographs, are interspersed with scraps of a sentence whose meaning shifts subtly with each new context: "Sometimes a traveler in foreign lands/Where customs and mores are unfamiliar/Will find to his surprise/That in certain places/And in certain times/Resistance/And refusal/Mean consent." The small paintings form tidy thematic sequences—about personal grooming and maintenance, tabloid culture, precaution and fear in times of war, child-rearing—that ask, with a fair degree of wit and a debater's persistence, how far we are willing to go for beauty, security, and entertainment. The answers are not reassuring. Through April 14. (P.P.O.W., 555 W. 25th St. 212-647-1044.)

PIERRE BISMUTH
The best jokes in a three-gallery blitz of works by the French trickster amount to a conceptual pastorale of gallery-going as a state of nature. Boone in Chelsea offers colossal, free-standing blowups of ads for the show from art magazines, with ads for other galleries on the back. Uptown, names of leading artists figure as graffiti on big photographs of New York locales, and as print on wallpaper whose misaligned strips yield scrambled masters on the order of "Jasper Beuys." (At Team, photographs of broken glass make more recondite allusions.) How much of our pleasure in art is glorified brand consciousness? Through April 28. (Boone, 541 W. 24th St. and 745 Fifth Ave. 212-752-2929; Team, 83 Grand St. 212-279-9219.)

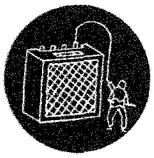
AMY CUTLER
Cutler's fastidiously detailed gouaches (plus, here, a few color lithographs) depict women-only worlds where anxious slogging—through, for example, a milk-white swamp via elephant, or across a storm-tossed sea of rumpled floorboards—is offset by a comic camaraderie. The danger of preciousness or repetition in Cutler's project is similarly counteracted by very specific oddities, such as ladies in pseudo-shamanic Siberian outfits—a single reindeer antler for a headdress, wooden shoes with three-foot-high platforms—picking subtropical jackfruit from tall trees, or fashionistas in heels riding an elephant who walks on birch-tree stilts. Through April 28. (Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-255-8450.)

KIM DINGLE
Celebrated for bravura renderings of little girls in frilly dresses and violent moods, the Los Angeles artist Dingle stopped painting for a number of years while a modest coffeehouse that she founded, called Fatty's, became an exhaustingly successful restaurant. Now she's back with "Studies for the Last Supper at Fatty's," muralish oils on gridded sheets of vellum, in which terrible tykes eat, drink, whip up enormous pastries, and generally gourmandise their wicked little brains out. Dingle's Soutine-like panache is wilder and catchier than ever—in, as well as about, excellent taste. Through April 28. (Sperone Westwater, 415 W. 13th St. 212-999-7337.)

ROSALYN DREXLER
More exciting sometimes than discovering hot young talent is recovering older artists from the dustbin of history. Drexler was a mover and shaker in the sixties, exhibiting alongside Warhol, Wesselmann, and Lichtenstein. (She has also had careers as a playwright and a novelist.) Her collage paintings borrow heavily, as did her cohorts', from mass-media sources: Marilyn, Ernie Kovacs, Chubby Checker, and various unidentified, archetypal movie stills ripped out of magazines, glued on canvas, and painted within fields of bright, often monochromatic color. The seeds of eighties appropriation—Jack Goldstein and Robert Longo, in particular—are here. There's an instinct, initially, to see these as works created in the past half decade; aside from a bit of age on the paint, they look awfully fresh. Through April 21. (PaceWildenstein, 545 W. 22nd St. 212-989-4258.)

CARROLL DUNHAM
The deal that Dunham sticks us with—first-rate New York School painting in return for our indulgence of scabrous imagery—comes in PG and R versions this year. His familiar hatted, penis-nosed, pistol-wielding doppelgänger is only just detectable in flat, hard-edged pictures like Roy Lichtenstein parodies of geometric abstraction, but more intense. Elsewhere, the guy drops his pants and bends over to display a cartoonish vagina. In one instance, he does something with his gun that you won't learn here. Whatever it takes, that's what Dunham will do to maintain his creative fever. He's as good as we've got. Through April 21. (Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 212-206-9300.)

MARY LUCIER
"The Plains of Sweet Regret," a five-channel video installation commissioned by the North Dakota Museum of Art, takes an elegiac view of lives spent in an unforgiving landscape. Vast Western vistas, spotted with silos, faded barns, and abandoned trucks, are almost depressingly underpopulated; the introduction of cows, ranchers, and other locals comes as a relief, as does the eventual transfer of the scene to a rodeo. There, Lucier kaleidoscopes slow-motion footage into frothing masses of hide, hat, and denim; a brokenhearted country song about the unreliability of cowboys (George Strait's "I Can Still Make Cheyenne") extends the wistful, high-lonesome mood. Respect for her subjects, who seem to be living just a step ahead of nature, pertains throughout; flashes of hope (the society of the rodeo, the birth and wobbly first steps of a black calf) are sparse. Through April 28. (Lennon, Weinberg, 514 W. 25th St. 212-941-0012.)



POP NOTES
THE SHONIWA SHOW

Times Square, a source of unembarrassed endorsement, does not have a billboard for the London band Noisettes. This is odd, because Noisettes are what billboards were invented to announce: improbably big entertainment. If you can see Noisettes during their American tour, which runs through April, do so. If you can't, buy their début album, **"What's the Time Mr. Wolf?"** (Universal), a smart, relentlessly exuberant thirty-eight-minute demonstration of chutzpah and musicianship, despite the band's affinity with the fizzy amateur energy of punk.

The twenty-six-year-old singer Shingai Shoniwa, the daughter of a single mother from Zimbabwe, studied circus skills at a London youth club as a teen-ager, and performed briefly in an obscure rock band called Sonarfly with her Noisettes songwriting partner, the guitarist Dan Smith. Shoniwa looks like an African supermodel, and has a penchant for wearing face paint and fur hats. Onstage, she entirely ignores the performance tendencies of indie rock: slouch, stand still, lean, and hop, if pressed. She leaps, crouches, bangs the floor, runs around, and waggles her tongue, if necessary. Shoniwa's voice occasionally sounds a bit like PJ Harvey's, especially on the pounding "IWE," if Harvey were a bit higher on life. There are moments when Shoniwa screams like a 1976 punk, and then drops down and sings like a balladeer. The range of "What's the Time Mr. Wolf?" is flummoxing in the most pleasant way. "Cannot Even (Break Free)" is a waltz that starts like one of Radiohead's quieter moments, forgets what it's doing, and turns into a Led Zeppelin song with an extremely sharp edge. "Don't Give Up" will make more than one person think of a very hopped-up version of the White Stripes, while "Count of Monte Christo" is a sunny acoustic number that might make it past a Norah Jones fan. Except for this bit when Shoniwa starts to, well, let loose. Which is exactly what you want her to do. Preferably near you, and often.

—Sasha Frere-Jones

PHILIPPE PARRENO AND RIRKRIT TIRAVANIJA
"Stories Are Propaganda" is a sweetly evocative nine-minute film, shot in China in 2005, about nostalgia and progress. A brightly confident boy's voice delivers a meandering narrative on stories, beliefs, globalization, and the importance of the year 1972 as a turning point in world culture, a date before which "Thai food was exotic and cholesterol a curious word only used for Scrabble games . . . before you could get an espresso in Hamburg or Milwaukee." Meanwhile, the camera surveys polluted landscapes, a magic show, a small rabbit that hops through mud puddles without dirtying its white coat, a snowman made of sand, and a brilliant-orange moon that becomes the backdrop for hand silhouettes. It's earnest, occasionally sly, funny, childlike—a modest but irresistible heart-sweller. Through April 21. (Petzel, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9467.)

KATIA SANTIBAÑEZ
Restrained and elegant, Santibañez's paintings and drawings have the patterned clarity of textile or ceramic designs, juxtaposed against romantic titles like "The Silence of Pleasure" and "Dance with the Trees." Her geometries synthesize organic forms—ferns, icicles, branches, grasses—but her colors are hot and flat, and her compositions suggest endless and perfect replication. They're beautiful, although one might wish for a conceptual glitch or a formal mutation, or the disruption of a rogue rhizome. Through April 21. (Morgan Lehman, 317 Tenth Ave., at 28th St. 212-268-6699.)

WILHELM SASNAL
Sasnal's leitmotif for this show is booze, although that's not immediately apparent from the posters and paintings lining the walls in the front gallery. The point is made clear (or at least clearer) in a film in the back, an appropriated version (reëdited and presented in 16-mm.) of an early-sixties "Reefer Madness"-style Polish movie, in which industrial methyl alcohol is sold as vodka, with predictably catastrophic effects. Neither a teetotaller's tract nor a celebration of drinking excess, Sasnal's painted and ink-on-paper images of blurry lights, heaving floors, and slumped-over revellers attempt to make a connection between perception, history, and memory—or what is left of it after an individual or nation imbibes a few too many. Through April 14. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663.)

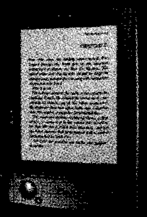
JAMES TURRELL
While waiting for Turrell to finish his opus, the volcanic Roden Crater observatory outside of Flagstaff, Arizona, we will have to make do with smaller, more domesticated versions of his work. Rectangular apertures in the wall emitting computer-controlled spectrums of light offer one type of optically challenging perceptual experience. The holographs, which present planes of color floating in illusory deep-space blackness, shifting and rotating as you cross in front of the picture plane, another. None of these are as exciting as a defunct volcano in the Painted Desert or Turrell's other sky-space works, where you linger in a chamber staring up at the heavens. In the meantime, these compact, collectible Turrells will have to suffice. Through April 28. (PaceWildenstein, 534 W. 25th St. 212-929-7000.)

SONY

Fit 80 books in your carry-on.

The nine-ounce Sony® Reader holds about 80 books, or hundreds more with a removable memory card*. So now, you can travel with your favorite books without having to check them at the gate.

Get $50 worth of many top best-sellers, classics and more!
With purchase and registration by 4/30/07**
sony.com/reader

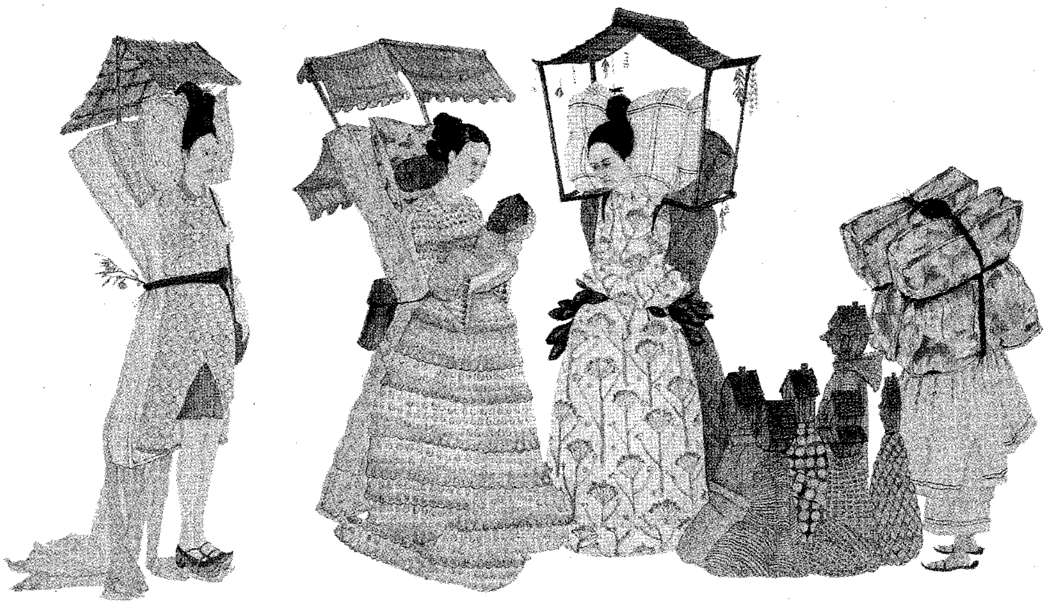


[illegible]

like.no.other

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKASHI YASUMURA / INDRE SERPYTYTE
Two shows of color still-life photographs complement each other but have quite different motives and effects. Yasumura's witty pictures of isolated, ordinary objects (a stapler, a garden hose, a trash bin, rolls of toilet paper) in his family's Japanese home are mock iconic, tweaking tradition and modernity and finding both utterly spent. After Serpytyte's father, a minister in the Lithuanian government, died under questionable circumstances, she began a kind of investigation. The objects in her much more formal still-lifes, all shot against an ominous black background, look like potential evidence: an officer's cap, a typewriter, a shredder, a weathered briefcase, an overturned chair. Subtly, surely, Serpytyte draws us into a mystery without a solution. Through April 14. (Milo, 525 and 531 W. 25th St. 212-414-0370.)



Amy Cutler's gouaches (including "Dwelling," 2005) and prints are on view at the Leslie Tonkonow gallery, in Chelsea.

"NAMESAKE/INSPIRATION"
"If it weren't for photography, I wouldn't be a filmmaker." That quote, from the director Mira Nair, is the spark for this clever exhibition of photographs that informed the visual style of her new drama about cultural displacement, "The Namesake." Like the film, the show shuttles between India and America, with mostly color work by Raghubir Singh, Saul Leiter, Adam Bartos, Raghu Rai, and Mitch Epstein, all of whom evoke a vivid sense of place and mood. Unexpected and equally evocative work by Manuel Alvarez Bravo and William Gedney expands the concept, and Nair's film stills help pin it down. Bonus: a terrific, small, accordion-fold book of behind-the-scenes photographs that Dayanita Singh took on the film's set in Calcutta. Through April 21. (Sepia, 148 W. 24th St. 212-645-9444.)

Short List

KAREN AZOULAY / ROBERT SEYDEL: Cue, 511 W. 25th St. 212-206-3583. Through April 21. **TANYTH BERKELEY:** Bellwether, 134 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. 212-929-5959. Through April 14. **DELIA BROWN:** D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 212-352-9460. Through May 4. **WALTER DE MARIA:** Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111; and 522 W. 21st St. 212-741-1717. Through May 5. **SAM DURANT:** Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. 212-255-1105. Through April 28. **TERESITA FERNÁNDEZ:** Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St. 212-255-2923. Through April 28. **ANDREAS GEFELLER:** Hasted Hunt, 529 W. 20th St. 212-627-0006. Through April 14. **NAN GOLDIN:** Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 212-243-0200. Through April 14. **JONATHAN LASKER:** Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. 212-242-7727. Through May 5. **LORI NIX:** Jenkins Johnson, 521 W. 26th St. 212-629-0707. Through April 21. **JORGE PARDO:** Petzel, 537 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9467. Through April 21. **PHILIP PEARLSTEIN:** Cuningham, 541 W. 25th St. 212-242-2772. Through April 28.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

KRISTIN BAKER
Baker's paintings, which favor explosions and crash-and-burn racetrack scenes as their subjects, have the thrilling charge of action movies. There's more to it than adrenaline, though: her methods are as tightly choreographed as those of a special-effects master. Using an arsenal of futuristic supplies—acrylic, P.V.C., and Mylar, worked with tape, knives, and squeegees—she organizes tumultuous scenes into precise shards of light and color with the brightness and acid clarity of jello. The resulting surfaces are slick, but still gripping. Here, she expands her repertoire to address art-historical subjects. A riff on Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa" imagines it unpeopled and overcome by tattered waves; in a twist on Ab Ex gesture, frenzied brushstrokes are isolated, cleaned up, and tidily placed in the picture plane. High-tech, high-gloss, high-concept, highly engaging. Through April 14. (Deitch, 18 Wooster St. 212-343-7300.)

UGO RONDINONE
The oldest part of Manhattan gets a little dressed up with something even older: casts of two millennia-old olive trees from the countryside near Naples, the home town of the artist's parents. The trees, fabricated in aluminum and painted with white enamel, serve as foils against which to gauge the changing seasons, reflecting sunlight and basking in the longer days of spring. These, however, will not stand in their current location as long as their Neapolitan progenitors; the artist describes them as more a "memoriam of condensed time." The trees bear poetic titles: "Air Gets Into Everything Even Nothing" and "Get Up Girl a Sun Is Running the World." Nice, even if they don't sound like anything having to do with ancient olive trees in lower Manhattan. Through April 30. (2 West St., at Battery Pl. www.creativetime.org.)

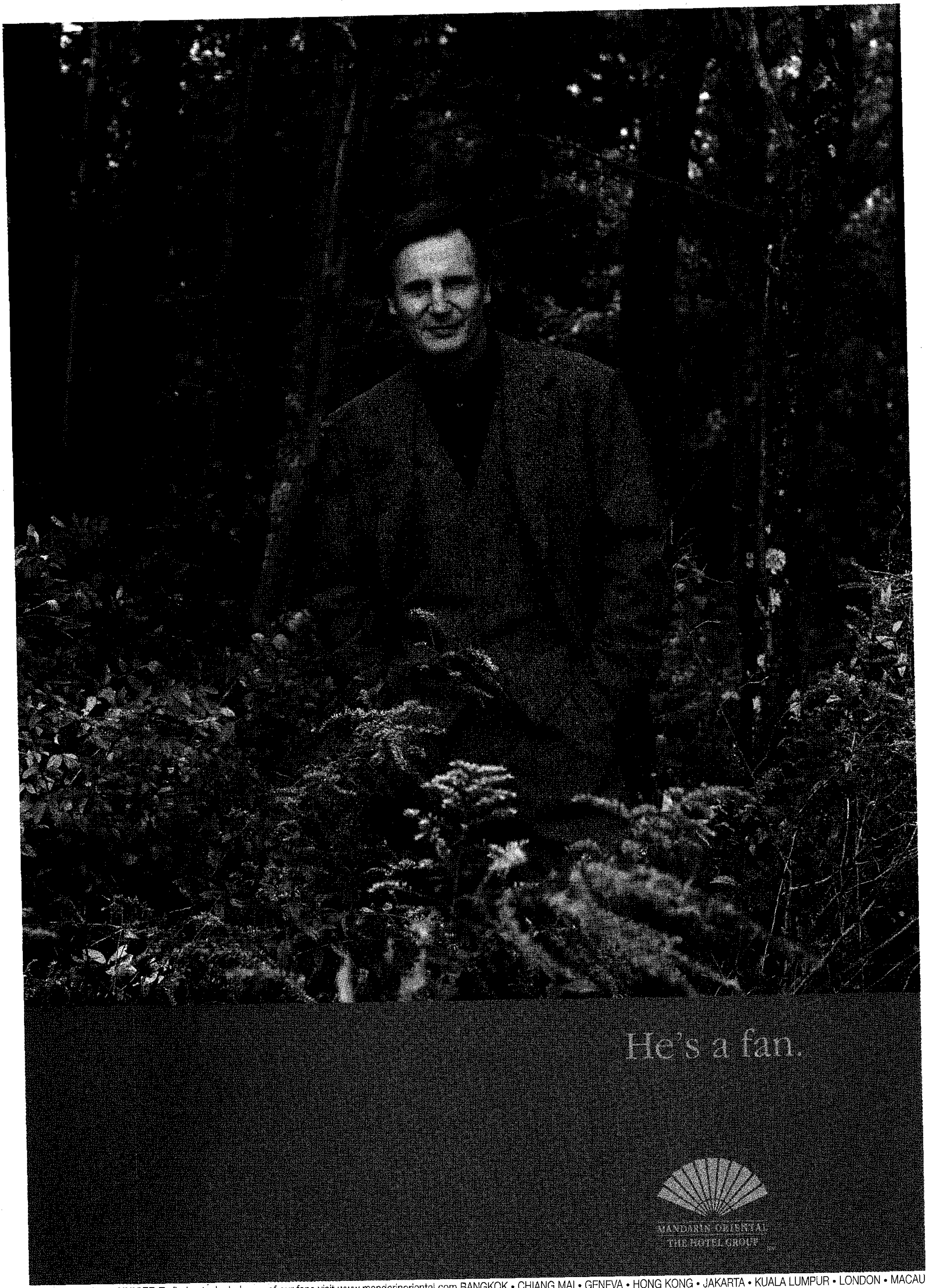
DANCE

"JOHN BUTLER: AN AMERICAN MASTER"
John Butler was one of the first choreographers to merge the steps and structure of ballet with the emotionality and freedom of modern dance. Since his death, in 1993, his work has faded from view somewhat, but perhaps the tide is turning: this week the Butler Foundation presents four of his best-known works ("Portrait of Billie," "Carmina Burana," "After Eden," and "Othello") in four rotating programs at the Joyce, performed by dancers from Alvin Ailey, the Richmond Ballet, Fugate/Bahiri Ballet NY, and the guest dancer Desmond Richardson. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. April 10-11 at 7:30, April 12 at 8, April 13 at 7, April 14 at 2 and 8, and April 15 at 2 and 7:30. For individual programs, see www.joyce.org.)

AILEY II
The junior ensemble gets its first two-week New York season at the organization's home theatre. Rotating programs include three new works, ranging from Darrell Grant Moultrie's inanely bombastic "Celestial Landscape" to Jessica Lang's "Splendid Isolation II," which wrings much loveliness out of a skirt that spreads almost to the edge of the stage. Ailey's "Streams" (1970) and an "Ailey Highlights" sampler let the dancers do what they do best. (Ailey Citigroup Theatre, 405 W. 55th St. 212-868-4444. April 11-13 at 8, April 14 at 3 and 8, and April 15 at 3. Through April 22.)

CHRIS ELAM / LARRY KEIGWIN
Two of the most exciting young choreographers around share an evening of commissioned premières. Elam's forty-five-minute "Future Perfect" is characteristically strange, with birdlike creatures eying each other quizzically and working themselves into affectionate tangles. But the piece comes fully to life only in a brief Scarecrow-like solo for the seemingly boneless choreographer. Keigwin's "Bolero NYC" assembles a motley cast of fifty for a satirical look at the daily collisions of life in New York, while his "Caffeinated" has N.Y.U. dance students mocking the culture of coffee. His gripping "Natural Selection" rounds out the bill, and a d.j.-driven dance party follows. (Skirball Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. 212-279-4200. April 12 and April 14 at 8.)

TAMI STRONACH DANCE
"Pinchas, the Fish-People and the Great Flood" recasts the Biblical deluge by imagining the species


He's a fan.
MANDARIN ORIENTAL
THE HOTEL GROUP

LIAM NEESON for UNICEF. To find out why he's one of our fans visit www.mandarinoriental.com BANGKOK • CHIANG MAI • GENEVA • HONG KONG • JAKARTA • KUALA LUMPUR • LONDON • MACAU
MANILA • MIAMI • MUNICH • NEW YORK • PRAGUE • SAN FRANCISCO • SINGAPORE • TOKYO • WASHINGTON D.C. • OPENING 2007: RIVIERA MAYA • SANYA

that Noah excluded from the ark. The dominant mode is whimsical: broadly comic spoken scenes between a fatuous Noah and his loopy wife, elegantly dancing fish-people, and lots of low-tech theatrical magic (puppets, scrims), all set to klezmer music. Yet a sense of loss seeps through and elicits a sympathy with those condemned to extinction. (Dance New Amsterdam, 280 Broadway, at Chambers St. 212-279-4200. April 12-14 at 8 and April 15 at 3.)

"LE PETIT MORT / NOW IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE"
Last December, Palissimo's run at P.S. 122 was curtailed when one of the performers (Saar Harari) seriously injured his knee during a particularly physical duet. Harari has recovered from surgery, and the multinational company, led by Pavel Zustiak, reintroduces this piece, which is about "saying goodbye to things" in everyday life, from the trivial to the devastating. The dancing is accompanied by an exhibit of works by the Spanish photographer José Aragon and a video montage by Tal Yarden. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 212-352-3101. April 12-13 at 8, April 14 at 4 and 8, and April 15 at 4.)

AMANDA LOULAKI AND SHORT MEAN LADY
Danspace Project presents Loulaki's "Delirium, or That Taste in My Mouth," which attempts to access unconscious movement through free-associative structures—a cerebral method for cutting the cerebrum out of the mind-body connection. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. April 12-15 at 8:30.)

EIFMAN BALLET OF ST. PETERSBURG
For thirty years, the Siberian-born Boris Eifman has specialized in emotionally ripe, extreme, and theatrically adventurous dance dramas, as well as the odd farce, usually based on literary masterpieces, such as "Don Quixote" (which he set in a mental asylum). At City Center, his company will be performing "Red Giselle" (based on the life and ultimate mental breakdown of the legendary ballerina Olga Spessivtseva) and reinterpretations of "Hamlet," "Anna Karenina," and Eifman's newest evening-length ballet, "The Seagull." The opening-night gala will include a series of excerpts (and a short work set to Pink Floyd), as well as the world première of a ballet by the young Russian choreographer Nikita Dmitrievsky, "Cassandra." (131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212. Gala: April 13 at 8. "Red Giselle": April 14 at 2 and 9 and April 15 at 2. Through April 29.)

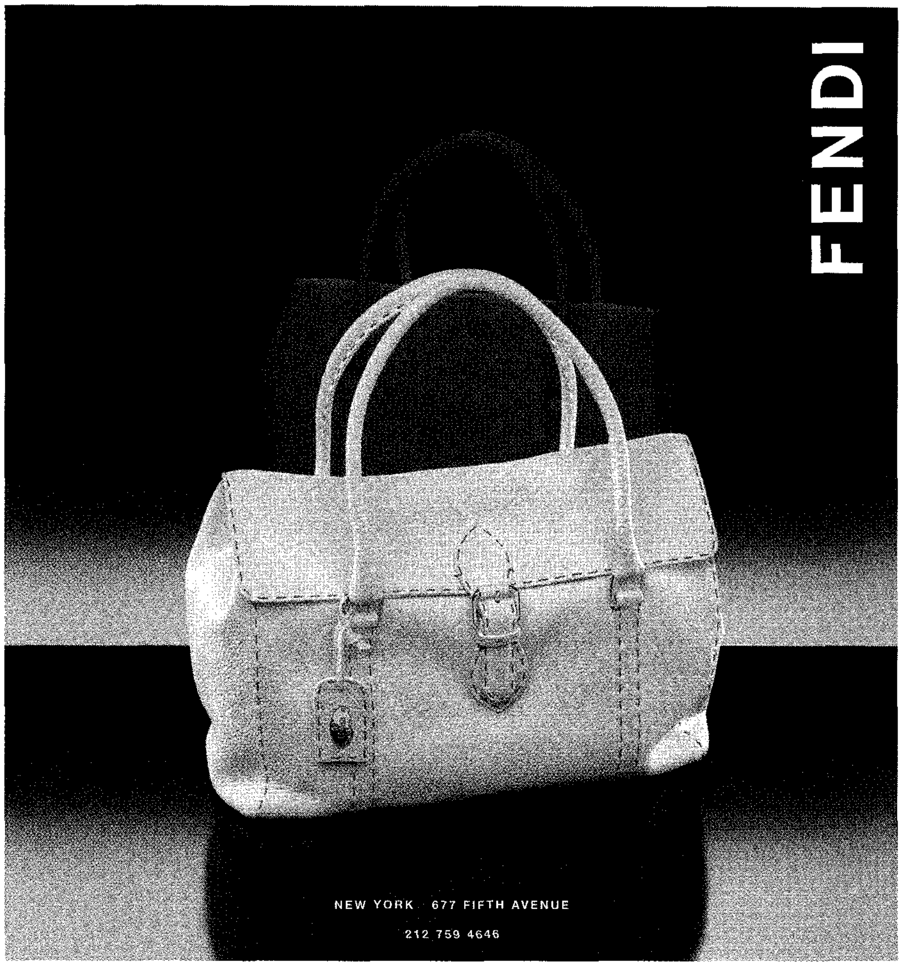
"WORKS & PROCESS"
American Ballet Theatre offers a peek at its upcoming production of the beloved Tchaikovsky/Petipa ballet "The Sleeping Beauty," which will be unveiled this spring, with the glamorous Veronika Part and Marcelo Gomes in the lead roles on opening night. Excerpts, including the great high-wire act the "Rose Adagio" and the thrilling "Blue Bird Variation," will be performed by Irina Dvorovenko and Maria Riccetto, followed by a discussion with its creators: the company's artistic director, Kevin McKenzie, the former City Ballet ballerina Gelsey Kirkland, and Kirkland's husband and collaborator, Misha Chernov. (Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 212-423-3587. April 15-16 at 7:30.)

LES BALLETS GRANDIVA
This all-male comedy ballet troupe, nineteen strong, generally suffers from comparison with the more famous and technically proficient Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo in all measures except cast size. A chance for distinction comes with "They Who Wore White Flowers," a new Tudor parody by Brian Reeder, who has recently shown a gift for comedy. Allen Dennis celebrates twenty-five years as Karina, with his undying "Dying Swan." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 212-864-5400. April 16-17 at 8.)

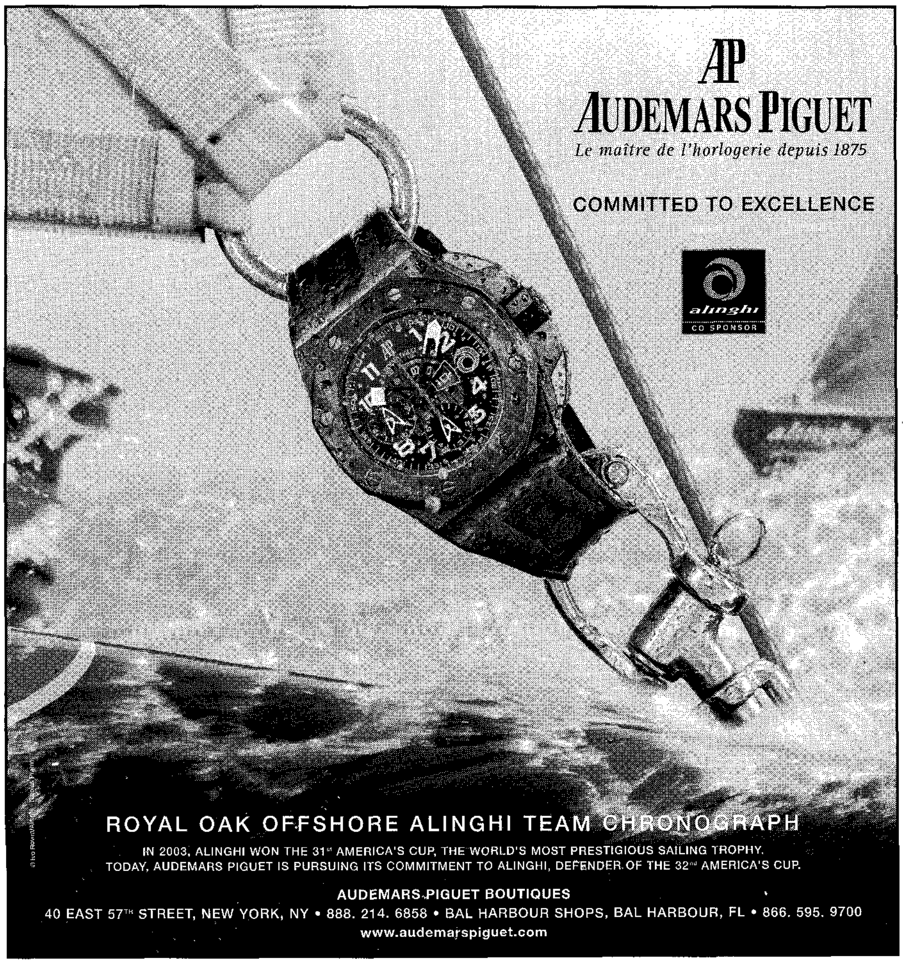
CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
The revival of Giordano's **"Andrea Chénier,"** one of the more dignified of the great verismo favorites, features the estimable Ben Heppner, Violeta Urmana, and Mark Delavan in the leading roles. Sharon Thomas



NEW YORK 677 FIFTH AVENUE
212 759 4646



ROYAL OAK OFFSHORE ALINGHI TEAM CHRONOGRAPH
IN 2003, ALINGHI WON THE 31st AMERICA'S CUP, THE WORLD'S MOST PRESTIGIOUS SAILING TROPHY.
TODAY, AUDEMARS PIGUET IS PURSUING ITS COMMITMENT TO ALINGHI, DEFENDER OF THE 32nd AMERICA'S CUP.
AUDEMARS PIGUET BOUTIQUES
40 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NY • 888. 214. 6858 • BAL HARBOUR SHOPS, BAL HARBOUR, FL • 866. 595. 9700
www.audemarspiguet.com

has fashioned a lively staging of Nicolas Joël's 1996 production; Marco Armiliato's conducting is attentive and fresh. (April 11 at 8.) ♦ With Aprile Millo and Juan Pons, two seasoned verismo hands, replacing Urmana and Delavan. (April 14 at 8.) ♦ So many of Handel's operas are produced so often these days that it's worth pointing out that **"Giulio Cesare,"** for decades one of the only Handel operas that the big companies would touch, still reigns supreme. The Met's revival of its 1988 production features a dazzling array of vocal talent, including Ruth Ann Swenson, Alice Coote, and David Daniels, with the mezzo-soprano Patricia Bardon and the countertenor Lawrence Zazzo making their débuts; Harry Bicket conducts. (April 13 and April 17 at 7:30.) ♦ The Met's **"Turandot"** needs big voices to match the spacious architecture and elaborate bric-a-brac of Zeffirelli's renowned production, which always draws the crowds. Andrea Gruber and Richard Margison will take the roles of the Ice Princess and her suitor Calaf, with the elegant Hei-Kyung Hong in the role of Liù; Armiliato. (April 14 at 1:30 and April 16 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
The Renata Scotto production of **"La Traviata"** makes its season première, featuring Anne-Sophie Duprels, Bruce Sledge, and Michael Corvino in the leading roles; George Manahan, the company's music director, conducts. (April 11 and April 17 at 7:30, April 13 at 8, and April 15 at 1:30.) ♦ City Opera's acclaimed production of **"Flavio,"** a diverting tragicomedy in Handel's lighter vein, returns with the countertenor David Walker in the title role, joined by such singers as Marguerite Krull, Kathryn Allyn, and Gerald Thompson; William Lacey, a British newcomer, conducts. (April 12 at 7:30 and April 14 at 1:30.) ♦ A new cast adds its talents to the fine Mark Lamos production of **"Madama Butterfly,"** with Shu-Ying Li, Keri Alkema, Christopher Jackson, and Marco Nisticó; Atsushi Yamada. (April 14 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 212-721-6500.)

JAPAN SOCIETY: "CURLEW RIVER"
The society, as part of its centenary celebrations, presents the Rouen/Haute-Normandie production of Benjamin Britten's absorbing chamber opera, a work which, though set in medieval Europe, was deeply influenced by the traditions of Noh theatre. (333 E. 47th St. 212-715-1258. April 12-14 at 7:30.)

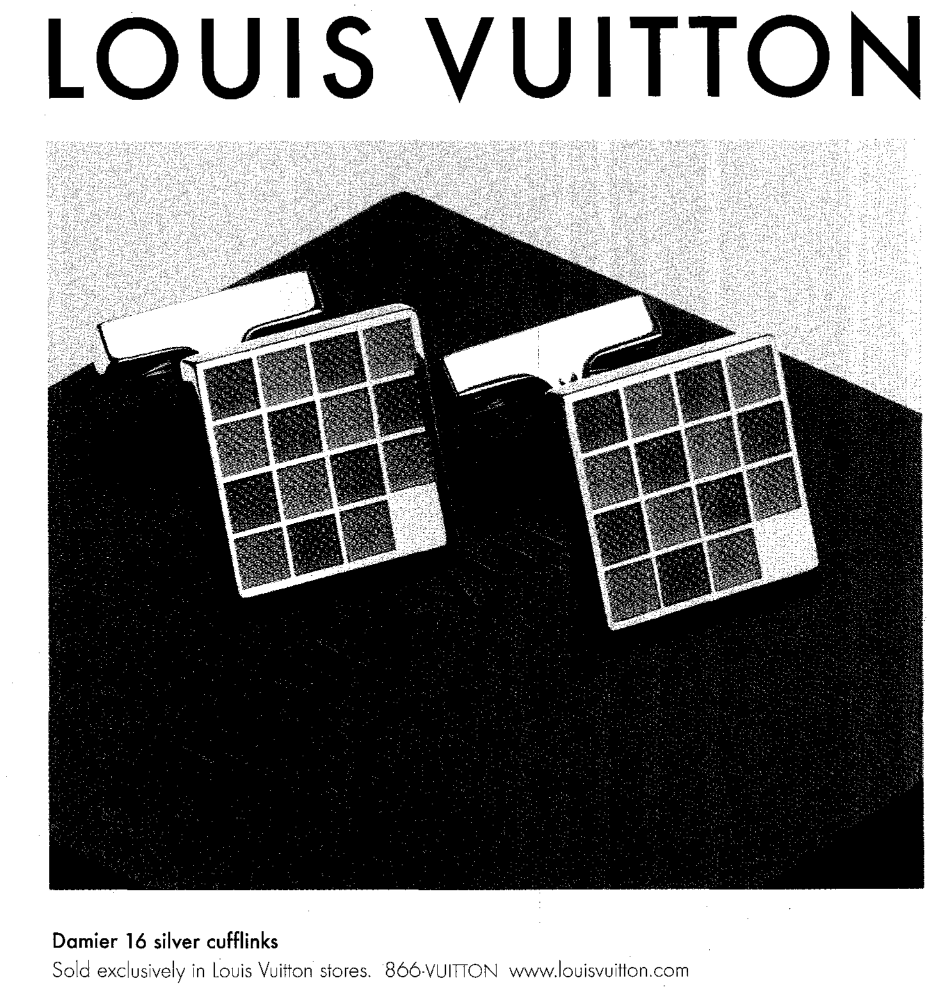
DICAPO OPERA: "MANON LESCAUT"
The Met will mount Puccini's impassioned first masterwork with Karita Mattila next winter. If you can't wait that long, you can catch Michael Capasso's more modest production at Dicapo Opera Theatre, with a cast full of eager young professionals; Pacien Mazzagatti conducts. (184 E. 76th St. 212-288-9438. April 13-14 at 8 and April 15 at 4.)

BAM: "THE MAGIC FLUTE"
The South African director and visual artist William Kentridge's daring production of Mozart's singspiel, which originated at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, in Brussels, enters its final performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; Piers Maxim conducts. (30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. April 13-14 at 7:30.)

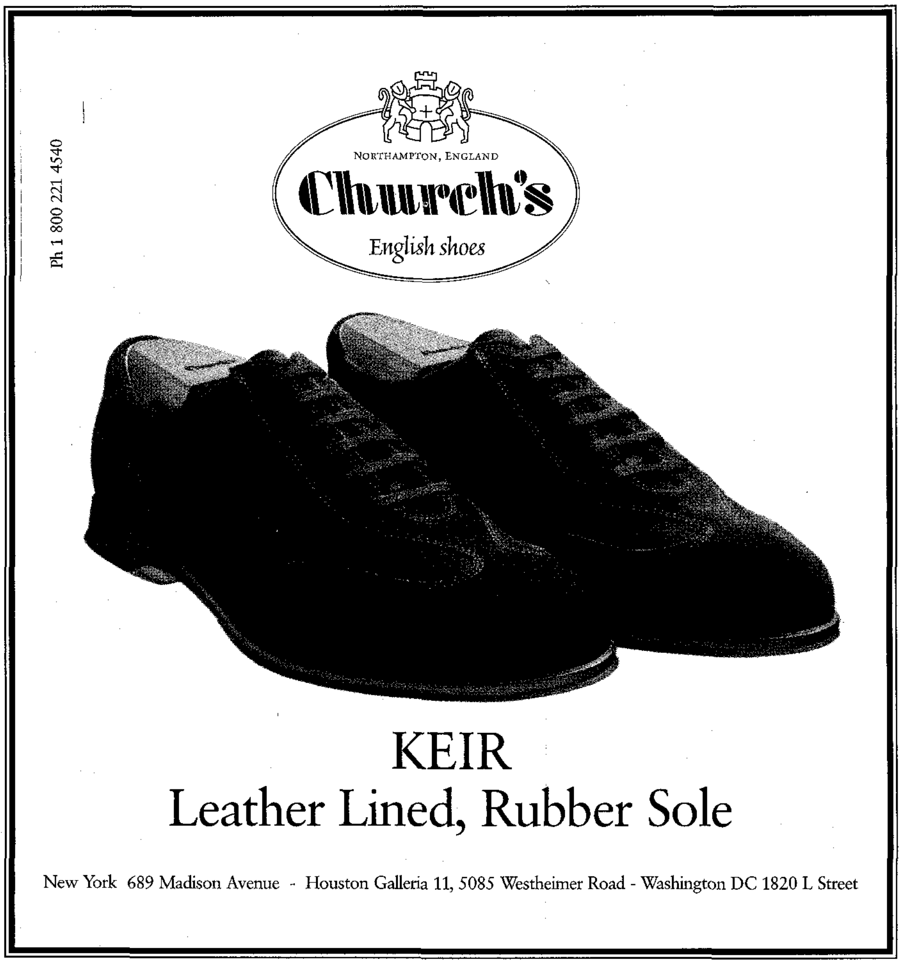
FRANZ SCHREKER'S "DER FERNE KLANG"
On the podium, Leon Botstein may not be Toscanini, but he has the courage to regularly take on works that other conductors shun. Schreker was a major composer of the early twentieth century, and yet the Western Hemisphere has never been given a chance to hear one of his operas live; that will change as Botstein, the American Symphony Orchestra, and a cast of able soloists perform "The Distant Sound," one of Schreker's finest works. (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-721-6500. April 15 at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Lorin Maazel's ensemble returns from Easter break under the command of the Finnish conductor Sakari Oramo, who leads them in Sibelius's Sixth Symphony and tone poem "Tapiola" and Shostakovich's Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Lisa Batiashvili). (April 12 at 7:30, April 13 at 11 A.M., and April 14


LOUIS VUITTON

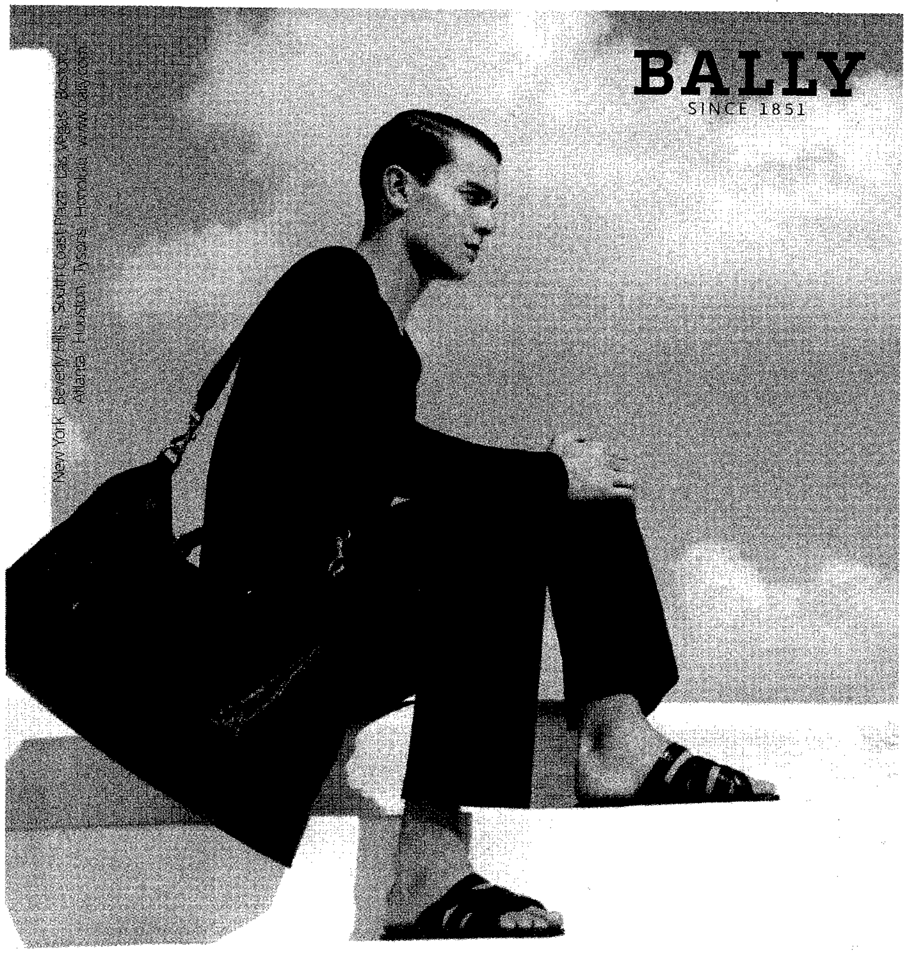
Damier 16 silver cufflinks
Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. 866-VUITTON www.louisvuitton.com

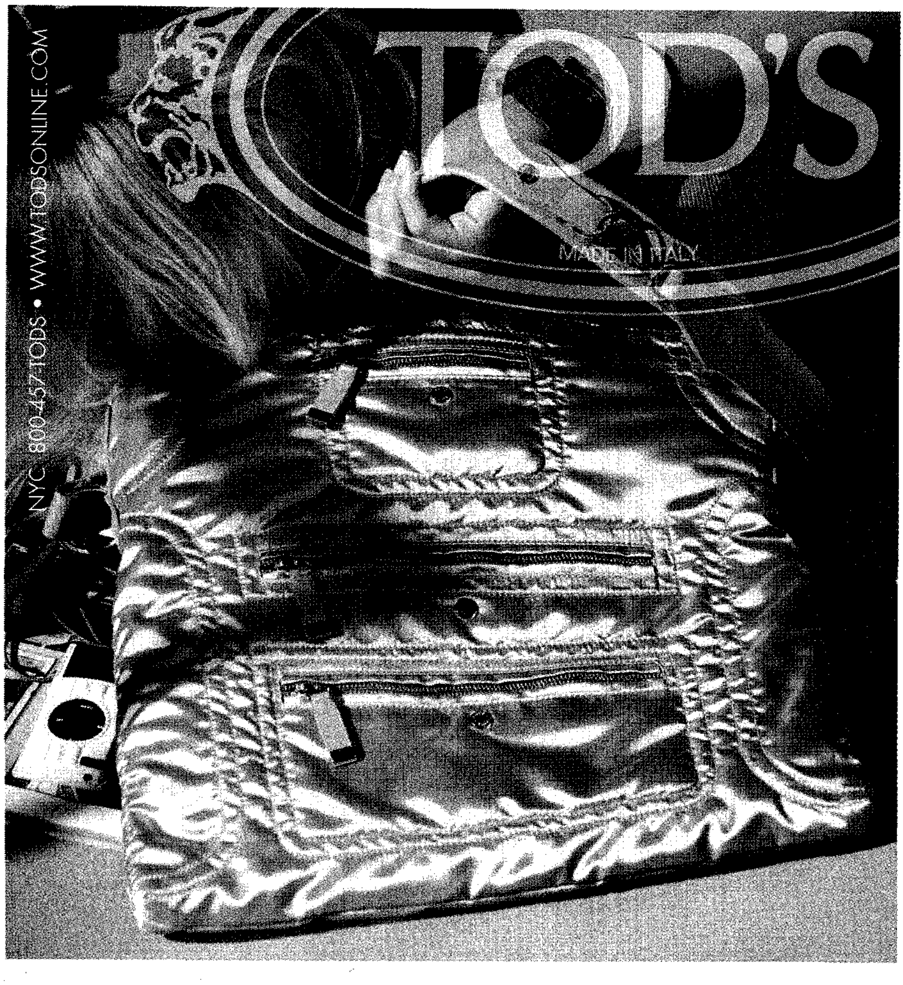

Ph 1 800 221 4540

NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND
Church's
English shoes

KEIR
Leather Lined, Rubber Sole

New York 689 Madison Avenue - Houston Galleria 11, 5085 Westheimer Road - Washington DC 1820 L Street


BALLY
SINCE 1851
New York Beverly Hills South Coast Plaza Las Vegas Boston
Atlanta Houston Tysons Honolulu www.bally.com



at 8.) ♦ For the Saturday-matinée concert, the Shostakovich concerto will be preceded by a performance of Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio, featuring the violinist Sheryl Staples, the cellist Carter Brey, and the pianist Jeremy Denk (making his Philharmonic début). (April 14 at 2.) ♦ Note: The week begins with an abbreviated rush-hour concert hosted by the composer-raconteur Peter Schickele, who will discuss the Shostakovich concerto with Batiashvili prior to a performance of the work. (April 11 at 6:45.) *(Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)*

OLIVER KNUSSEN AND THE ZANKEL BAND
The superlative British composer-conductor, a paragon of musical exactitude, leads a crew of Gotham virtuosos in a promising program of works by Magnus Lindberg, Julian Anderson, and Messiaen ("Oiseaux Exotiques," with the pianist Peter Serkin, a longtime colleague), along with the New York première of his own "Requiem—Songs for Sue" (with the soprano Susan Narucki), a memorial to his late wife. (Zankel Hall. 212-247-7800. April 13 at 7:30.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
The music of Ingram Marshall uses the laid-back sounds of California minimalism with a dark and restive style that is all his own. "Orphic Memories," a work that imagines the deified Orpheus looking back at his time in Hades, will have its world première in a concert with the conductorless chamber orchestra that also features Mendelssohn's String Symphony No. 10 and, not least, the Beethoven Violin Concerto (with Gil Shaham). (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. April 14 at 8.)

MILLER THEATRE: "POCKET CONCERTOS"
George Steel's commissioning program, now featuring the Perspectives Ensemble conducted by Brad Lubman, enters its second year with new works by four prominent composers (Charles Wuorinen, Huang Ruo, Anthony Davis, and Sebastian Currier) performed by several outstanding soloists (including the violinist Jennifer Koh and the cellist Jian Wang). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 212-854-7799. April 14 at 8.)

RECITALS

ANDRÁS SCHIFF AND MIKLÓS PERÉNYI
The pianist and cellist, longtime colleagues, come to the 92nd Street Y to offer two separate programs spanning Beethoven's complete works for their combined instruments. April 11 at 8: Featuring the Sonatas in F Major, C Major, and A Major. ♦ April 12 at 8: The Sonatas in G Minor, F Major, and D Major. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500.)

NEW YORK FESTIVAL OF SONG: "AMORES NUEVOS"
The latest iteration of this omnivorous series settles on songs from Spain and Latin America by such composers as Turina, Guarnieri, and Tania León, featuring (among others) the singers Michelle Areyzaga and Ricardo Herrera; Steven Blier is at the piano. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. April 11-12 at 8.)

RICHARD GOODE
This quintessential New York pianist plays with such an intimate and conversational style that he can make Carnegie Hall feel as familiar as one's living room. He brings works by Bach, Mozart, Brahms (the Seven Fantasies, Op. 116), and Debussy (the Preludes, Book II) along with him. (212-247-7800. April 12 at 8.)

THOMAS BUCKNER AND THE S.E.M. ENSEMBLE
The veteran baritone, a pillar of the downtown experimental scene, performs (along with his regular pianist, Joseph Kubera) in a concert of newly commissioned works by Christian Wolff ("37 Haiku," to a text by John Ashbery), R. Chris Dahlgren, and William Duckworth. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. April 12 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC
April 12-13 at 8: In an unusually festive program at the barge, a scrum of exceptional musicians (including the cellist Edward Arron and the pianist Dick Hyman) offer a smorgasbord of music by Leclair,

Mozart (the Clarinet Quintet), Gershwin, and Richard Rodgers (along with Hyman's Sextet for Clarinet, Piano, and String Quartet). ♦ April 14 at 8 and April 15 at 4: The violinist Mark Peskanov, the cellist Nicholas Canellakis, and the pianist Yuja Wang gather for a concert featuring works by Rachmaninoff, Schubert (the Piano Trio in E-Flat Major, Op. 100), and Lukas Foss. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO

In the first of two springtime concerts at the Metropolitan Museum, the august ensemble performs favorite piano trios by Dvořák (the "Dumky") and Beethoven (the "Archduke"). (212-570-3949. April 13 at 8.) ♦ Note: Daniel Hope, the trio's engaging violinist, offers a solo recital (with the pianist Sebastian Knauer) featuring violin sonatas by Schnittke and Brahms (No. 3 in D Minor) along with Copland's "Nocturne." (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. 212-721-6500. April 15 at 11 A.M.)

KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO

Another eminent piano trio—joined by two distinguished guests, the violist Pinchas Zukerman and the bassist Harold Robinson—performs Leon Kirchner's Piano Trio No. 2 along with Mozart's Piano Quartet in E-Flat Major and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. April 15 at 2.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER

Nicholas Maw, a very civilized English neo-Romantic, is one of three "season composers" this year. In the first of two spring concerts, the society's virtuosos (along with the soprano Peggy Kriha Dye) offer "Roman Canticle," an important Robert Browning setting, along with works by Loeffler, Dvořák (the "Dumky" Trio), and Mendelssohn (the String Quartet No. 1 in A Major). (Alice Tully Hall. 212-875-5788. April 15 at 5 and April 17 at 7:30.)

SEQUITUR

The theatrically minded new-music group, renowned for its smartly integrated programs, uses music by Louis Andriessen ("The New Maths," a collaborative film made with the director Hal Hartley) and Simon Bainbridge as a launching pad for world-première works by Yehudi Wyner (the winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize for music), Steven Burke, and Daniel Koontz. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. April 16 at 8.)

NE(X)TWORKS: "AN EARLE BROWN RETROSPECTIVE"

Brown, who would have been eighty this year, was the Joseph Haydn of American postwar music, the virtual inventor of the graphic-score and open-form-type compositions that would bring the "chance" music genre to an elegant apogee. The score of "December 1952," which looks more like a Mondrian painting than a musical composition, will be interpreted by the iconic downtown soprano Joan La Barbara in a concert at the Chelsea Art Museum that also features such performers as the pianist Stephen Gosling and the violist Kenji Bunch. (556 W. 22nd St. April 17 at 8. Access to the concert is free with museum admission.)

MOVIES OPENING

AQUA TEEN HUNGER FORCE COLON MOVIE FILM FOR THEATERS

An animated comedy, based on the TV series, about a trio of fast-food items who fight over a piece of gym equipment. Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

DISTURBIA

A drama, directed by D. J. Caruso, about a teenager who, while under house arrest, comes to suspect that his neighbor is a serial killer. Starring Shia LaBeouf and Carrie-Anne Moss. Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN

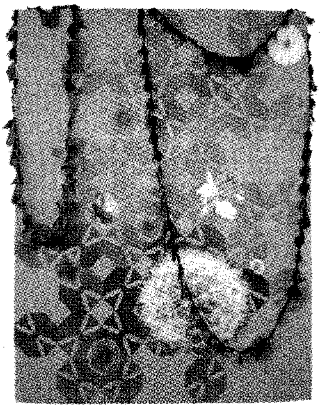
A comedy, directed by Paul Fox from a script by Douglas Coupland, about a slacker who takes part in a lucrative scam. Starring Paulo Costanzo and Steph Song. Opening April 13. (Sunshine Cinema.)

888.880.3462 zegna.com
Ermenegildo Zegna
GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE
FINANCIAL TIMES

Tommy Bahama
RUM
WHITE SAND
GOLDEN SUN
Tommy Bahama
. . . . TASTE PARADISE.
DRINK RESPONSIBLY
www.tommybahamarum.com

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
DESIGN FOR LIVING

The form-giver Jorge Pardo, magus of design as art as design, has filled the Petzel gallery with wine credenzas, wall clocks, hanging lamps, and something like paintings. The credenzas are long, low cabinets in walnut veneer, with honeycombed bottle racks and wacky hinges. The clocks are fragile congeries of woods, plastics, and/or cardboard that remember free-form modern style without getting worked up about it. The lamps surround bare bulbs with vertical sheets of filigreed, tinted acrylic; they have a bushy, tendrilled look, like electrified spider plants. Beige linen canvases, silk-screened with tile patterns and collaged with colorful flower images, would register as pictures but for attached garlands of raggedy, lustrous fabric. As usual, Pardo very precisely overshoots the mark of chic décor. Too cerebral to seduce and too beautiful to abide analysis, his works seed worry at the heart of interior design. Put them in a room, and its other contents would have to go, perhaps including the patron. Pardo makes things for somebody else.
—*Peter Schjeldahl*



LARRY LAMAY

THE GLAMOROUS LIFE OF SACHIKO HANAI
A comedy thriller, directed by Mitsuru Meike, about a young woman who finds a vial containing George W. Bush's finger. In Japanese. Opening April 13. (Cinema Village.)

JACK SMITH AND THE DESTRUCTION OF ATLANTIS
A documentary by Mary Jordan, about the avant-garde filmmaker and performance artist Jack Smith. Opening April 11. (Film Forum.)

LONELY HEARTS
A drama about the real-life "Lonely Hearts" killers of the nineteen-forties (Jared Leto and Salma Hayek) and the Long Island police detective, Elmer Robinson (John Travolta), who helped to capture them. Written and directed by Todd Robinson (Elmer Robinson's grandson). Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

MODERN MAN
A drama, directed by Justin Swibel, about a man who has trouble coping with menial tasks on his estate. Opening April 13. (Village East Cinemas.)

PATHFINDER
An action drama, directed by Marcus Nispel, about a Viking boy who joins Native Americans in a battle against Norsemen. Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

PERFECT STRANGER
James Foley directed this thriller, starring Bruce Willis, Halle Berry, and Giovanni Ribisi, about a woman who goes undercover in the world of Internet dating to try to catch a murderer. Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

PRIVATE FEARS IN PUBLIC PLACES
Alain Resnais's comic drama about six loners searching for love in Paris is adapted from a play by Alan Ayckbourn. Starring André Dussollier, Sabine Azéma, Pierre Arditi, and Lambert Wilson. In French. Opening April 13. (IFC Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

RED ROAD
A drama, directed by Andrea Arnold, about a woman who works in video surveillance and sees a man from her past. Opening April 13. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

SLOW BURN
Ray Liotta, LL Cool J, and Mekhi Phifer star in this thriller, written and directed by Wayne Beach, about a district attorney who confronts a gang leader when a prosecutor is accused of homicide. Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

YEAR OF THE DOG
The screenwriter Mike White makes his directing début with this drama, starring Molly Shannon, about a woman whose life changes when her dog dies. Opening April 13. (In wide release.)

NOW PLAYING

AMAZING GRACE
Square but stirring. William Wilberforce (Ioan Gruffudd), upon entering Parliament, in 1780, at the age of twenty-one, resolved, with the aid of his friend William Pitt (Benedict Cumberbatch), soon to be Prime Minister, at the age of twenty-four, to end the slave trade in the British Empire. Michael Apted's historical epic, from a screenplay by Steven Knight, starts in 1797, when Wilberforce, suffering from colitis and getting much rained on (every time he goes out, he's doused), is at a low ebb. He is saved by the attentions of Barbara Spooner (Romola Garai), a Gainsborough beauty with a luxurious pile of red hair and an exposed pale bosom. As the picture goes backward in time and then forward again, there are eloquent debates, much moral and physical anguish from Wilberforce, and a spirit of Christian resolve, attended, fortunately, by wit. Gruffudd has a serious brow, a wide smile, and romantically disordered locks, and, in the parliamentary scenes, he plants his feet and lets his voice ring out. With Albert Finney, Michael Gambon, the singer Youssou N'Dour, and the supercilious Rufus Sewell, who might have trouble stifling a smirk while reciting the Seven Last Words of Christ.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 3/5/07.) (In wide release.)

THE BAMBOO BLONDE
The Second World War is aptly framed as a flashback in this 1946 musical, which, despite its effervescent antics, offers a dark view of wartime boosterism that suggests a primordial "Flags of Our Fathers." The head of Bamboo Blonde Cosmetics (Ralph Edwards), interviewed about how he got his start, tells a long tale centered on a seedy Manhattan night club that he owned during the war. There, a wealthy bomber pilot, Patrick Ransom, Jr. (Russell Wade), meets a showgirl, Louise Anderson (Frances Langford), after his gold-digger girlfriend, Eileen (the sleek Jane Greer), stands him up. Months later, Louise has become Ransom's unit's mascot—her face is painted on the side of his B-29 and she's been dubbed the "Bamboo Blonde." After the unit's much ballyhooed combat heroics, she's an overnight celebrity. The crew is brought home for an official "Bamboo Blonde" War Bond tour and she goes along, but Eileen gets wind of the competition and bares her claws. The director, Anthony Mann, keeps the tone light and sentimental but displays his sure sense of film noir in the depiction of relentless patriotic hype, casual wartime romance, and cynical strivers on the home front.—*Richard Brody* (Film Forum; April 14.)

BLACK BOOK
Paul Verhoeven's film, made in his native Holland, follows the adventures of Rachel Stein (Carice van Houten), a young Jewish woman who draws on all her courage, resourcefulness, and lingerie to survive the Second World War. Having lost her family in an ambush, she joins the Dutch Resistance, where her principal intelligence-gathering task is to seduce the chief of the Gestapo (Sebastian Koch). This she performs so energetically that they end up falling in love. (You know how adorable those Gestapo fellows can be.) Meanwhile, the Resistance is being undermined by a mole, whose treachery is not revealed until the end. Van Houten is never less than spirited, yet the movie comes across as a tacky, unappealing compound of the casual and the vicious; Rachel and other resisters may be wounded and humiliated, yet suffering, in Verhoeven's eyes, seems to be little more than a temporary setback. Is that really how he wants us to observe the Jewish experience? In Dutch, with subtitles.—*Anthony Lane* (4/9/07) (In wide release.)

BLADES OF GLORY
This boisterous comedy, set in the milieu of competitive figure skating, concerns two rival skaters, Chazz Michael Michaels (Will Ferrell), a macho sex bomb, and Jimmy MacElroy (a memorably coiffed Jon Heder), a shy, sensitive finesse artist. Banned for life from their event after a knock-down, drag-out fight, they return from years of exile to compete as the first all-male pair. Unfortunately, the idea is better than the movie: the adventures on and off the ice, and the endless flow of innuendo (lots of crotch jokes and winking allusions to homosexuality), signify humor without actually being funny. It could have been otherwise. A platoon of screenwriters put lively characters in loopy situations with clever dialogue, but it's all thrown away by the rudderless direction of Will Speck and Josh Gordon, TV-commercial directors who make their feature début a series of half-minute sketches lacking rhythm and mood. Ferrell and Heder, as well as Will Arnett and Amy Poehler as Stranz and Fairchild Van Waldenberg, a villainous brother-and-sister pair, and the charmingly awkward Jenna Fischer as their lovestruck little sister, work so hard to put the material over that it's easy to overlook the sad truth.—*R.B.* (In wide release.)

THE CAIMAN
In the midst of Silvio Berlusconi's 2006 campaign for reëlection as Prime Minister of Italy, the director Nanni Moretti came out with this shrewd, scathing satire of the businessman-politician. Bruno Bonomo (Silvio Orlando), a struggling middle-aged B-movie producer who is about to lose his business and his wife, gets a script from a young woman for a film called "The Caiman," a hard-hitting docudrama about a pseudonymous media mogul who runs for office to protect his corrupt empire. With nothing left to lose, Bruno, who voted for Berlusconi, sinks his last euro into the production of this potent agitprop. Moretti works comic wonders with his outrage and despair. Amplifying the rowdy

Advertisement

spring **showcase**

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT NEW PRODUCTS AND SPECIAL OFFERS FROM *NEW YORKER* ADVERTISERS.

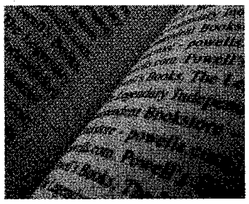
Premium-quality hardwood outdoor benches, Adirondack furniture, and dining sets finished with highest-quality marine enamel paints in 28 standout colors. Commemorative plaques available.

800.486.1183
www.archiesisland.com

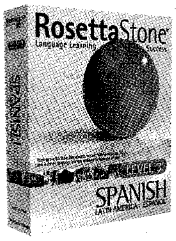
ARCHIE'S ISLAND
FURNITURE

Browse the aisles of Powells.com, the legendary independent bookseller. This award-winning Web site features nearly four million new and used books, surrounded by exclusive interviews, original essays, and much more!

800.878.7323
www.powells.com



Powell's Books
est. 1971
Portland, OR
THE LEGENDARY INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE
800.878.7323 | powells.com



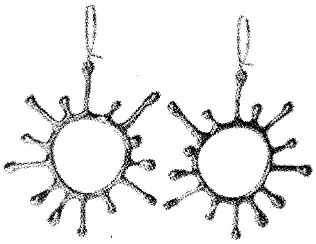
Learn any of the 30 languages Rosetta Stone® has to offer. Try Rosetta Stone's interactive language-learning method, which makes learning fun and exciting. Call today and receive a free demo CD-ROM.

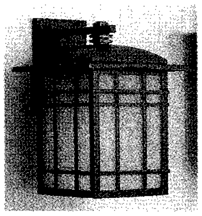
800.399.6191
RosettaStone.com/ges56

John Lewis

Sunburst Earrings in 14k. gold or silver, and many other pieces of jewelry, are designed and made at John Lewis.

800.266.4101
www.johnlewisinc.com





The Bright Spot, Inc.
The Web site for Mission, Mica, and Tiffany lamps and lighting fixtures like Quoizel's Hillcrest outdoor lantern (shown).

www.thebrightspot.com

Providing Fine Craftsmanship
Since 1962

800-324-4934
www.davidmorgan.com

David Morgan

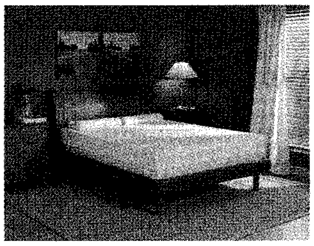
When you choose handcrafted solid cedar shutters and hand-forged period hardware from Timberlane, you'll be placing your home in exalted company. Call today for your free catalogue.

800.250.2221, ext. 1528
www.timberlane.com/1528

TIMBERLANE

Tempur-Pedic is "Changing the way the world sleeps!"™ with our revolutionary mattresses and pillows. High-tech TEMPUR® material self-adjusts to your every curve. FREE catalogue!

Call today, toll-free,
888.359.8418.

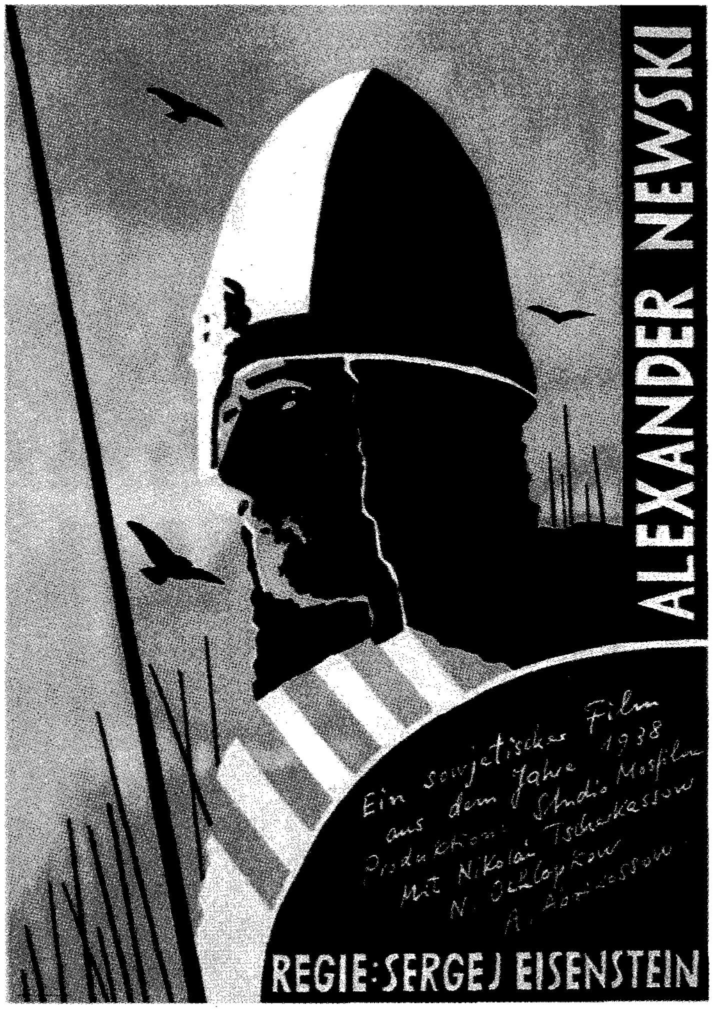


TEMPUR-PEDIC®
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS

vigor of popular comedy with puckish formal games and shocking documentary footage, he takes the fight to Berlusconi's politics and to his lowbrow programming as well. The film leaped to the top of Italy's box-office charts, and Berlusconi lost the election. In Italian.—*R.B.* (BAM; April 14.)

DARATT

The writer-director Mahamat-Saleh Haroun builds a visually austere parable (the title means "dry season") involving a young man, Atim (Ali Barkai), who is sent by his blind grandfather (the excellent Khayar Oumar Defallah) to avenge the death, during a forty-year civil war in Chad, of the father he never knew. He easily finds his target, a humble, aged baker of bread; while trying to muster the courage to fulfill his duty, he becomes the man's protégé. Though the spare dialogue is largely made up of clichés, and though the acting is shaky, there are some beautiful, unfeigned moments—and the film's shrewd final coup de théâtre elegantly denotes a noble message of peace. In Arabic and French.—*Shauna Lyon* (BAM; April 11-12.)



"Alexander Nevsky," at Anthology Film Archives on April 15.

FIRST SNOW

In the director Mark Fergus's moody metaphysical thriller, a sleazy salesman (Guy Pearce) with a less than honorable past attempts to derail a palm reader's prediction that he'll die during the first snowfall of winter. The movie's erratic tone—discussions of fate and responsibility mix with herky-jerky suspense scenes filled with ominous details—keeps the story just off-balance enough to be intriguing. Pearce, with his lean and hungry good looks, gives his character a nervous, desperate demeanor that lifts the movie from a talky, paranoid exercise to an edgy little noir.—*Bruce Diones* (Sunshine Cinema.)

GRINDHOUSE

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (In wide release.)

THE HOAX

The barely believable tale of Clifford Irving. He was the joker who, in 1971, declared that he had been contacted by Howard Hughes, who needed a writer to help him with his memoirs. This was utterly untrue, but it didn't stop Irving (Richard Gere) and his corpulent, fretful sidekick, Dick Susskind (Alfred Molina), from extracting an advance of half a million dollars from a New York publisher, with more to come. The first half of Lasse Hallström's film, written by William Wheeler, zips through these frauds and grand delusions with glee; Hallström seems happier in such slippery company than he did with the sluggishness of "Chocolat" or "The Shipping News." The movie treads more heavily as the story proceeds, as the real Hughes intervenes and Irving apparently starts to lose his mind; yet the result, performed with gusto across the board, still makes a rich addition to the cinema of suckerdom. With Hope Davis and Stanley Tucci in fine fettle as the publishers who fall into the trap.—*A.L.* (4/9/07) (In wide release.)

THE HOST

Something is hiding in the River Han, in the middle of Seoul. As a result of industrial pollution, a small tadpole has grown not into a respectable frog but into a bad-tempered tadpole the size of a bus. Soon it starts leaving the water, snatching ordinary Koreans from the banks and carrying them off to its fetid home in the sewers. When a young girl is taken, her father, the hitherto hopeless Gang-du (Song Kang-ho), enlists the aid of his family and sets off to save her. Bong Joon-ho's monster movie is often funny and occasionally disgusting, but rarely does it strike you as ridiculous. By the end (which is only just happy), you feel threatened and drained, as you should after a grownup fairy tale, and there are moments of surprising grace—as when an apparition of the girl sneaks into the midst of a communal meal. On the other hand, don't go looking for mercy from the beast; this thing would treat King Kong as a typical bleeding-heart mammal. In Korean.—*A.L.* (3/12/07) (In wide release.)

I THINK I LOVE MY WIFE

A missed opportunity. For his second directorial effort, Chris Rock (working with a co-writer, Louis C.K.) closely adapted Eric Rohmer's 1972 "Chloe in the Afternoon," about a happily married businessman with a wandering eye whose fantasy life is put to the test by an intense platonic relationship with a temptress who reappears from his past. Rock, who also stars, can't decide whether to aim for realism or for comedy, and the result is neither credible nor funny. Filming on location in New York, Rock places his character, Richard Cooper, in an investment bank in a midtown tower where they ought to review their security arrangements: sleek, sexy Nikki Tru (Kerry Washington) keeps turning up in his office uninvited and unannounced. As a director, Rock doesn't reimagine Rohmer's story but merely borrows it; as an actor, he keeps slipping back into an overeager yelping that recalls his small-screen persona. The best thing in the film is the comic riffing on a serious subject, the social identity of America's black middle class, but it is too diluted by sketch comedy to take hold.—*R.B.* (In wide release.)

THE LIVES OF OTHERS

This first feature from the young German director Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck starts in 1984, in East Berlin. A successful playwright (Sebastian Koch) and his girlfriend (Martina Gedeck), hitherto trusted by the state, are placed under Stasi surveillance. Their investigator, a lonely ascetic by the name of Wiesler (Ulrich Mühe), is told to entrap them, instead of which, little by little, he lets them off the hook. Given the movie's cross-weave of envy, terror, paranoia, and endangered principle, Donnersmarck might have been expected to tie himself in knots; yet the outcome, after two and a half hours, remains taut and clear, and by the end you feel exhausted and oddly uplifted. What was the last new movie that put you through so much yet convinced you that the ordeal was worthwhile? With Ulrich Tukur as Wiesler's cheerfully vicious boss. In German.—*A.L.* (2/12/07) (In wide release.)

THE LOOKOUT

The young actor Joseph Gordon-Levitt, who looks a little like Keanu Reeves, only smarter, is Chris Pratt, a Midwestern high-school jock and rich kid who hurt his head in a car accident (it was his fault) and now suffers from short-term-memory loss. Chris, estranged from his family and his former self, works as a night janitor in a bank and falls into the clutches of a vicious high-school acquaintance (Matthew Goode) who has always envied him and now wants to use him to knock over the bank. This small-scale thriller, the directorial début of the screenwriter Scott Frank ("Minority Report"), depends on character and atmosphere and suspense—the violence is minimal. The hero isn't stupid by any means; his problem, as he tries to extricate himself from the bank robbery, is how to turn his handicap into an advantage. Frank displays a convincing sense of evil—and of goodness, too (Chris's roommate, who looks after him, is a smart, ornery blind man, played by Jeff Daniels). Shot in Winnipeg.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

LOUISIANA STORY

Two kinds of romantic American mythology—the can-do spirit of American industry and the beauty and folk wisdom of an unspoiled frontier—collide in Robert Flaherty's fascinating, awkward, luminous documentary-style drama, originally released in 1948, about drillers seeking oil in a Cajun family's bayou. The hero (Joseph Boudreaux) is like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer rolled into one, yet, unlike Huck, he doesn't have to "light out for the territories": in the swampy clime he calls home, he's already beyond the reach of mainstream civilization. He befriends the oil rig's driller and boiler man, and tries to fuse modernity and magic, sprinkling the same mystic salt over the derrick that he uses to hook the biggest catfish these men have ever seen. Standard Oil funded the movie, and headlines proclaiming the oilmen's skill at limiting collateral damage rouse snickers in contemporary audiences. Still, the movie is a powerful, swooning visualization of a wilderness childhood. Virgil Thomson's Pulitzer Prize-winning score puts impressionistic shimmers and dancing twists on rural themes; whenever the boy navigates the bayou in his pirogue, the evocative melodies merge seductively with Flaherty's infatuated imagery.—*Michael Sragow* (MOMA; April 16.)

THE NAMESAKE

A word is worth a thousand pictures. Jhumpa Lahiri's prose carries the weight of experience, color, and texture, but Mira Nair's adaptation of Lahiri's 2003 novel (Sooni Taraporevala wrote the screenplay), while perfectly pleasant, is a little bland. After Ashima (Tabu), a beautiful young woman from Calcutta, marries the gentle university researcher Ashoke Ganguli (Irfan Khan) and relocates to Nyack, New York, she stands silently in her suburban kitchen; the magic of Lahiri's depiction of the strangeness of a new culture is mostly gone. The filmmakers also have an insoluble problem on their hands: the story jumps ahead abruptly in time, so each scene is meant to epitomize a phase of the couple's life in America. But since Ashima and

POSTERMAN

BRINGING DOCUMENTS TO A MEETING IS EASIER WHEN YOU HAVE DOCUMENTS TO BRING TO A MEETING.

EMBASSY SUITES
HOTELS®

Introducing Embassy Connectivity, including our complimentary BusinessLink™ Business Centers with PrinterOn® secure remote printing, our EmbassyDirect™ Registration Kiosks, high-speed Internet access in every suite and wireless access in the atrium, and an MP3 clock radio in every suite. Just some of the ways Embassy Suites Hotels is connecting everything you do.

EVERYTHING FOR A REASON®

TheHiltonFamily®

EMBASSY SUITES OFFERS COMPLIMENTARY, COOKED-TO-ORDER BREAKFAST, 2 TWO-ROOM SUITES, OPEN-AIR ATRIUMS AND EVENING MANAGER'S RECEPTION.* FOR LOCATIONS & RESERVATIONS, PLEASE VISIT EMBASSYSUITES.COM OR CALL 800-EMBASSY FOR OUR BEST RATES. GUARANTEED.

*Subject to state and local laws. Must be of legal drinking age. ©2007 Hilton Hospitality, Inc.

Ashoke are both reserved, each word of dialogue is burdened with more significance than it can possibly bear. Things lighten up a lot in the next generation, when the couple's son, Gogol (Kal Penn), eagerly assimilates to American ways. Zuleikha Robinson is very lively as a young Bengali woman who has spent some time in Paris and carries on like a character in a scandalous French novel. In Bengali, Hindi, and English.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

TABLES FOR TWO
ROSANJIN

141 Duane St., between Church St. and West Broadway (212-346-7999)—The word *kaiseki* comes from the Japanese words for "stone" and "bosom," referring to Zen Buddhist monks' practice of carrying a heated stone within their robes in order to ease hunger when fasting. *Kaiseki*, the meal, began as an accompaniment to the highly ritualized tea ceremony (it prevented the strong green tea from turning an empty stomach sour). In a restaurant setting, *kaiseki* has become more elaborate and sensual, but remnants of the ascetic practice remain: delicacy, precision, attention to season.

Rosanjin, named after the famed Japanese ceramicist and gourmet Kitaoji Rosanjin, opened its dining room, with just seven tables, in December. (It began offering elegant cedar bento boxes for delivery—including one containing *futomaki*, a large roll stuffed with toro, squid, sea eel, shrimp, egg, and vegetables—last fall.) As the owner, Jungjin Park, welcomes you to the room—dark wooden tables, spare floral arrangements, a deep-red brocaded-silk wall—he informs you, politely, "*Kaiseki* is best eaten as it served, so that it doesn't sit." In other words, be quiet and eat.

Each perfectly composed course appears in quick succession: whole, pinkie-finger-size firefly squid, with a dab of buttery egg-yolk vinegar; a cake of minced snapper in *wanmori*, or fish broth; and *mukozuke*, several cuts of sashimi, spread out to appear like a chrysanthemum. The sushi course—*nakazara*—is extraordinary, and Park gently prompts, "When you put the toro in your mouth, place it fish side on the tongue, so it just melts." He adds, "You can use your fingers, a lot of Japanese do it that way." Everything is light, crisp, clean—occasionally, as in the case of the *hachi*, a slim piece of codfish in a slightly gelatinous broth, bland. Then comes the *shokuji*, slices of rich Wagyu beef and crunchy rice balls, a welcome contrast. (The intimacy of the dining room has another advantage: on subsequent visits, they'll make sure you aren't served the same preparations from the ever-changing menu.) Finally, a light, nutty tofu-and-sesame custard, served with fruit, a sliver of housemade chocolate, and a small glass of mango juice: a thoughtful, meditative ending. "People sometimes complain that the dessert isn't in the French fashion, more elaborate," Park says, smiling. "But we like to end with something simple, so you don't forget what you ate before." (Dining room open Mondays through Saturdays for dinner; delivery Mondays through Fridays for lunch and dinner and Saturdays for dinner. *Kaiseki* dinner $105 or $150; delivery items $10.50-$60.)

—*Andrea Thompson*

PREMONITION
The miserable tale of Linda Hanson (Sandra Bullock), who foresees the death of her husband, Jim (Julian McMahon), only to wake up and find him alive and kicking, or at any rate showering, the next day. This causes her some consternation, and much of Mennan Yapo's movie consists of the heroine looking bothered and bewildered; the high point, and a candidate for the annals of kitsch, comes as she sketches out a day-by-day calendar of weird events and scribbles the climactic entry, "JIM DIES." The film is an unhelpful choice for Bullock, who seems determined to off-load the comic deftness that powered her early career; why pick a script (by Bill Kelly) that is guaranteed to make her seem unlikable? Could she not have borrowed her character's unusual talent and predicted the nonsense that would ensue? With Amber Valletta as a seductress, Kate Nelligan as Linda's mother, and Peter Stormare as the kind of shrink who puts you off going into therapy forever.—*A.L.* (3/26/07) (In wide release.)

REIGN OVER ME
Not, as you might think, a quickie sequel to "The Queen" but the story of Charlie Fineman (Adam Sandler), a dentist who lost his wife and three daughters in the horror of 9/11. He is reduced to a murmuring wreck, roaming New York on a scooter, until he has a chance encounter with an old dental-school roommate of his named Alan Johnson (Don Cheadle). Alan has troubles of his own, though they seem paltry by comparison: a frozen marriage, plus a patient (Saffron Burrows) who keeps offering her sexual services. *He* should worry. Slowly, and not without mishap, the two men rediscover their friendship. The result could well have turned cheap and maudlin, but the writer and director, Mike Binder, grasps the stubbornness of grief; Charlie may be hauled back from the verge of suicide, but he will never be cured. Even viewers allergic to Sandler may concede that his air of mumbling drift is right for the role, and Cheadle never misses a beat. With Liv Tyler, Donald Sutherland, and a chunky soundtrack: the title echoes a song from "Quadrophenia."—*A.L.* (3/26/07) (In wide release.)

SHOOTER
A virtual textbook of action clichés: an incomparable marksman, stealthy, silent, inexorable, hiding among snowcapped peaks; the muzzle of a high-powered rifle aimed directly at the camera; helicopters swirling over mountains and city streets, chasing the hero from the sky; gun-metal colors everywhere and the *chuggah-chuggah-chuggah* of pounding drums and electronic music, a sound both primal and advanced at the same time. Betrayed twice by his country, Mark Wahlberg's Bob Lee Swagger, an ex-Marine, takes vengeance on the swine who tried to do him in—a rogue unit in the government, operating under the control of a powerful, oil-mad senator from Montana (a Dick Cheney-like figure, played by Ned Beatty). The government may be rotten, but American honor is saved by the lone killer. The director, Antoine Fuqua, is trying to appeal both to liberals and to the paleo-conservatives who hate big government and big corporations alike. The loony clash of political currents suggests the degree of confusion roiling Hollywood at the moment. With Danny Glover, Michael Peña, and Kate Mara. Jonathan Lemkin adapted Stephen Hunter's glumly macho thriller.—*D.D.* (4/2/07) (In wide release.)

300
Perhaps the nuttiest movie ever to become a monster hit, this porno-military curiosity features muscle-queen Spartans who fight in leather codpieces and red capes and die clutching each other's hands, and a Persian king, Xerxes (Rodrigo Santoro), who is an epicene, nearly naked seven-footer with a shaved head, piercings, and what looks like a gold-lamé thong. Xerxes lounges on cushions in his court, surrounded by intertwined naked lesbians who writhe like snakes in a basket. It's too solemn and violent to be camp. The director, Zack Snyder, poses the Spartan heroes against the horizon or along the crests of mountains under roiling skies. The softening hues of blue and yellow have been filtered or drained out of the palette; the dominant color is the molten brown-gold of bronze shields. It has something to do with the battle of Thermopylae. The actors, including Gerard Butler and Lena Headey, are nonentities. From a graphic novel by Frank Miller.—*D.D.* (4/2/07) (In wide release.)

THE TV SET
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (In wide release.)

THE UNSEEABLE
In this smart, tangy neo-gothic ghost story, the Thai director Wisit Sasanatieng ("Tears of the Black Tiger") cleverly recycles every cliché in the book and adds a sense of wonder all his own. Nualjan, a poor, pregnant country girl, wanders far from home in search of her missing husband, and, exhausted, stops at a lonely rural manor. There, Somjit, a tyrannical housemaid, grudgingly takes her in with a warning to stay far from the mistress of the house, Madame Ranjuan. But a glimpse of Ranjuan through a high window reveals her odd resemblance to Nualjan herself. And when the guest gives birth, Ranjuan takes an unusually strong interest in the newborn. To the film's eerie apparitions and disappearances, an evil old crone, a vampire legend, secrets behind the door, and long-hidden crimes, Sasanatieng adds a rhapsodic romantic melodrama, as well as a compelling visual design that conjures up the all-seeing gaze of looming spectres. The result is an engaging, surprisingly heartfelt entertainment. In Thai.—*R.B.* (Moving Image; April 13.)

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY
The 1920-22 Irish revolt against the English, reimagined by the social realist Ken Loach as an awkwardly violent and sombre old poem made without the usual Irish flourishes of wildness or lyricism. The British military cars, tin lizzies carrying men in the open, are almost comically antique and vulnerable; the I.R.A. rebels, who wear awkward long coats and caps as they scramble across a hill, look less like a guerrilla force than like fellows who had planned to go shopping with their families but somehow got sidetracked into a bizarre adventure. Loach is trying for his own kind of scrappy truthfulness, in which pent-up physical violence bursts forth clumsily, avoiding the typically stylized glamour of classic movie mayhem. Here, violence has the look of surprise. With Cillian Murphy as a refined young rebel who wants complete separation from Great Britain and a socialist revolution in Ireland, and Padraic Delaney as his rough-hewn brother, who is willing to accept the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921. Shot in County Cork by the cinematographer Barry Ackroyd.—*D.D.* (3/19/07) (In wide release.)

ZODIAC
The great film critic Manny Farber once praised "termite art," the kind of small, stubborn movie that chews its way through a narrow piece of turf. David Fincher's "Zodiac" is mollusk art: the movie keeps elaborating itself out of its own discharge, hardening its emotions, anxieties, and energies into a shell of obsession. Fincher, working with a fantastically detailed script by the young James Vanderbilt, chronicles the case of the self-identified Zodiac killer, a taunting, publicity-mad creep who murdered at least five people in the San Francisco Bay Area in the late sixties and sent confessional notes about the crimes (sometimes in cipher) to newspapers. At the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a young cartoonist, Robert Graysmith (Jake Gyllenhaal), becomes obsessed with the case and stays obsessed, outlasting the police, other reporters, and the killer himself. Moving swiftly but with precise attention to the emotional coloring of such things as weather and light and dour institutional spaces, Fincher runs through interrogations, trips to the library, and the sorting and matching of mounds of evidence. It's a superbly made but (by its very nature) inconclusive film, in which the obsession itself, rather than any payoff, is the point. With Robert Downey, Jr., as an alcoholic ace

THE PHILIPS Simplicity Concierge

Get the High 5 on 20 exciting cities—up-to-the-minute info on the best things to see, do, eat, buy, and experience.

PHILIPS

sense and simplicity

Turn the page to learn more about the Philips Simplicity Concierge and how you can sign up to make the most of your travel experience.

HIGH 5 Find them from the Philips Simplicity Concierge

COOLEST SHOPS

The place to hunt down exceptional antiques
The address for a designer not yet on the map
The flea markets insiders flock to
The stock room real foodies plunder

FEEL-GOOD FINDS

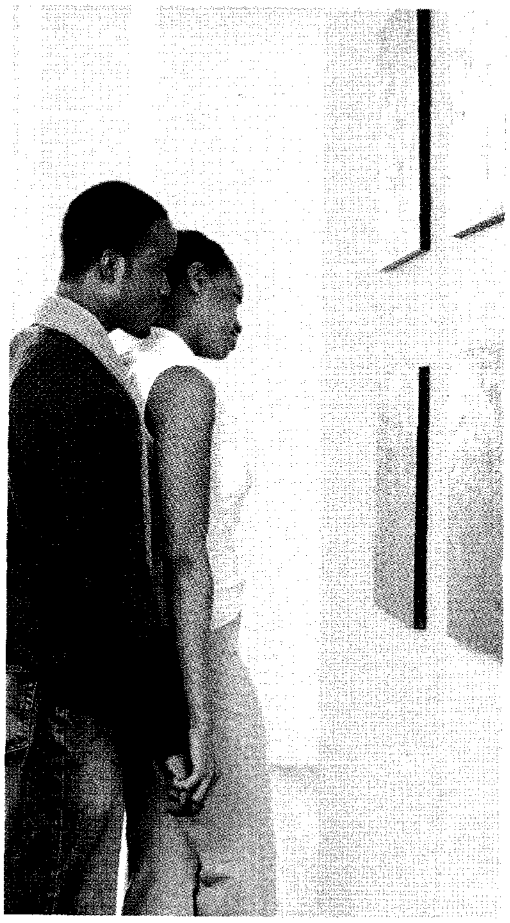
The yoga class with a new twist
The hot stone treatment that helps you heal
The climbing wall that's tops in town
The massage that takes five years off
The low-carb candy store for kids of all ages

DON'T-MISS DESTINATIONS

The venue with the best view under the stars
The prime stretch of beach for finding seashells
The Impressionist show on loan from Paris
The perfect picnic spot
A controversial sculptor's premier exhibit

RAVED-ABOUT RESTAURANTS

A new fusion kitchen that's about to explode
The *enoteca* with the city's best-edited wine list
An organic wonder uptown
A "raw" delight downtown
An all-chocolate menu across town



ESSENTIAL ENTERTAINMENTS

The jazz club that's hopped since it opened
The performance art that has everyone talking
A late-night piano bar that takes requests
The one-act play you'll have to see to believe
The karaoke spot where the natives are friendly

HAVE PHILIPS. WILL TRAVEL.

Now, navigating any of 20 cities in superb style couldn't be easier. The complimentary Philips Simplicity Concierge service culls information and recommendations from the experts at concierge.com, epicurious.com, golfdigest.com, houseandgarden.com, newyorker.com, self.com, vanityfair.com, and wired.com and hosts them in one convenient online location. You can even have listings by category delivered directly to your cellphone.*

*Standard messaging fees apply.

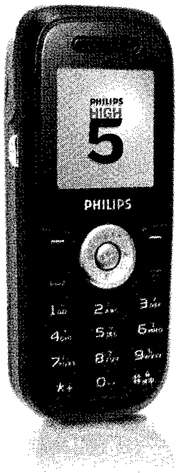
GETTING THE HIGH 5 FROM PHILIPS DELIVERED DIRECTLY TO YOUR MOBILE DEVICE IS EASY.

1: Create a new text message.

2: Enter "82222" in the "TO" field.

3: In the body of the message, enter the category and abbreviation you'd like (key at right). For example, enter DINE NYC if you're looking for restaurants in New York.

4: Hit SEND and you'll get the info for the city and category you requested.



CATEGORY KEY:

RESTAURANTS - **DINE**
SHOPPING - **SHOP**
ENTERTAINMENT - **FUN**
FEEL-GOOD FINDS - **FEEL**
DESTINATIONS - **SEE**

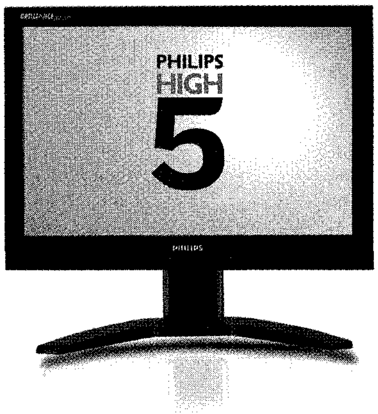
CITY KEY:

NEW YORK - **NYC**
LOS ANGELES - **LA**
CHICAGO - **CHI**
PHILADELPHIA - **PHI**
SAN FRANCISCO - **SF**
DALLAS + FT WORTH - **DAL**
BOSTON - **BOS**
WASHINGTON - **WAS**
ATLANTA - **ATL**
PHOENIX - **PHO**
SEATTLE - **SEA**
MIAMI + FT LAUDERDALE - **MIA**
LAS VEGAS - **LV**
DETROIT - **DET**
DENVER - **DEN**
HOUSTON - **HOU**
MINNEAPOLIS - ST PAUL - **TWIN**
LONDON - **LON**
PARIS - **PAR**
TOKYO - **TOK**

VISIT WWW.PHILIPS.COM/CULTURE TO LEARN MORE AND TO SIGN UP FOR THIS COMPLIMENTARY SERVICE.

PHILIPS

sense and simplicity



Simplicity is knowing where to go,
no matter where you happen to be.

At Philips, we're always thinking of ways to bring
simplicity into your life.
To bring you technology that makes more sense.
That's advanced, but easy to experience.
That's why we've partnered with Condé Nast to create
The Philips Simplicity Concierge.
The latest info on the best shopping, dining, nightlife,
events and services in different cities around the globe.
Online, or sent right to you.
So you can enjoy the best each city has to offer.
Anytime, anywhere, and in any format.
It's travel made simple.
And simply the best way to travel.

PHILIPS
sense and simplicity

© 2007 Philips Electronics North America Corporation.

reporter, Anthony Edwards and Mark Ruffalo as two hardworking cops, and Chloë Sevigny as Graysmith's exasperated wife. Based on Graysmith's books about the case.—*D.D.* (3/19/07) (In wide release.)

Also Playing

ARE WE DONE YET?: In wide release. **FIREHOUSE DOG:** In wide release. **KILLER OF SHEEP:** IFC Center. **MEET THE ROBINSONS:** In wide release. **PRIDE:** In wide release. **THE REAPING:** Sunshine Cinema. **TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES:** In wide release. **WILD HOGS:** In wide release.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"NewFilmmakers Presents." April 11 at 8:15: "Love Hollywood Style" (2006, Michael Stein). ♦ April 11 at 9:45: "Remember the Rain" (2006, Elisabeth Myles-Birk) and "Bottom Feeder" (2006, Wayne Gurman). ♦ "Essential Cinema." April 13 at 7:30: "Zorns Lemma" (1970, Hollis Frampton) and "Hapax Legomena I" (1971, Frampton). ♦ April 14 at 5:30: "Man of Aran" (1934, Robert Flaherty). ♦ April 14 at 7:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922, Flaherty). ♦ April 15 at 3:30: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian, without subtitles). ♦ April 15 at 5:30: Short-film program, including "The Light That Never Fails" (1948, Jean Epstein). ♦ April 15 at 6: "Ivan the Terrible," parts 1 and 2 (1942-1946, Eisenstein; in Russian, without subtitles). ♦ April 15 at 7:30: "Une Simple Histoire" (1958, Marcel Hanoun; in French, without subtitles).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Best of 2006." April 11 at 7:30 and 9:30 and April 12 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Daratt" (†). ♦ April 13 at 7: "Day Night Day Night" (2006, Julia Loktev), followed by a Q. & A. with the critic Dennis Lim and the director. ♦ April 14 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "The Caiman" (†). ♦ April 15 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Police Beat" (2006, Robinson Devor; in Wolof). ♦ April 16 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Woman Is the Future of Man" (2004, Hong Sangsoo; in Korean). ♦ April 17 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Climates" (2006, Nuri Bilge Ceylan; in Turkish).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Through April 19: "B Musicals." April 11 at 1, 4:15, and 7:30: "College Rhythm" (1934, Norman Taurog). ♦ April 11 at 2:45, 6, and 9:15: "This Way, Please" (1937, Robert Florey). The 6 P.M. screening will be introduced by the radio host Rich Conaty. ♦ April 12 at 1:20, 5:30, and 9:35: "Moonlight in Havana" (1942, Anthony Mann). ♦ April 12 at 2:45 and 6:50: "Minstrel Man" (1944, Joseph H. Lewis). ♦ April 12 at 4:10 and 8:15: "Ladies of the Chorus" (1949, Phil Karlson). ♦ April 13 at 1, 4:05, 7:10, and 10:15: "Hooray for Love" (1935, Walter Lang). ♦ April 13 at 2:30, 5:35, and 8:40: "King of Burlesque" (1936, Sidney Lanfield). ♦ April 14 at 1:10, 4:15, and 7:20: "The Strip" (1951, László Kardos). ♦ April 14 at 2:50, 5:55, and 9: "The Bamboo Blonde" (†). ♦ April 15 at 1, 4:40, and 8:20: Vitaphone shorts (1926-30). ♦ April 15 at 3, 6:40, and 10:15: "Song of Love" (1929, Erle C. Kenton). ♦ April 16 at 1:20 and 6:10: "Mister Big" (1943, Charles Lamont) ♦ April 16 at 2:50 and 7:40: "The Merry Monahans" (1944, Lamont). ♦ April 16 at 4:35 and 9:30: "Get Hep to Love" (1942, Lamont). ♦ April 17 at 1, 4:30, and 8: "Pigskin Parade" (1936, David Butler). ♦ April 17 at 3, 6:30, and 10: "Paddy O'Day" (1936, Lewis Seiler), preceded by a videotaped introduction by the actress Jane Withers.

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through April 24: The films of Jacques Tati. April 17 at 12:30, 4, and 7:30: Short films, including "Soigne Ton Gauche" (1936, René Clément; in French, English, and German).

IFC CENTER
323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—"Fares to Remember: Taxi 07." April 13-15 at noon: "Midnight" (1939, Mitchell Leisen). ♦ "Waverly Midnights." April 13-14: "Mona Lisa" (1986, Neil Jordan). ♦ April 13-14: "Hedwig and the Angry Inch" (2001, John Cameron Mitchell), introduced by the director.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—Through April 22: Films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Except where noted, all films are in German. April 11 at 7 and April 14 at 6:30: "Berlin Alexanderplatz," parts 4-7 (1980). ♦ April 12 at 7 and April 15 at 1: "Berlin Alexanderplatz," parts 8-11. ♦ April 13 at 7 and April 15 at 6:30: "Berlin Alexanderplatz," parts 12-13 and Epilogue (1980). ♦ April 14 at 1: "Berlin Alexanderplatz," parts 1-3 (1980). ♦ April 16 at 6: "Despair" (1977; in English). ♦ April 16 at 8:30: "Jail Bait" (1972). ♦ Special screenings. April 11 at 8:30 and April 12 at 7: "Muriel" (1963, Alain Resnais; in French). ♦ "Still Moving," films from the museum's collections. April 12 at 4:30 and April 16 at 6: "Mildred Pierce" (1945, Michael Curtiz). ♦ April 13 at 8:30: "Jubilo" (1919, Clarence Badger; silent). ♦ April 16 at 8:30: "Louisiana Story" (†). ♦ Films from "The Pervert's Guide to Cinema." April 14 at 2: "Duck Soup" (1933, Leo McCarey). ♦ April 14 at 4: "The Birds" (1963, Alfred Hitchcock). ♦ April 14 at 6:30: "Wild at Heart" (1990, David Lynch). ♦ April 15 at 2: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Stanley Kubrick). ♦ April 15 at 4: "Blue" (1993, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French, Romanian, and Polish).

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—"Independence World Cinema Showcase." April 13 at 8: "The Unseeable" (†), followed by a discussion with the actress Tana Sarntinoranont. ♦ April 14 at 2: "That Awkward Age" (2006, Pavel Giroud; in Spanish). ♦ April 14 at 5: "Innocence" (2006, Areeya Chumsai and Nisa Kongsri; in Thai), followed by a discussion with the directors. ♦ April 14 at 8: "Invisible Waves" (2006, Pen-Ek Ratanaruang; in Thai). ♦ April 15 at 2: "The Most Beautiful of My Very Best Years" (2005, Martin Boulocq; in Spanish). ♦ April 15 at 5: Short films from Thailand, followed by a discussion with the director Virada Chatikul and a performance of Thai classical music. ♦ April 15 at 8: "The Tin Mine" (2005, Jira Maligool; in Thai), followed by a discussion with the director.

PIONEER THEATRE
155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—Special screenings. April 11-24 (call for showtimes): "Rock the Bells" (2005, Casey Suchan and Denis Henry).

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART
150 W. 17th St. (212-620-5000)—"Cabaret Cinema." April 13 at 9:30: "The Elephant Man" (1980, David Lynch), introduced by Susan Orlean.

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—"Sunshine@Midnight." April 13-14: "Shaun of the Dead" (2004, Edgar Wright).

553 TMY
36
5053 TMY
EXISTENCE
35A
36
36A

"Existence, Paris 2000," from "William Klein: Prints, 1955-2007," at Greenberg.

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—In revival. April 15 at 1:30 and 6 and April 17 at 6: "The Italian" (2005, Andrei Kravchuk; in Russian). ♦ April 15 at 3:45 and 8 and April 17 at 8: "Rear Window" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—The New York African Film Festival. April 11 at 1:30: "The Narrow Path" (2005, Tunde Kelani). ♦ April 11 at 3:30: Short films from Ethiopia. ♦ April 11 at 5:15: "Paris Selon Moussa" (2003, Cheik Doukouré; in French). ♦ April 11 at 7:15: "Death of Two Sons" (2006, Micah Schaffer; in Pulaar, English, and French). ♦ April 11 at 9:15: "Clouds Over Conakry" (2007, Cheick Fantamady Camara; in Malinke and French). ♦ April 12 at 1: "Movement (R)evolution Africa" (2007, Joan Frosch and Alla Kovgan; in English, French, Wolof, Portuguese, Japanese, Shona, and Lingala). ♦ April 12 at 3:30: "The Night of Truth" (2004, Fanta Régina Nacro; in Dioula, French, and Mòoré). ♦ April 12 at 7:15: "Bling: A Planet Rock" (2007, Raquel Cepeda; in English and Krio). ♦ April 12 at 9:30: "Max and Mona" (2004, Teddy Mattera; in Tswana, Zulu, English, and Afrikaans). ♦ Recent independent films from China. All films are in Mandarin. April 13 at 3:30 and 7:10: "Walking on the Wild Side" (2006, Han Jie). ♦ April 13 at 5:20 and 9:15 and April 14 at 1:30: "The Orphan of Anyang" (2001, Wang Chao). ♦ April 14 at 3:15 and April 15 at 3:45 and 8:30: "The Silent Holy Stones" (2005, Wanma Caidan). ♦ April 14 at 5:45 and April 15 at 1: "The World" (2004, Jia Zhangke). ♦ April 14 at 8:45 and April 15 at 6:15: "Blind Shaft" (2002, Li Yang). ♦ Through May 3: The films of Carlos Saura. All films are in Spanish. April 17 at 1:30, 5:20, and 9:15: "Hooligans" (1960). ♦ April 17 at 3:20 and 7:15: "Lament for a Bandit" (1963).

TOTALLY LONDON
www.visitlondon.com

Summer in the City

LONDON LOCALS AND VISITORS MOVE OUT INTO THE OPEN AIR IN THE SUMMER TO ENJOY THE CITY'S GARDENS, LISTEN TO CONCERTS, OR CATCH A HORSE RACE. THIS YEAR, THEY CAN ALSO CHEER ON THE CYCLISTS PARTICIPATING IN THE 2007 TOUR DE FRANCE. HERE ARE SOME OF THE SEASON'S BEST EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES.

This is the season when London invites people to share in its warm breezes and long days. It's a time for cruises down the Thames, concerts in palace gardens and parks, and celebrations of the best in the arts, sports, and music. This year, even the French are coming, bringing the world's biggest sporting event, the **Tour de France**, to the city for the first time in the race's hundred-year history. After an opening ceremony in Trafalgar Square and a five-mile Prologue time trial, the race begins in earnest (Stage One) on July 8th. About two hundred of the world's best cyclists will fight for the famous yellow jersey as they pass iconic London landmarks, including Big Ben, and cross Tower Bridge on their way to France.

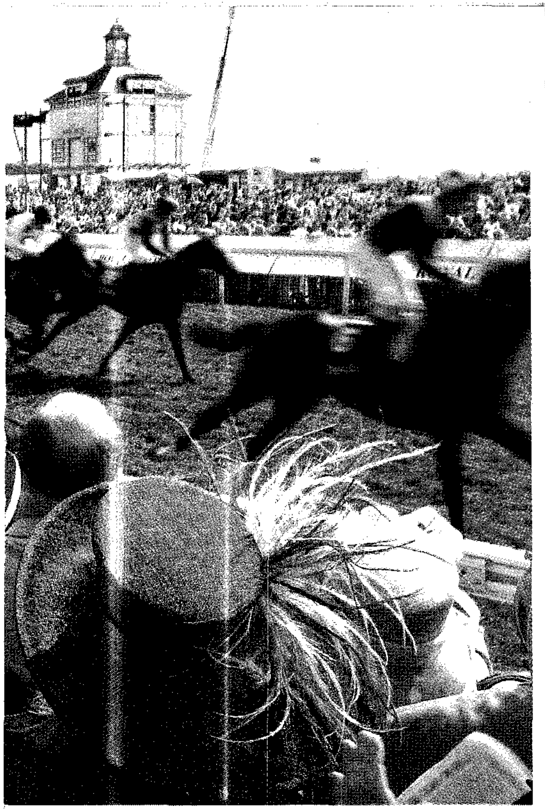
From June 25th to July 12th, the **City of London Festival** pays its respects to French artists and performers, including Les Siècles. This unique chamber orchestra uses period instruments as well as modern ones in its presentation of music across the centuries. The festival is a feast of the arts that takes place both inside the city's ancient and modern buildings and in its squares and gardens. Among the highlights are two concerts in the acoustically vibrant St. Paul's Cathedral, one by the Soweto Gospel Choir, the other Berlioz's magnificent "Requiem," with Yan Pascal Tortelier and the London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Another hot ticket is the new jazz opera "Bridgetower," which was commissioned to mark the two-hundredth anniversary of Parliament's abolition of the slave trade in Britain. It tells the story of George Bridgetower, a slave's son who became a violin prodigy, studied with Haydn, played with Beethoven, and settled in London. For lighter fare, relax on H.M.S. President between July 2nd and July 6th, and enjoy late-night comedy and jazz as the boat floats on the River Thames.

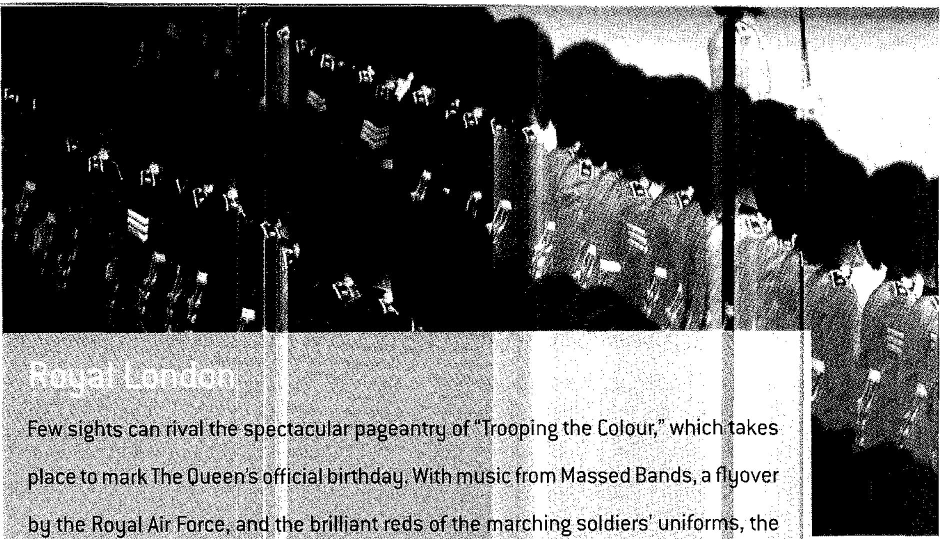
Serenity defines the **Royal Botanic Gardens** at Kew in southwest London. The seventeenth-century Kew Palace, now an enthralling museum, was once a royal residence. Throughout the centuries, such masters of landscape architecture as Capability Brown have crafted its gardens, which are home to one in eight of the world's plant species. Visitors come to enjoy the visually arresting displays of natural beauty, from the tranquil Waterlily House to the lush British Woodland Garden. Kew's spectacular Victorian greenhouses are worth visiting in themselves, but the Summer Swing open-air concerts (July 10th through 14th) provide added incentive. The 2007 series features the Buena Vista Social Club's Eliades Ochoa, one of the most renowned *soneros*, or singers of traditional Cuban songs.

The **Hampton Court Palace Festival** offers another opportunity to enjoy music in a magical open-air setting. During the extended intermissions, guests can take advantage of the chance to dine in the State Apartments or picnic in the Palace Gardens. The festival takes place between June 5th and June 23rd, but Hampton Court Palace is a majestic place to visit anytime during the summer. Beloved by Henry VIII (the ghost of Jane Seymour, one of his six wives, is said to haunt the palace), Hampton Court was at the center of British court life and politics for more than two hundred years. Now, with its fabulous furnishings, tapestries, and paintings, the palace is one of England's most compelling attractions. The Tudor kitchens and famous hedge maze from the sixteen-nineties are two of the most unusual features.

Each summer brings the **Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition**, the world's largest open-submission contemporary-art exhibition, with a tradition of showcasing work by unknown and emerging artists alongside that of more established names. The summer exhibition, running from June 11th through August 19th, attracts about nine thousand paintings, sculptures, photographs, drawings, prints, and architectural models, and always features hidden gems.

IMAGES COURTESY OF VISIT LONDON, WITH EXCEPTION OF THAMES' SWANS ©ROBERT HARDING PICTURE LIBRARY LTD/ALAMY; TOUR DE FRANCE CYCLISTS ©KOLVENBACH/ALAMY





Royal London

Few sights can rival the spectacular pageantry of "Trooping the Colour," which takes place to mark The Queen's official birthday. With music from Massed Bands, a flyover by the Royal Air Force, and the brilliant reds of the marching soldiers' uniforms, the trooping is an unforgettable experience. For a closer glimpse of The Queen, visitors can head to the races at **Royal Ascot** (June 19th through 23rd). Founded in 1711 by Queen Anne, it's not only one of the world's most famous race meetings but a place where British fashion and tradition are on full display. The Gold Cup, the crown jewel of the week, is held on fashionable Ladies' Day, Thursday, June 21st.

Life on the Thames

The mighty Thames has flowed through the heart of London throughout its great history, and there are few better ways to experience the city than to board one of the many river cruises. The **Silver Fleet** offers short rides from the London Eye or Tate Modern. Guests can relax with local food and wines on longer rides, perhaps to Greenwich, where the National Maritime Museum and the Royal Observatory are set within the oldest Royal Park in Britain. For an entirely different river experience, consider witnessing **Swan Upping**, the annual swan census on the Thames. In a ceremony dating from the twelfth century, Swan Uppers wear scarlet uniforms as they ride up the Thames in rowing skiffs adorned with flags and pennants. The swans are counted, marked, and then released.

Four of the Season's Best

OPEN AIR THEATRE

There are few venues as romantic as Regent's Park Open Air Theatre for watching a performance of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (May 30th to August 18th). The theatre's stellar productions also include a musical and a play for children. Designed by the architect John Nash in 1811, Regent's Park is one of London's most refined parks, and it's easy to spend a day wandering through the fragrant rose gardens, visiting the zoo, or walking to Primrose Hill for its views of central London.

TATE BRITAIN

The permanent galleries of Tate Britain provide an artistic journey through Britain's past. From May 22nd through September 2nd, the gallery is holding its first major exhibition of British photography. "How We Are: Photographing Britain" will take a unique look at the journey of British photography over the last 150 years, from the pioneers of the medium to photographers using the newest technology. Postcards, family albums, and social documents will be exhibited alongside the works of Julia Margaret Cameron and David Bailey, among others.

BBC PROMS

With more than seventy concerts between July 13th and September 8th, BBC Proms (short for Promenade Concerts, with a nod to zealous concertgoers who stand for performances) is the world's largest classical-music festival. The annual event hosts an array of internationally renowned musicians at the Royal Albert Hall, where it has been held since 1941. The festivities conclude on the famous "Last Night," when a showcase of international performers, including the best of the British music scene, is on display.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Beginning on July 26th, one of London's great treasures, the National Gallery, will host "Work, Rest & Play," an exhibition that examines how the themes of work, rest, and play have been depicted in art since the sixteenth century. The show explores the way artists such as Canaletto, Gainsborough, Moroni, Monet, Manet, Gauguin, and Lowry have illustrated shifts in working behavior, from the age of industrialization to the office culture of today. It will include works from the National Gallery as well as loans from other collections.

FOR MORE INSPIRATION, GO TO VISITLONDON.COM—LONDON'S OFFICIAL WEBSITE.

READINGS AND TALKS

P.S.A. FESTIVAL OF NEW AMERICAN POETS
The Poetry Society of America presents twenty poets over two nights, including Tyehimba Jess, Aimee Nezhukumatathil, and Richard Siken, who will read from their noteworthy first books. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For more information, call 212-254-9628. April 11-12 at 7.)

HAPPY ENDING MUSIC & READING SERIES
Noy Holland and Lorin Stein read from their fiction. With Laurie Anderson, who will read from "Night Life," her new collection of drawings and short texts that are based on her dreams. The highly literate Brooklyn-based pop group Spielerfrau will also perform. (302 Broome St., between Forsyth and Eldridge Sts. No tickets necessary. April 11 at 8.)

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY
The Basque poet Kirmen Uribe and his translator, Elizabeth Macklin, read from Uribe's new collection, "Meanwhile Take My Hand." (1 Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary. April 12 at 7.)

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB
The writer Francisco Goldman leads a tribute to the late Chilean author Roberto Bolaño, who died in 2003. Goldman is joined by Carmen Boullosa, Eduardo Lago, Donald Antrim, and others for a reading from Bolaño's novel "The Savage Detectives," which was recently translated into English. A brief question-and-answer session follows the reading. (15 Gramercy Park S. No tickets necessary. April 13 at 7.)

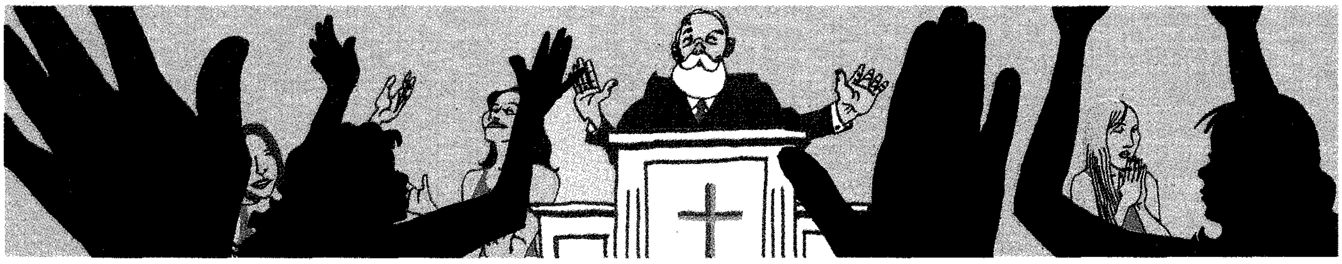
MENUPOEMS READING
In honor of National Poetry Month, *Alimentum*, a food-oriented literary journal, recently produced a special menu-size broadside featuring short, pithy poems about eating, which it has distributed to local restaurants. On April 16 at 7, a number of the participating poets—including Doug Magee, Robin Hirsch, Gary J. Whitehead, and Esther Cohen (who came up with the idea)—read from the work. (Tagine Dining Gallery, Ninth Ave. at 40th St. 212-564-7292. For more information, visit www.alimentumjournal.com.)

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI
The San Francisco poet, who at eighty-nine has outlived most of his Beat colleagues, makes a rare East Coast appearance. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500. April 16 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"WAR MUSIC: RECENT STABS AT THE EPIC"
Starting in 1959, the British poet Christopher Logue embarked upon a filmic reimagining of the Iliad, turning the Trojan War epic into a multivolume series known collectively as "War Music." The book "All Day Permanent Red," from 2003, is full of gory battle scenes; it takes its name from a Revlon lipstick ad. "Cold Calls," which won the 2005 Whitbread Prize for poetry, is seriously cheeky, citing Aphrodite as "Our Lady of the Thong." On April 15 at 8, Aurea, a Providence-based ensemble of chamber musicians and actors, presents the New York City première of its stage adaptation of Logue's masterwork. (Skirball Center, New York University, 566 LaGuardia Pl., at Washington Sq. S.) Leading up to the performance, a number of academics, poets, and critics are gathering to examine other combat epics, including Greil Marcus, who will consider Bob Dylan's "Masters of War"; Lawrence Weschler, discussing Balkan epics; and the poet Yusef Komunyakaa, who will read his own war-torn work. (Warren Weaver Hall, New York University, 251 Mercer St., at W. 4th St. The program runs from 11 to 5:30. For more information, call 212-998-2100.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
The opulence of the imperial court, the deep religiosity of the Orthodox Church, and the stylishness of the Russian avant-garde are on display in all their glory at **Sotheby's** two-day sale of Russian art (April 16-17). The first day features a large group of exquisite Fabergé objets d'art, including a large silver *kovsh* (a decorative drinking vessel) whose handle depicts, in intricate relief, a surging cluster of medieval Russian warriors; the second features atmospheric paintings by Aivazovsky and Nesterov, whose "Vision of St. Sergius When a Child" is considered the first work of Russian symbolism. The sales are preceded by an auction of nineteenth-century photographs (mostly of the forest of Fontainebleau) by Eugène Cuvelier and his father, Adalbert (April 13). (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ The nineteenth century is all the rage at **Christie's** as well; the week opens with a sale of the era's furniture and decorations (April 11), followed by paintings (April 12), including a large selection of Orientalist works. The week concludes with a sale of atlases, travel narratives, and cartographic treatises from the collection of Frank S. Streeter (April 16-17). (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.)



ON THE HORIZON

ART
THE NEW ANCIENT
April 20

The Met's new permanent Greek and Roman galleries have been fifteen years in the making—or three thousand, depending on how you look at it. Among the pleasures to be encountered will be a skylighted atrium housing some twenty Roman sculptures and thousands of objects that haven't been on public view for decades—including an entire frescoed bedroom that was buried when Vesuvius erupted in 79 A.D. (212-535-7710.)

DANCE
ON THE MOVE
April 24-29

Stephen Petronio, a master of speed and wild, sexualized movement, returns to the Joyce with a program that includes last season's stylish "Bud Suite" (set to songs by Rufus Wainwright), a revival of his enigmatic 1997 work, "ReBourne," and two new pieces. (212-242-0800.)

MOVIES
WORLD SERIES
April 25-May 6

The Tribeca Film Festival again offers an enticing range of New York premières. Highlights include "Two in One," by the Ukrainian director Kira Muratova; "Still Life," by Jia Zhangke, which won the Golden Lion prize at the 2006 Venice Film Festival; and "Half Moon," a dark comedy about a female singer from Iran who attempts to travel to Iraqi Kurdistan. (866-941-3378.)

THE THEATRE
GOOD WORKS
April 26

The Korean-American playwright Young Jean Lee follows up last season's hilarious "Songs of the Dragons Flying to Heaven" with "Church," a one-act play that examines her struggle with Christianity, at P.S. 122. (212-352-3101.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
HANDS DOWN
April 29, May 12

The magisterial pianist Maurizio Pollini, staying loyal to the august group of composers he has grown old with, combines works by Boulez and Stockhausen with pieces by Chopin, Debussy, Schumann, and Beethoven in two recitals at Carnegie Hall. (212-247-7800.)

Young Jean Lee's "Church," at P.S. 122.

JASHAR AWAN

Like a fine wine, each comes with its own set of adjectives.
2007
©2007 The Hershey Company
CACAO RESERVE by Hershey's
Arríba
PREMIUM DARK MILK CHOCOLATE
50% cacao
SINGLE ORIGIN
Floral aroma, subtle herbal notes and lingering cocoa finish
floral
CACAO RESERVE by Hershey's
São Tomé
PREMIUM DARK CHOCOLATE
70% cacao
SINGLE ORIGIN
Rich and robust chocolate notes and hints of aromatic coffee
NET WT 3.53 OZ (100 g)
spicy
EXPLORE
CACAO RESERVE™
A NEW WORLD

Like grapes from a growing region, chocolate that comes from a single origin has its own unique flavors and tasting notes.

Explore Arríba, dark milk chocolate born from a rainforest of flowers, or São Tomé, intense dark chocolate from a volcanic island.

www.cacaoreserve.com

©2007 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC

"Once you've driven an S-Class, it's hard to drive anything else."

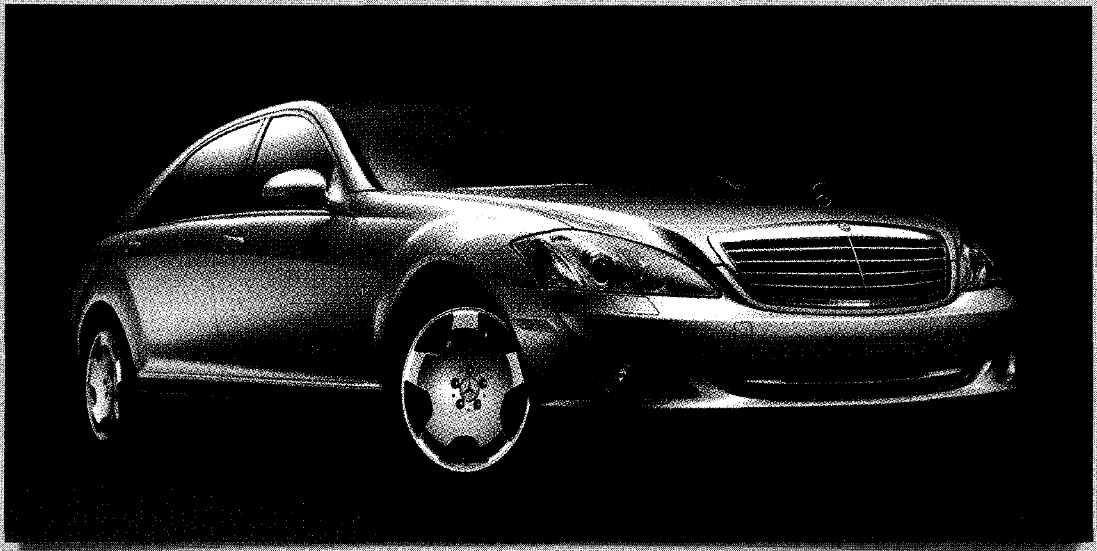
AS A PRINCIPAL IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST PRIVATE AVIATION COMPANIES, KEN AUSTIN HAS A KEEN UNDERSTANDING OF ENGINEERING EXCELLENCE.

Ken Austin

With standards like his, selecting an automobile was easy. "The S-Class. It's the best of the best."

Since the first model of this heralded sedan took to the road over 50 years ago, it has not only been the standard-bearer for Mercedes-Benz, but for an entire industry. The S-Class raises this leadership to a whole new level.

Technologically, no car is more advanced. Yet, in true Mercedes-Benz form, the instrument panel is intuitive and designed to be easy to use. Navigation System, Dynamic Rear View Monitor, Night View Assist, Voice Control, Hands-Free Communication and many other innovations can be controlled with a glance of the eye and a turn of the wrist from the COMAND system. 14-way adjustable seats with twelve built-in pneumatic chambers allow you to find a perfect seating position. In hard cornering, the Drive-Dynamic multicontour front seats actually inflate to help keep your body firmly in place. And this famously substantial sedan accelerates and corners with the dexterity of a car half its magnitude. One touch of the throttle sets loose 391 lb-ft of torque, carrying you and your passengers to 60 mph in just 5.4 seconds.* To quote Austin, "In the driver's seat, you're in a racecar. In the back seat, you're in a limo. You get what you pay for. And in this case you get one of the greatest cars in the world."



THE 2007 S-CLASS. *Owned and adored by the world's most discerning automobile enthusiasts.*

Unlike any other.

Mercedes-Benz

MBUSA.com

Model shown 2007 S 600. Some features listed are optional on some models. *Stated rates of acceleration are based upon manufacturer's track results and may vary depending on model, environmental and road surface conditions, driving style, elevation and vehicle load.

For more information, call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES, or visit MBUSA.com.

THE NEW YORKER

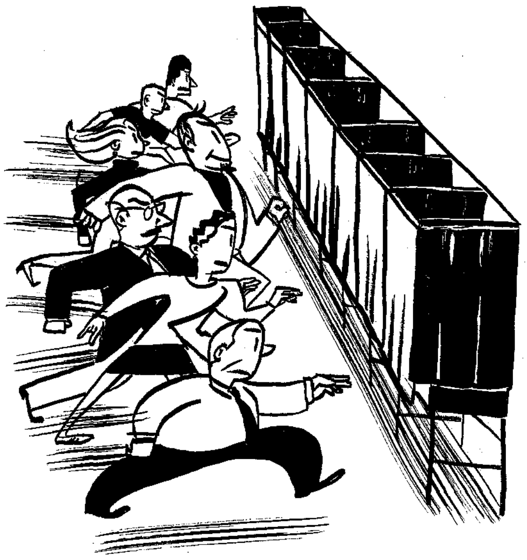
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
PILEUP

Over the past few months, the constitution of the United States has been quietly amended. We're not talking here about the written, capital-"C" Constitution, which can't be changed on the sly, but about the constitution broadly understood: the rules and procedures by which our government is constituted. A lot of that constitution is outside the Constitution, notably when it comes to elections. The framers' document makes no mention of parties, primaries, or nominating conventions—understandably, as they hadn't been invented yet. Article II, Section 1, which is about "chusing the President," has plenty to say about electors' meeting "in their respective States," and making "a List of all the Persons voted for," and signing, certifying, and sealing their Lists before sending them on to "the Seat of the Government." But it says nothing about political campaigns, political parties, or nominating conventions—let alone about sound bites, thirty-second spots, bundled contributions, or independent expenditures, any one of which has more effect on who gets chusen than all the signing, sealing, and certifying on earth. (Nor, for that matter, does Article II say anything about regular people voting. What it does say is "Each State shall appoint, in such Manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a Number of Electors." As the Supreme Court pointedly reminded us on December 12, 2000, "The individual citizen has no federal constitutional right to vote for electors for the President of the United States.")

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

This year's informal constitutional amendment is a radical revision of the political calendar. For several election cycles, states have been pushing, more or less politely, toward the front of the primary-season queue. This time, all semblance of good manners has been abandoned. We've stampeded ourselves over a cliff into a yearlong primary campaign climaxing next February 5th, when as many as twenty-two states, representing sixty per cent of the nation's population and a like proportion of the two parties' Convention delegates, will hold their primaries all at once. Eighteen of those states have moved their primaries up to that date or are on the point of doing so, including eight of the eleven biggest—California, Texas, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Georgia, North Carolina, and New Jersey.



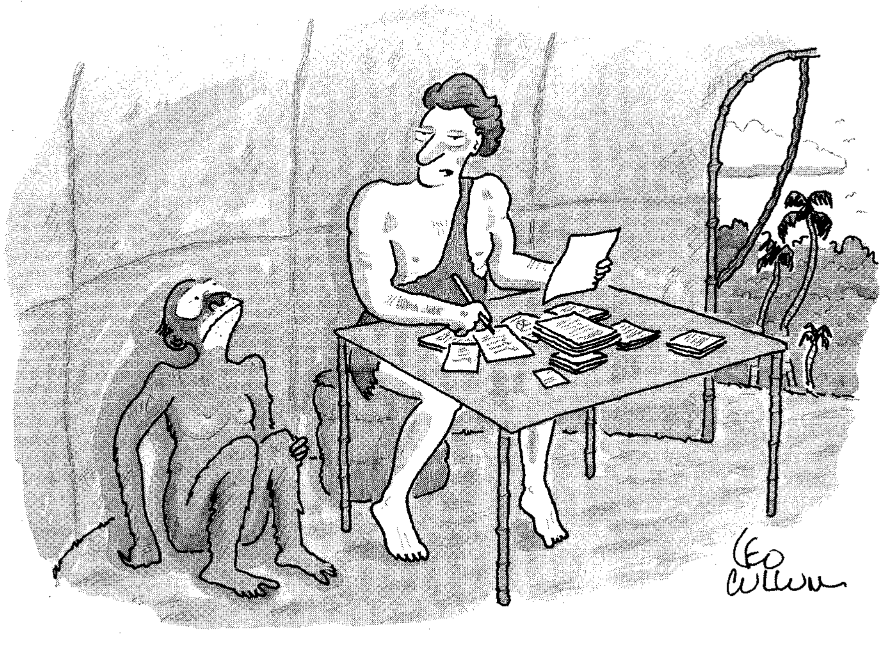
This development has two aspects, both of which have been widely deplored. One is the bunching of primaries, which magnifies the need to raise very big money very early, pretty much guarantees that dark horses will stay dark, and makes it harder for someone to enter the race late. The other is the time gap between de-facto nomination in February and de-jure election in November—as lengthy as a full-term pregnancy, and offering similar opportunities for fatigue, boredom, irritability, and nausea (in addition, of course, to ample chances for joy, kicks, and that certain glow).

But the truth is that this change—the bunching-up part, anyway—arises from an admirable citizenly impulse: the impulse to participate. Citizens, Republicans and Democrats alike, want a meaningful voice in who gets to be their party's Presidential nominee, and they are increasingly noticing that most of them have no such voice. For all practical purposes, the primaries disenfranchise voters in "late" states and privilege voters in "early" states, while the general election disenfranchises voters in "spectator" states and privileges voters in "battleground" states. In both cases, the disenfranchised far outnumber the privileged. No wonder, then, that so many late states have decided to go early. The new calendar still confers outsize influence on the one out of sixty-eight Americans lucky enough to live in Iowa or New Hampshire, states that are not only the earliest of the earlies but also November battlegrounds. But at least it offers a good many of the rest of us a shot at casting primary ballots that might conceivably have some impact.

The purity of that motive, however, does not obviate the fact that a schedule that (a) locks up both parties' nominations in one fell swoop and (b) requires the country to devote two out of every four years to Presidential politicking is completely insane. The closest anyone has come to cutting the Gordian knot of the primaries was a little-known effort in 2000. A group of Republican grandees led by Bill Brock, a former senator from Tennessee and national party chairman, spent months hammering out what was dubbed the Delaware Plan, which, beginning in 2004, would have mandated four sets of primaries, a month apart, beginning with the small states (twelve of them, including New Hampshire) and ending with the largest (which would pick a majority of the total delegates). Brock said recently that he had developed the plan in consultation with friends in the other party ("Such things were possible, once upon a time," he said), and was fairly sure that the Democrats would have followed suit. But, because the Republicans couldn't have proceeded without a floor fight at their Convention, the Bush camp, determined to avoid any hint of discord, shot the whole thing down at the last minute. Various other ideas—revolving regional primaries, for example, or randomly chosen primaries at two-week intervals—continue to float around. Eventually, though, Congress will probably have to take the lead in sorting out the mess.

The primaries, of course, are only half the story, and not the more important half. Thanks to the winner-take-all allocation of each state's electoral votes—another of those informal constitutional amendments nowhere to be found in the parchment—the only voters who count in November are the ones in the dozen or so battleground states. It has begun to dawn on citizens of the rest of the country just how out of it they are, and it's dawning on some of their politicians, too. Sometime in the next few weeks, Governor Martin O'Malley, of Maryland, will sign a bill making his state the first to pledge itself to the fledgling National Popular Vote plan—a proposed interstate compact that would confine the electoral college to a ceremonial role, like the Queen of England's. The idea is that once enough states have signed on to put together a majority of electoral votes, those states agree that their electors will always vote for the winner of the popular vote in all fifty states plus the District of Columbia. From that moment, for the first time, Presidential elections would be truly national. Every citizen's vote would be worth casting, and worth campaigning for, no matter what state it happened to be cast in. Grassroots politics would be worth the trouble everywhere, not just in a dozen swing states. No more red states and blue states, just the red-white-and-blue United States, its Constitution unchanged but its constitution made worthy of a mature democracy.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*



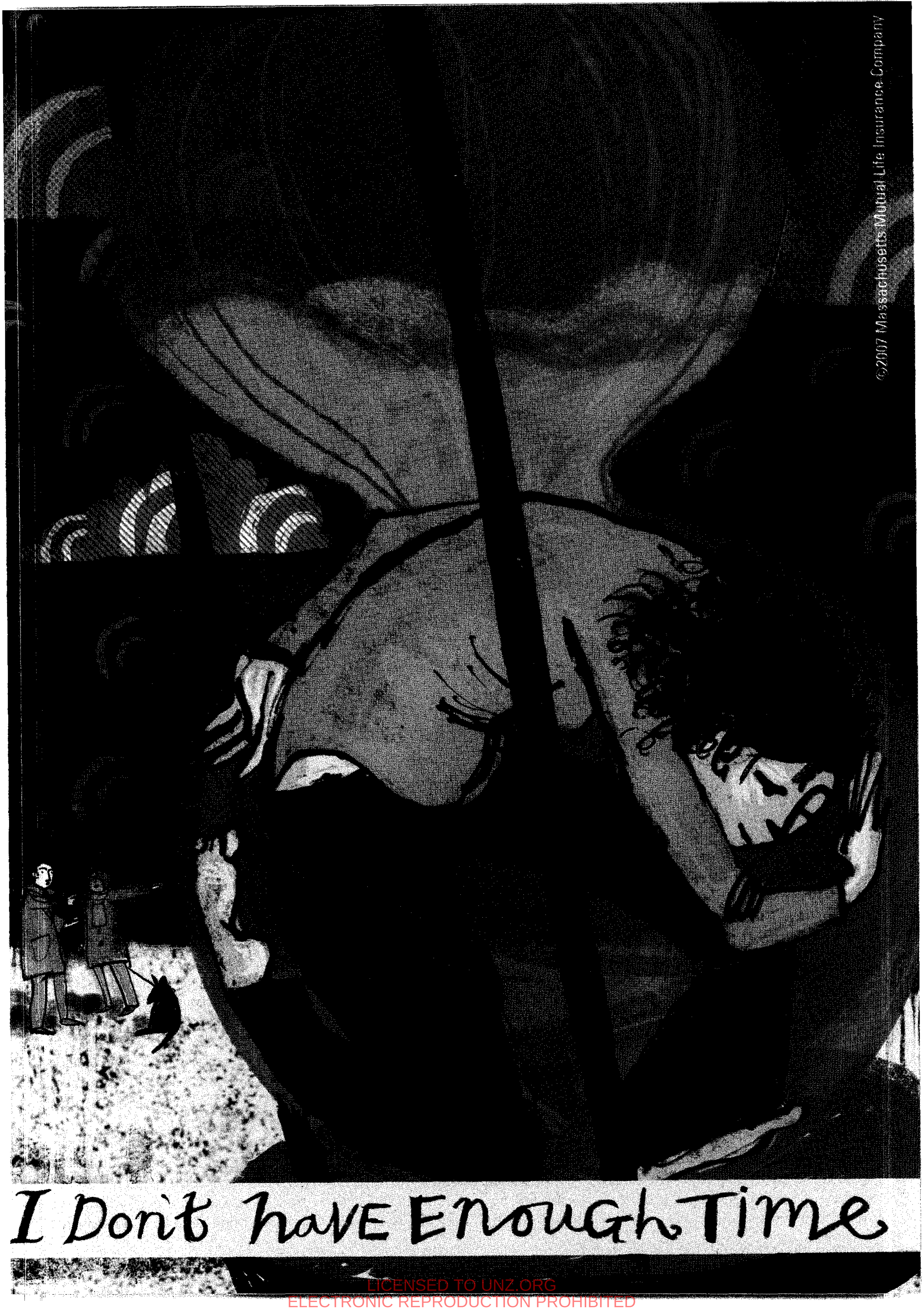
"Cheetah more than friend. Cheetah dependent."

OUT BOX
ELEMENTS OF E-STYLE

E-mail isn't the most self-conscious medium; haste and volume encourage many correspondents to forget themselves. Still, everyone settles on a style. The lower-case non-punctuators, the serial capitalizers, the rhetorical questioners, the subpoena-anticipators, the posterity-watchers: they all have their reasons, and their conceits.

Two years ago, David Shipley, the Op-Ed editor of the *Times*, and Will Schwalbe, the editor-in-chief of Hyperion Books, were eating oysters in Grand Central Terminal and complaining about ill-considered e-mails they had recently received, and even sent. Before long, they found themselves cobbling together a system of proper usage and protocol. Now, with the publication of their book "Send: The Essential Guide to Email for Office and Home," they have put themselves forward as the genre's Strunk and White.

Shipley and Schwalbe enumerate six essential e-mail types (the Ask, the Answer, Grovelling, etc.), eight deadly sins (too casual, too vague, too illegal, etc.), and a four-step checklist (S.E.N.D.) that reflects the authors' broad-ranging e-mail conservatism. "S" stands for simple, "E" for effective, "N" for necessary, "D" for done. Generally, they'd have you hit "send" later and less often. They offer a hermeneutics of the cc, an invocation against the word "please," and a number of rather chilling but by now self-evident


I Don't have Enough Time

©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

rules ("Never forward without permission, and assume everything you write will be forwarded"). The reader gulps at the thought of unexploded self-incriminations ticking in servers around the world. The authors, astonishingly, come out in favor of exclamation points (" 'Thanks!!!!' is way friendlier than 'Thanks' "), abbreviations ("Is LOL . . . really inherently more opaque than FYI?"), and emoticons (those smiley faces and the like may "bug many people but they make us smile").

Each author considers the other to be the best e-mailer he knows. "Talk about a great e-mailer!" Shipley wrote in an e-mail last week. "Mr. Schwalbe is too kind. He's really the best. On top of that, he always manages to refresh his Subject Lines." But they acknowledge that they are hardly perfect. Last week, for example, an attempt to reach Shipley by e-mail resulted in silence; he was on vacation in Germany, and his out-of-office autoreply had failed to deploy. Still, summoned by fax, he eventually joined an e-mail three-way, noting, nonetheless, that such an arrangement was perhaps less expedient than a conversation via instant messaging or telephone. Shipley and Schwalbe maintain that different media suit different circumstances. Condolence e-mails, for example, are insufficient on their own. Follow up with a letter. And, Shipley says, "E-mail apologies are inherently lame." The reader gulps again.

Let the record show that neither man is a proponent of the "respond in portions" approach to answering—that practice of cutting the first e-mail into bits and taking on each item in turn. "One of my problems with it is that it can so easily devolve into barked commands," Schwalbe wrote. "You start by writing interstitial comments like 'Good idea, but maybe we should . . .' and before you know it, you are writing things like 'No' or 'That won't work at all.' "

They both use "Dear___" unfailingly. Schwalbe is an "All best!" man, whereas Shipley goes with "Cheers." They hold that you should address recipients by their last names unless invited otherwise, explicitly or implicitly (see "mirroring"), and they disdain intemperance and reprimand. As e-mailers, both men, in keeping with their positions near but not quite at the top of their respective food chains, are cordial and politic, and they were astounded by the lack of tact exhibited by Bush Administration officials in their e-mail discussions over the firing of eight "underperforming" federal prosecutors. What could they have been thinking?

"They were thinking about a lot of things, clearly, but they weren't thinking about e-mail," Shipley wrote. "Their brains stopped telling them that they were putting their words and ideas down in indelible digital ink. I can't think of anything more dangerous."

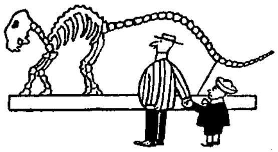
The brains of Shipley and Schwalbe—or, for that matter, of anyone who reads "Send"—will likely never be so susceptible. As the e-mails went to and fro last week, seeming occasionally even to cross each other on their trip across (or is it under?) the ocean, the correspondents' attention to indelibility seemed unwavering.

"This is fun but very meta!" Schwalbe wrote:

> I realize I'm discussing something while I'm doing that very thing. You know how DVDs come with "Director's Commentary" tracks. It's like I'm recording one of those tracks WHILE directing instead of after!
>
> Again, so many thanks!!!
> All best!
> Will

—Nick Paumgarten

HOMECOMING
ROLLIN' WITH DAD



One entrance is pretty much as cool as another when you're visiting outer space. So it came as a surprise that Doug Ellin, the creator of "Entourage," the HBO series, based partly on his experiences, about a posse of young friends making the Hollywood scene, chose to spend a recent afternoon at the Hayden Planetarium, where the door policy is lax and strollers outnumber black Escalades.

"Luc, you want to go in there and see the big elephants?" Ellin asked his five-year-old son, before setting off for the Hall of African Mammals, in the American Museum of Natural History. (The space show wasn't due to start for another hour.)

Ellin was in town for his father's seventy-fifth birthday. Born in Brooklyn, like his parents, he was brought up in Merrick, Long Island—for Ellin, a knockaround paradise of pizza and pickup basketball where, he said, "you'd have a dentist living next door to a mobster." While he was in college, at Tulane, Ellin saw a picture of a pretty girl pinned to a friend's bulletin board and demanded her number. It began with 213—California—and he moved there after graduating. The girl, Melissa, picked him up at the airport. They have been together ever since, and, along with Luc, they have a young daughter. According to Ellin, "something very mellow, maybe dinner and home by eleven" is their idea of a fun Saturday night.

Still, for an avowed family man, Ellin retains an air of up-for-whatever breeziness. He arrived at the museum remarkably free of kid paraphernalia. He let Luc drink out of a stranger's water bottle. For a writer, he did not seem particularly enamored of words. "It was really a function of the least amount of work," he said, of majoring in English. Asked how he comes up with ideas for the show, he said, "I really do no research. I hang around people, listen." Dressed optimistically—he is not a habitual checker of weather reports—in a striped buttondown (tails out), jeans, and white throwback sneakers, he yelled, "Yo, Luc, check this out!" as they sailed past Birds of Japan.

Ellin's boyish dodges may bring to mind Vince, "Entourage" 's protagonist, but he said that the character was in part inspired by Andrew Abatemarco, a friend from first grade, "the cool, good-looking one for whom everything seemed to come pretty easily." Along with Abatemarco, Ellin's core crew consisted of Ricky Zimmerman and Paul Schneider, "who kind of mixed and matched between Turtle and Drama" (two of Vince's omnipresent pals). This makes Ellin the Eric character. Last year, the reconstituted quartet attended their twentieth reunion at John F. Kennedy High. Afterward, they ended up at a diner, but not *their* diner, the Townhouse, because, even though it serves the best cream-of-turkey soup in Nassau County, it would have been a drive. (The diner has recently closed.) That was the last time Ellin stayed up all night.

Ten minutes before the show at the planetarium, Ellin glanced at his BlackBerry (for the record, he did not do this often) and said to Luc, "I think we should get on line." His idiom was that

Welcome to the Lap of Executive Economy

EXECUTIVE ECONOMY CLASS. NONSTOP TO SINGAPORE.

It's a class of travel all its own. Enjoy the widest seats, 5 inches of extra legroom, 2-3-2 seating, a stand-up passenger lounge, a 9-inch monitor with hundreds of audio-video on-demand entertainment options, World Gourmet Cuisine™ and service even other airlines talk about. Available exclusively on the only nonstop flights to Singapore from Los Angeles and New York.

singaporeair.com/usa

SINGAPORE AIRLINES
A great way to fly

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

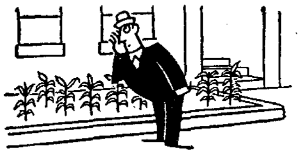
of an unreconstructed East Coast partisan. "It's weird that I'm so focussed on New York," he said. "I'll read *Newsday* before I read the L.A. *Times*." Los Angeles's softer pleasures have proved hard to resist. Ellin admitted to splurges on a child-averse BMW two-seater and a sixty-five-inch, "right-off-the-truck" plasma television. "It sounds really grotesque," he said, "but we eat at the Beverly Hills Hotel every weekend."

Luc jumped in the air, landing with his feet planted wide. He scrunched up his face, thrust his arms above his head, and gave the double thumbs-up sign. Then he took off the sweater that he was wearing and blindly chucked it over his shoulder, in Ellin's direction. "Can you believe that?" Ellin said. "He threw it for Dad to catch, as if I'm a servant. Tell 'em, Luc, that's not how it is in our house!"

They headed back through the mammals and waited for an elevator, which would deliver them to the planetarium. Ellin turned to Luc and said, "In fifteen years, I'll take you here to listen to Pink Floyd." They filed into the auditorium, plunked themselves down into a pair of La-Z-Boy-like chairs, and spent the next half hour gazing at the stars.

—Lauren Collins

SURPRISE HIT
SH-H-H



It can be hard to find a quiet spot to think in this town, and movie theatres generally don't top the list. Lately, however, Film Forum has emerged as an oasis of silence, owing to the runaway success of a nearly three-hour documentary, by the German filmmaker Philip Gröning, about Carthusian monks, titled "Into Great Silence." Gröning spent five months at the Grande Chartreuse, a monastery in the French Alps. Because Carthusians obey a rule against speaking (apart from chants, meetings with superiors, a few hours of casual conversation every Monday, and emergencies), interviews were out of the question. Most of the film consists of wordless shots of monks being monks—watering their gardens, preparing meals, praying in solitude, praying in groups. Originally scheduled for a two-week run, the film has been extended indefinitely.

In deference to the needs of gabby New Yorkers, Film Forum enlisted a Carthusian, Father Michael Holleran, to conduct Q. & A. sessions following some screenings. (Never mind the irony inherent in a talkback for a movie about silence.) Holleran is, to his knowledge, the only Carthusian living in New York City. On a recent Sunday afternoon, having just finished saying a Spanish-language Mass in the Bronx, where he lives, he caught a No. 2 train to Houston Street. He took a seat between a man blasting hip-hop on his headphones and a woman who continually zipped and unzipped the compartments of her handbag. "I love the sound of the subway," Holleran said. "Ever since I was a teen-ager I have, even before I went to the monastery."

Holleran, who is fifty-seven, grew up on Long Island and entered the order when he was twenty-two. He spent twelve years at a Carthusian monastery in Vermont before moving to the Grande Chartreuse, where he stayed for seven years. (He left before the film was made.) He doesn't regret his time as a monk, but, after two decades of near-speechlessness, he began to doubt the spiritual benefits of isolation. "The monastic archetype is in all of us, but I'm not sure that living it out for your entire life is really a viable thing," he said. Plus, he found wearing an ankle-length robe all the time "a little hard to bear," and wanted to catch up with the modern world. (He particularly likes neon signs and the "Lord of the Rings" movies.) He's now an exclaustrated member of the order, "which sounds painful," he said, "but it just means I live outside the cloister." With a few exceptions—crowded restaurants, a Billy Joel concert—the noise of the city doesn't bother him. "The battle, like fighting the Balrog in the dwarf caves, is defeating the noise inside you," he said.

He was interrupted by an earsplitting announcement: because of construction, the train would make all local stops. Static. Holleran continued, "The drive seems to be to make things louder and louder. People are becoming desensitized to the tiny natural sounds that are around them all the time. Sound doesn't have to be loud to be exciting."

The train arrived at Houston Street, and Holleran hurried into Film Forum. The one-fifteen show was about to end. "We had to turn away a hundred people," an employee said. "It's ridiculously popular."

Once the movie was over, Holleran took his place at the front of the audience. A crop of hands went up.

"Does everyone have to wear a robe?" (Yes.)

"Are you allowed to bring instruments to the monastery?" (No.)

"Can you keep up on current events?" (Yes, with weekly updates from the superior.)

"I'm going to the Alps this summer. Am I allowed to visit?" (No.)

"You guys are supposed to be celibate, right?" (Right.)

"What are the prerequisites for joining this particular order, and do you have washing machines?" ("A capacity for solitude and community life"; yes.)

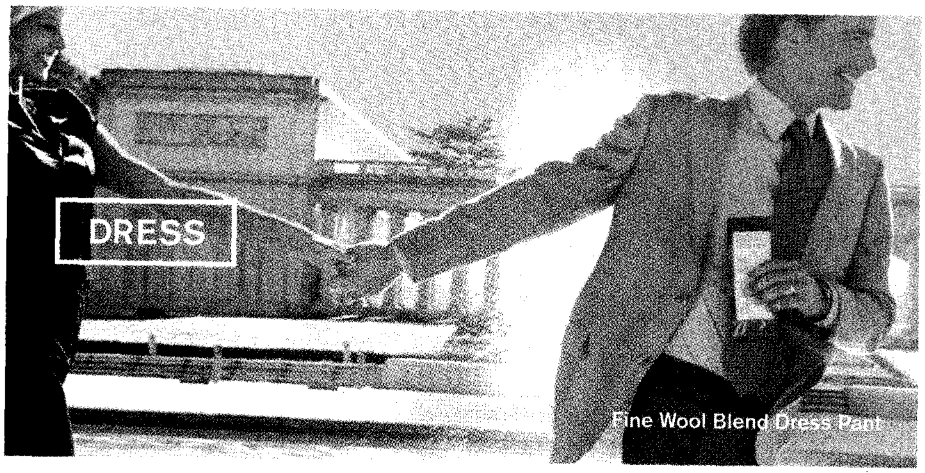
"Is there any way to tell if someone is slacking off in his meditations?" (Well . . .)

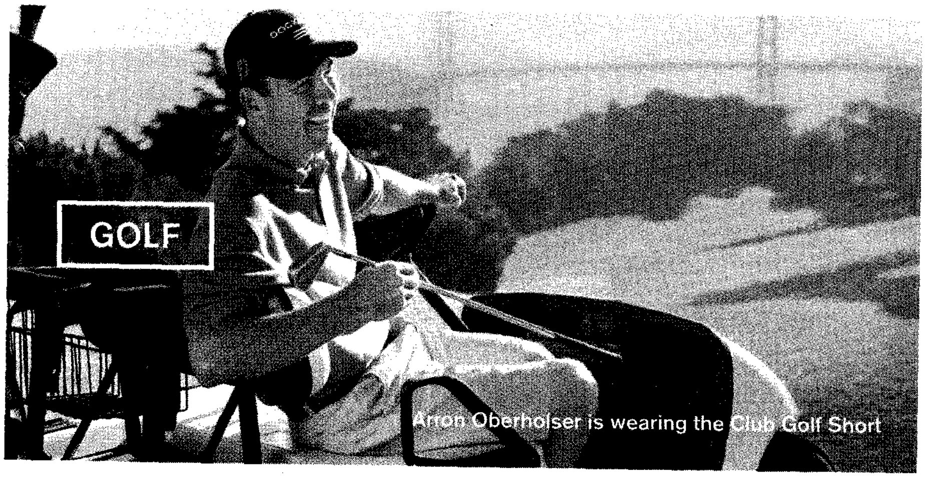
The session ended, and a crowd immediately formed around Holleran. Several people asked if he had a business card; he did not. He slipped out of the theatre and took a left onto Varick Street. A woman listening to an iPod asked him for directions. Music was thumping from inside a dance club on the corner. Holleran admitted that he felt a little "talked out." Then he walked off, the patter of his footsteps fading into the din of a traffic jam near the Holland Tunnel.

—Michael Schulman

WORK
Refined Patterned Pant

WEEKEND
Iconic Cargo Pant


DRESS
Fine Wool Blend Dress Pant


GOLF
Arron Oberholser is wearing the Club Golf Short

Refined Patterned Pant
Iconic Cargo Pant
Club Golf Short
available at JCPenney
and jcp.com/dockers

DOCKERS®
SAN FRANCISCO

dockers.com
© 2006 Levi Strauss & Co.

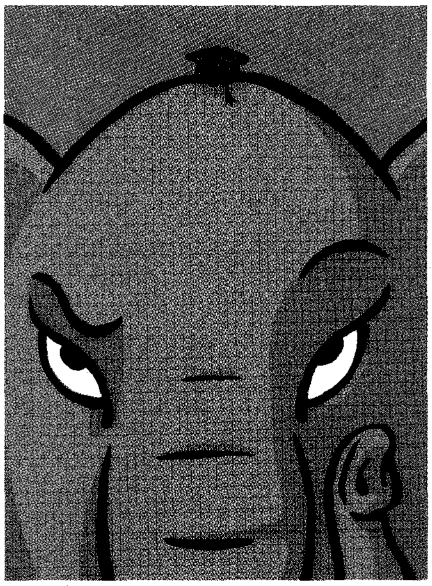
THE FINANCIAL PAGE
INDIA'S SKILLS FAMINE

The economic transformation of India is one of the great business stories of our time. As stifling government regulations have been lifted, entrepreneurship has flourished, and the country has become a high-powered center for information technology and pharmaceuticals. Indian companies like Infosys and Wipro are powerful global players, while Western firms like G.E. and I.B.M. now have major research facilities in India employing thousands. India's seemingly endless flow of young, motivated engineers, scientists, and managers offering developed-world skills at developing-world wages is held to be putting American jobs at risk, and the country is frequently heralded as "the next economic superpower."

But India has run into a surprising hitch on its way to superpower status: its inexhaustible supply of workers is becoming exhausted. Although India has one of the youngest workforces on the planet, the head of Infosys said recently that there was an "acute shortage of skilled manpower," and a study by Hewitt Associates projects that this year salaries for skilled workers will rise fourteen and a half per cent, a sure sign that demand for skilled labor is outstripping supply.

How is this possible in a country that every year produces two and a half million college graduates and four hundred thousand engineers? Start with the fact that just ten per cent of Indians get any kind of post-secondary education, compared with some fifty per cent who do in the U.S. Moreover, of that ten per cent, the vast majority go to one of India's seventeen thousand colleges, many of which are closer to community colleges than to four-year institutions. India does have more than three hundred universities, but a recent survey by the London *Times Higher Education Supplement* put only two of them among the top hundred in the world. Many Indian graduates therefore enter the workforce with a low level of skills. A current study led by Vivek Wadhwa, of Duke University, has found that if you define "engineer" by U.S. standards, India produces just a hundred and seventy thousand engineers a year, not four hundred thousand. Infosys says that, of 1.3 million applicants for jobs last year, it found only two per cent acceptable.

There was a time when many economists believed that post-secondary education didn't have much impact on economic growth. The really important educational gains, they thought, came from giving rudimentary skills to large numbers of people (which India still needs to do—at least thirty per cent of the population is illiterate). They believed that, in economic terms, society got a very low rate of return on its investment in higher education. But lately that assumption has been overturned, and the social rate of return on investment in university education in India has been calculated at an impressive nine or ten per cent. In other words, every dollar India puts into higher education creates value for the economy as a whole. Yet India spends roughly three and a half per cent of its G.D.P. on education, significantly below the percentage spent by the U.S., even though India's population is much younger, and spending on education should be proportionately higher.



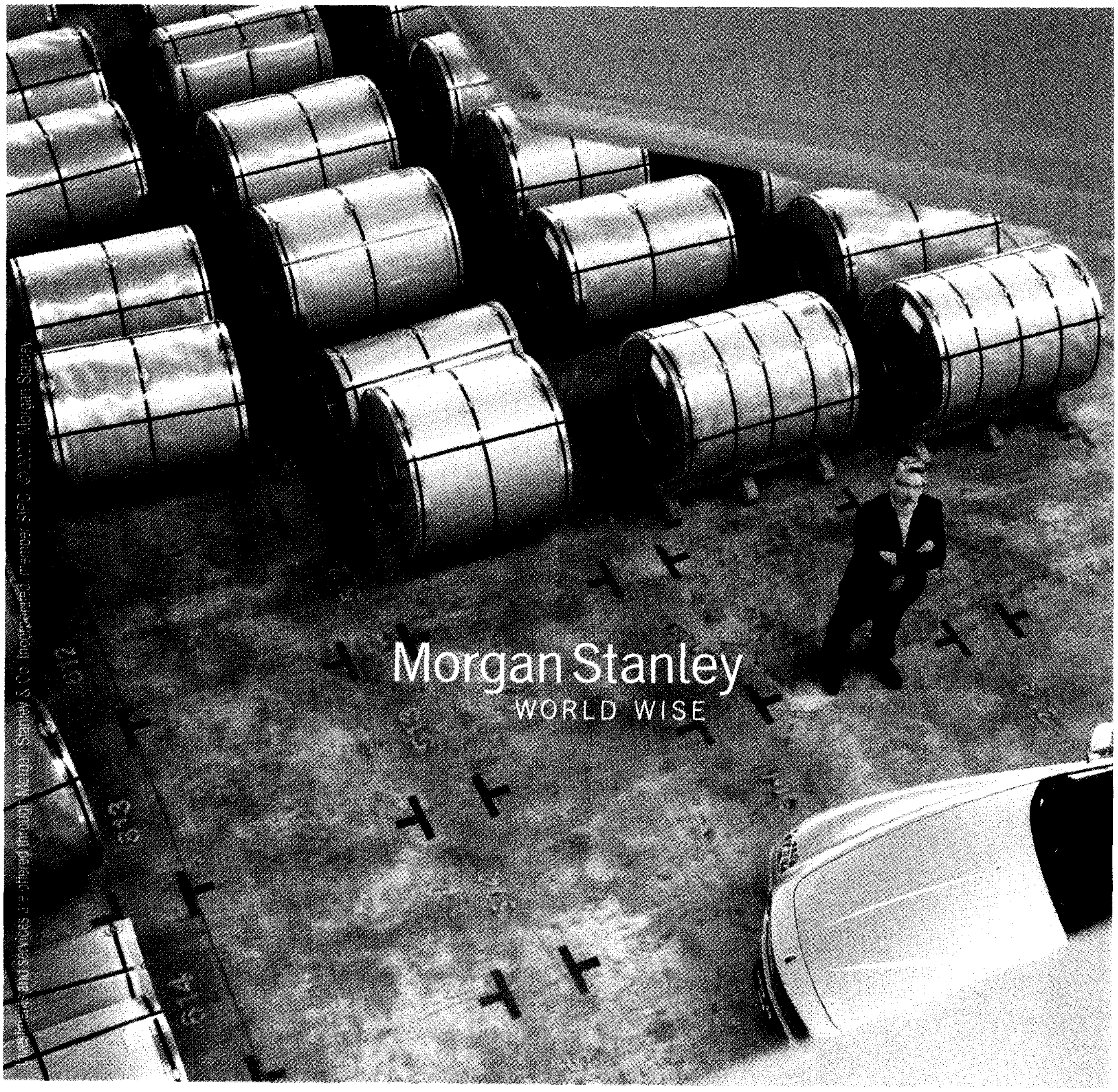
The irony of the current situation is that India was once considered to be overeducated. In the seventies, as its economy languished, it seemed to be a country with too many engineers and Ph.D.s working as clerks in government offices. Once the Indian business climate loosened up, though, that meant companies could tap a backlog of hundreds of thousands of eager, skilled workers at their disposal. Unfortunately, the educational system did not adjust to the new realities. Between 1985 and 1997, the number of teachers in India actually fell, while the percentage of students enrolled in high school or college rose more slowly than it did in the rest of the world. Even as the need for skilled workers was increasing, India was devoting relatively fewer resources to producing them.

Since the Second World War, the countries that have made successful leaps from developing to developed status have all poured money, public and private, into education. South Korea now spends a higher percentage of its national income on education than nearly any other country in the world. Taiwan had a system of universal primary education before its phase of hypergrowth began. And, more recently, Ireland's economic boom was spurred, in part, by an opening up and expansion of primary and secondary schools and increased funding for universities. Education will be all the more important for India's well-being; the earlier generation of so-called Asian Tigers depended heavily on manufacturing, but India's focus on services and technology will require a more skilled and educated workforce.

India has taken tentative steps to remedy its skills famine—the current government has made noises about doubling spending on education, and a host of new colleges and universities have sprung up since the mid-nineties. But India's impressive economic performance has made the problem seem less urgent than it actually is, and allowed the government to defer difficult choices. (In a country where more than three hundred million people live on a dollar a day, producing college graduates can seem like a low priority.) Ultimately, the Indian government has to pull off a very tough trick, making serious changes at a time when things seem to be going very well. It needs, in other words, a clear sense of everything that can still go wrong. The paradox of the Indian economy today is that the more certain its glowing future seems to be, the less likely that future becomes.

—*James Surowiecki*

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN


Morgan Stanley
WORLD WISE
012
013
014
Investments and services are offered through Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, member SIPC. © 2007 Morgan Stanley

The windfall. What do you do when wealth suddenly comes your way? Last year Morgan Stanley completed more than $720 billion of global Mergers and Acquisitions transactions. And, in the process, helped owners and leaders of businesses both large and small deal with the consequences of a sudden increase in personal wealth. Whether you benefit from a merger or the sale of a business, no one is better suited to help you think through your opportunities than a Morgan Stanley Financial Advisor.

Ask a Financial Advisor today.

Visit morganstanley.com/WORLDWISE
or call 866.479.1836

PERSONAL HISTORY

MY FIRST PASSPORT

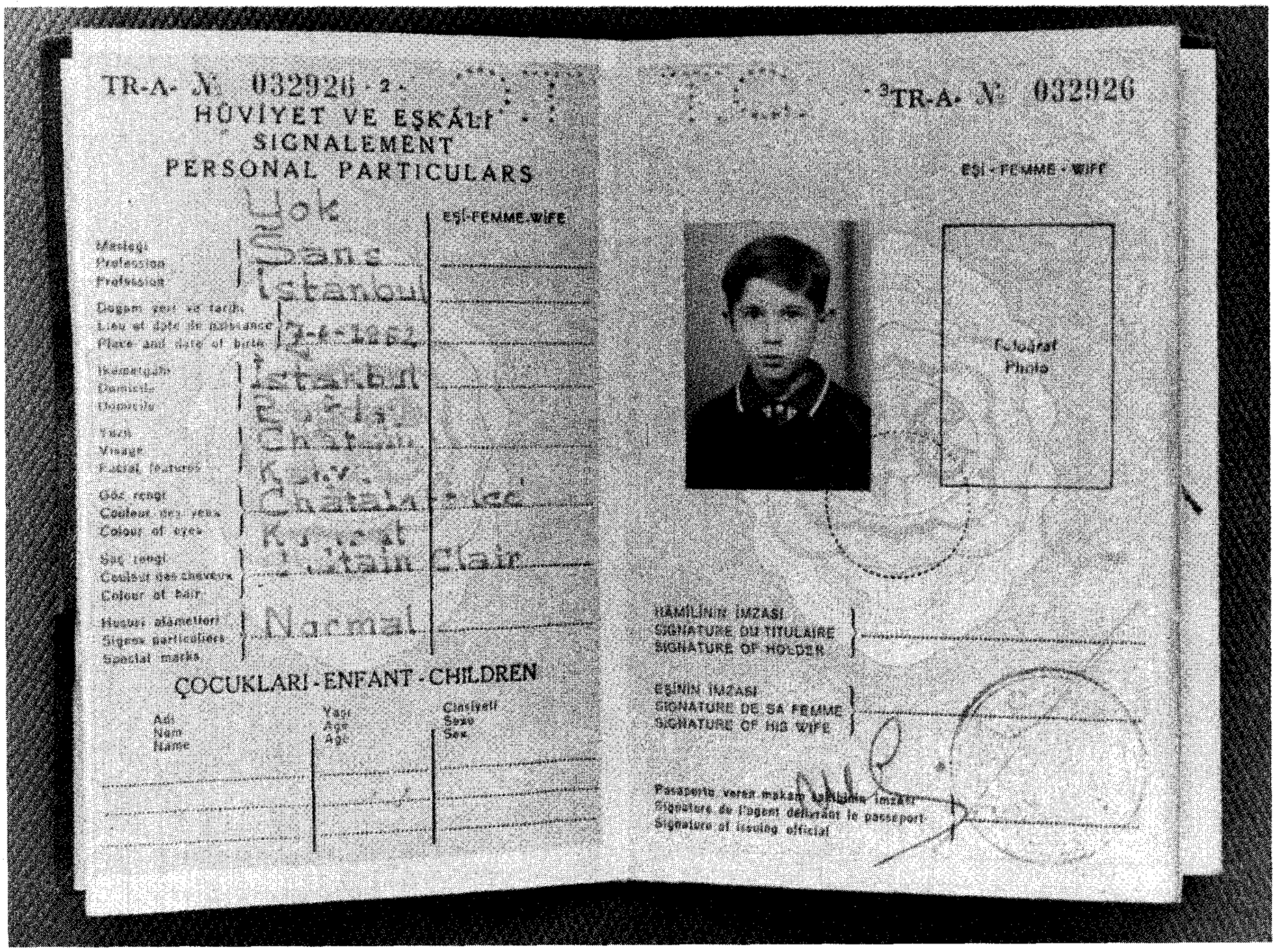
What does it mean to belong to a country?

BY ORHAN PAMUK

In 1959, when I was seven years old, my father went missing under mysterious circumstances; several weeks later, we received word that he was in Paris, living in a cheap hotel in Montparnasse. He was filling up the notebooks that he would later give to me, and from time to time, from the Café Dome, he'd spot Jean-Paul Sartre passing in the street. At first, my grandmother sent him money from Istanbul. My grandfather had made a fortune in railroads. Under my grandmother's tearful gaze, my father and my uncles hadn't yet managed to squander their entire inheritance—not all of the apartments had been sold. But, twenty-five years after her husband's death, my grandmother decided that the money was running out and she stopped subsidizing her bohemian son in Paris.

This was how my father joined the long line of penniless and miserable Turkish intellectuals who had been walking the streets of Paris for a century already. Like my grandfather and my uncles, he was an engineer with a good head for mathematics. When his money was gone, he answered an ad in the newspaper for a job at I.B.M.; once hired, he was dispatched to the company office in Geneva. In those days, computers were still operated with perforated cards, and the general public knew little about them. My father became one of Europe's first Turkish guest workers. My mother soon joined him, leaving my older brother and me in our grandmother's plush and crowded home. We were to follow our mother to Geneva after school had closed for the summer, which meant that we needed to get passports.

I remember having to pose for a very long time while the old photographer fiddled, under a black cloth, with a three-legged contraption with bellows. To cast light onto the chemical plate, he had to open the lens for a split second, which he did with an elegant flick of his hand, but, before he did this, he would look at us and say, "Yeeeees," and it was because I found this photographer truly ridiculous that my first passport picture shows me biting my cheeks. The passport notes that my hair, which had probably been combed for the first time that year in preparation for the photograph, was chestnut brown. I must have flipped through the passport too quickly back then to notice that someone had got my eye color wrong; it was only when I opened it thirty years later that I picked up on the mistake. What this taught me was that, contrary to what I'd



TR-A- № 032926 · 2 ·

HÜVİYET VE EŞKÂLİ
SIGNALEMENT
PERSONAL PARTICULARS

		EŞİ-FEMME-WIFE
Mesleği Profession Profession	Yok Sans	
Doğum yeri ve tarihi Lieu et date de naissance Place and date of birth	İstanbul 7-6-1952	
İkametgâhı Domicile Domicile	İstanbul	
Yüzü Visage Facial features	[illegible] [illegible]	
Göz rengi Couleur des yeux Colour of eyes	[illegible] Châtain [illegible]	
Saç rengi Couleur des cheveux Colour of hair	Kumral Châtain Clair	
Hususi alâmetleri Signes particuliers Special marks	Normal	

ÇOCUKLARI - ENFANT - CHILDREN

Adı Nom Name	Yaşı Age Age	Cinsiyeti Sexe Sex

· 3 TR-A· № 032926

EŞİ - FEMME - WIFE

Fotoğraf
Photo

HAMİLİNİN İMZASI
SIGNATURE DU TITULAIRE
SIGNATURE OF HOLDER

EŞİNİN İMZASI
SIGNATURE DE SA FEMME
SIGNATURE OF HIS WIFE

Pasaportu veren makam sahibinin imzası
Signature de l'agent délivrant le passeport
Signature of issuing official

believed, a passport is not a document that tells us who we are but a document that shows what other people think of us.

As we flew into Geneva, our new passports in the pockets of our new jackets, my brother and I were overcome with terror. The plane banked as it came in for a landing, and to us this country called Switzerland seemed to be a place where everything, even the clouds, was on a steep incline that stretched to infinity. Then the plane finished its turn and straightened itself out. My brother and I still laugh when we remember our relief on realizing that this new country was, like Istanbul, built on level earth.

The streets in Switzerland were cleaner and emptier than those at home. There was more variety in the shopwindows, and there were more cars. The beggars didn't beg empty-handed, as in Istanbul; instead, they'd stand under your window playing the accordion. Before we threw money to our local beggar, my mother would wrap it in paper.

Our apartment—a five-minute walk from the bridges over the Rhone River, at the point where it emerged from Lake Geneva—had been rented furnished. This was how I came to associate living in another country with sitting at tables where others had sat before, using glasses and plates that other people had drunk from and dined on, and sleeping in beds that had grown old after years of cradling other sleeping people. Another country was a country that belonged to other people. We had to accept the fact that the things we were using would never belong to us, and that this country, this other land, would never belong to us, either.

My mother, who had studied at a French school in Istanbul, sat us down at the empty dining-room table every morning that summer and tried to teach us French. Only when we were enrolled in a state primary school did we discover that we had learned nothing. My parents hoped that we would learn French simply by listening to the teacher day in and day out, but we didn't. When recess began, my brother and I would wander among the crowds of playing children until we found each other and could hold hands. This foreign land was an endless garden full of happy children. My brother and I watched that garden with longing, from a distance.

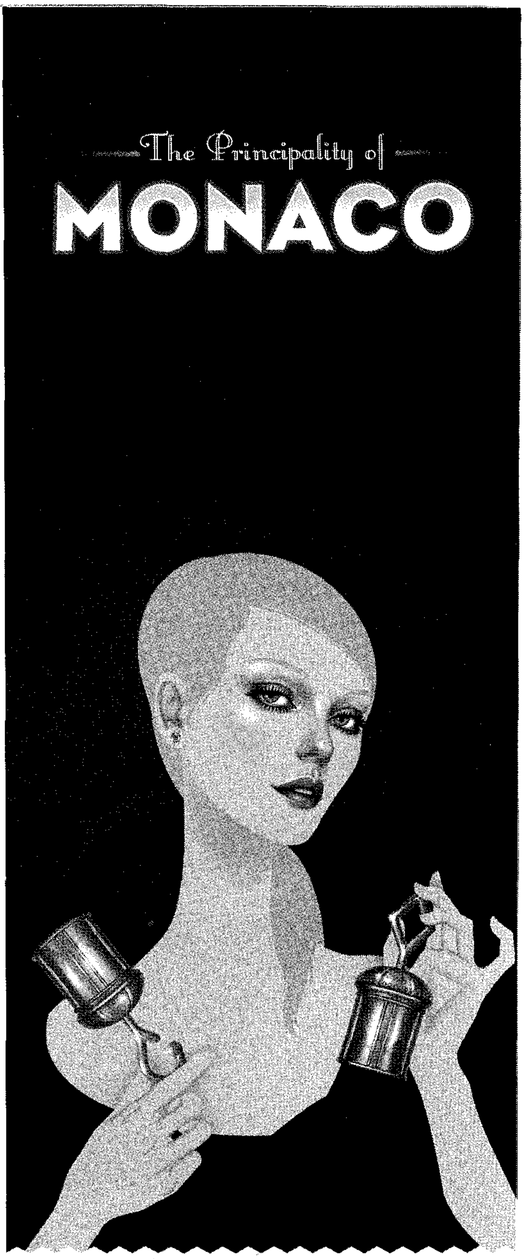
COURTESY ORHAN PAMUK/FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

Although my brother couldn't speak French, he was top in his class at counting backward by threes. The only thing I was good at in this school where I couldn't understand the language was silence. Just as you might struggle to wake up from a dream in which no one speaks, I fought not to go to school. As it did later, in other cities and other schools, my tendency to turn inward protected me from life's difficulties, but it also deprived me of life's riches. One day, my parents took my brother out of school, too. Putting our passports in our hands, they sent us away from Geneva, back to our grandmother in Istanbul.

I never used that passport again. Although it bore the words "Member of the Council of Europe," it was a reminder of my first failed European adventure, and such was the vehemence of my decision to turn inward that it would be another twenty-four years before I left Turkey again. When I was young, I always gazed with admiration and envy at those who acquired passports and travelled to Europe and beyond, but, despite the opportunities that were presented to me, I remained fearfully certain that it was my lot to sit in a corner in Istanbul and give myself over to the books that I hoped would one day make my name and complete me as a person. In those days, I believed that one could understand Europe best through its greatest books.

In the end, it was my books that prompted me to apply for a second passport. After years spent alone in a room, I had managed to turn myself into an author. Now I was invited to go on tour in Germany, where many Turks had found political asylum; it was thought that those Turks would enjoy hearing me read from my books, which had yet to be translated into German. Although I applied for a passport with happy excitement at the idea of getting to know Turkish readers in Germany, it was during that trip that I came to associate my passport with the sort of "identity crisis" that has afflicted so many others in the years since then—that is, the question of how much we belong to the country of our first passport and how much we belong to the "other countries" that it allows us to enter. ♦

(*Translated, from the Turkish, by Maureen Freely.*)



The Principality of
MONACO

IT'S
your PARTY.

♦♦♦

Legendary hospitality
and myriad events await.
Gain access to exclusive
travel offers at
MONACOAUCTION.COM
or for more information,
call 800-753-9696.

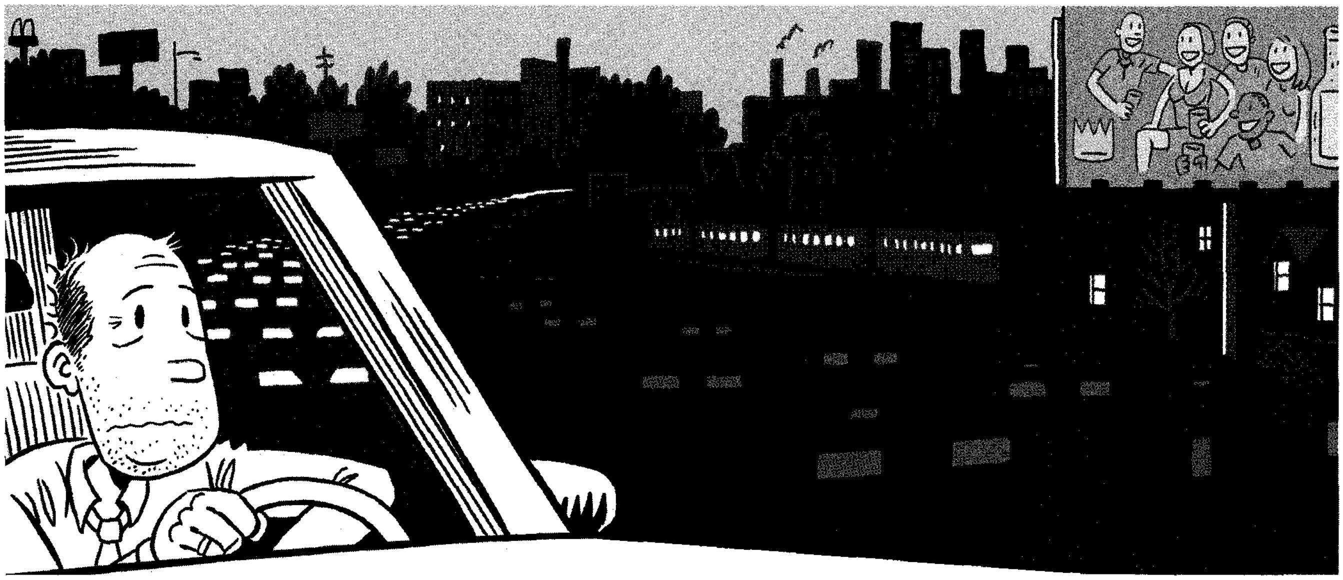
ANNALS OF TRANSPORT

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

The soul of the commuter.

BY NICK PAUMGARTEN

Last year, Midas, the muffler company, in honor of its fiftieth anniversary, gave an award for America's longest commute to an engineer at Cisco Systems, in California, who travels three hundred and seventy-two miles—seven hours—a day, from the Sierra foothills to San Jose and back. "It's actually exhilarating," the man said of his morning drive. "When I get in, I'm pumped up, ready to go." People like to compare commutes, to complain or boast about their own and, depending on whether their pride derives from misery or efficiency, to exaggerate the length or the brevity of their trip. People who feel they have smooth, manageable commutes tend to evangelize. Those who hate the commute think of it as a core affliction, like a chronic illness. Once you raise the subject, the testimonies pour out, and, if your ears are tuned to it, you begin overhearing commute talk everywhere: mode of transport, time spent on train/interstate/treadmill/homework help, crossword-puzzle aptitude—limitless variations on a stock tale. People who are normally circumspect may, when describing their commutes, be unexpectedly candid in divulging the intimate details of their lives. They have it all worked out, down to the number of minutes it takes them to shave or get stuck at a particular light. But commuting is like sex or sleep: everyone lies. It is said that doctors, when they ask you how much you drink, will take the answer and double it. When a commuter says, "It's an hour, door-to-door," tack on twenty minutes.



People may endure miserable commutes out of an inability to weigh their general well-being against quantifiable material gains.

KEVIN H.

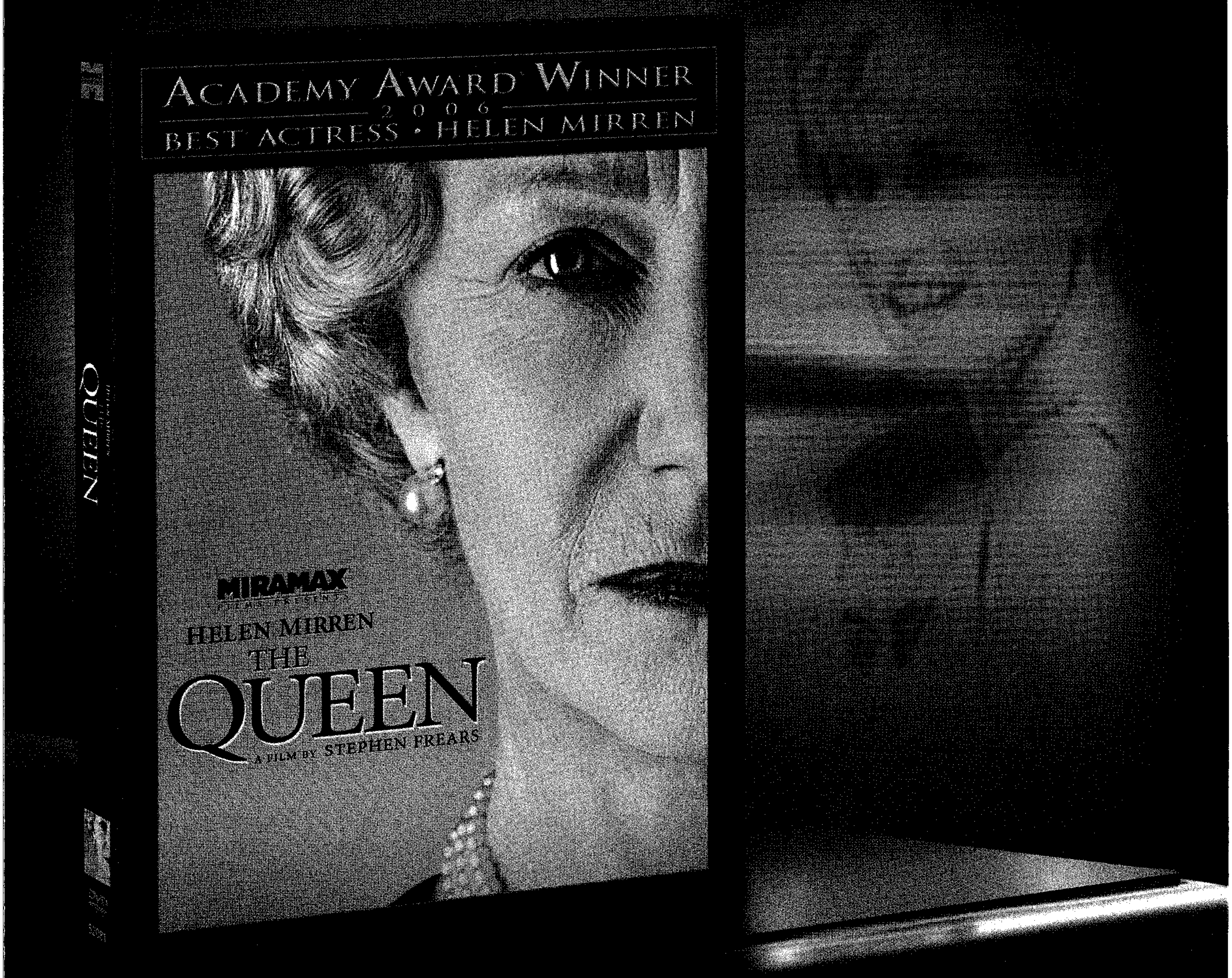
Seven hours is extraordinary, but four hours, increasingly, is not. Roughly one out of every six American workers commutes more than forty-five minutes, each way. People travel between counties the way they used to travel between neighborhoods. The number of commuters who travel ninety minutes or more each way—known to the Census Bureau as "extreme commuters"—has reached 3.5 million, almost double the number in 1990. They're the fastest-growing category, the vanguard in a land of stagnant wages, low interest rates, and ever-radiating sprawl. They're the talk-radio listeners, billboard glimpsers, gas guzzlers, and swing voters, and they don't—can't—watch the evening news. Some take on long commutes by choice, and some out of necessity, although the difference between one and the other can be hard to discern. A commute is a distillation of a life's main ingredients, a product of fundamental values and choices. And time is the vital currency: how much of it you spend—and how you spend it—reveals a great deal about how much you think it is worth.

This winter, a friend told me about a colleague of hers named Judy Rossi, a legal secretary at Arnold & Porter, a firm in Manhattan, who has a commute of three hours and fifteen minutes each way—six and a half hours a day, five days a week. If you discount vacation time, this adds up to two months a year. Rossi lives in Pike County, Pennsylvania, in the northeast corner of the state. (It is the fastest-growing county in Pennsylvania, owing in part to an infusion of extreme commuters.) Her alarm goes off at 4:30 A.M. She's out of the house by six-fifteen and at her desk at nine-thirty. She gets home each evening at around eight-forty-five. The first thing Rossi said to me, when we met during her lunch break one day, was "I am not insane."

Rossi has an extensive commuter career; it encapsulates a broad range of fortunes. She is fifty-seven years old. Born and reared in Flatbush, Brooklyn, she married at the age of twenty and had a son, but was divorced after four years. She paid her lawyer by going to work for him as a secretary. For ten years, she took

"THE PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR IN THE YEAR'S BEST MOVIE."

—DAVID EDELSTEIN, *NEW YORK MAGAZINE*


ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
2006
BEST ACTRESS • HELEN MIRREN
MIRAMAX FILMS PRESENTS
HELEN MIRREN
THE QUEEN
A FILM BY STEPHEN FREARS
THE QUEEN

OWN IT ON BLU-RAY DISC® AND DVD APRIL 24.

MIRAMAX FILMS PATHÉ PRODUCTIONS GRANADA PATHÉ RENN PRODUCTION BIM DISTRIBUZIONE FRANCE 3 CINEMA CANAL+ GRANADA STEPHEN FREARS HELEN MIRREN "THE QUEEN" MICHAEL SHEEN JAMES CROMWELL HELEN McCRORY ALEX JENNINGS ROGER ALLAM SYLVIA SYMS LEO DAVIS DANIEL PHILLIPS CONSOLATA BOYLE ALEXANDRE DESPLAT ALAN MacDONALD LUCIA ZUCCHETTI AFFONSO BEATO FRANÇOIS IVERNEL CAMERON McCRACKEN SCOTT RUDIN ANDY HARRIES CHRISTINE LANGAN TRACEY SEAWARD PETER MORGAN STEPHEN FREARS

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13
For Brief Strong Language

PATHÉ!

GRANADA

TheQueenDVD.com

milan

Distributed by Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Inc., Burbank, CA 91521. © Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the subway to his office in Manhattan every day—an hour and a half each way. When the neighborhood began to change, in the early eighties—when her son could no longer ride his bicycle around the corner without being pushed off it—she moved upstate, to Orange County, a burgeoning exurb. She married a firefighter, with whom she commuted to the city by motorcycle (an hour and a half each way). She would sometimes fall asleep on the back. His firehouse was in the South Bronx; he'd drop her off at a subway station nearby, and she'd complete the journey to midtown. He died in 1999. Five years ago, she bought four acres in Pike County, on the outskirts of Milford, and built her dream house there, a piece of the country, a place to retire. For a while, she tried driving, but found that her fatigue at the end of the day made the trip treacherous. And it got expensive—gas, tolls, tires. The bus was cheaper, but it depressed her. So she began to take the train, which (with parking) costs her four hundred dollars a month. This does not include the cost of her reading material, which Rossi, employing prison logic, treats as a kind of tinder for the burning of time. "Books cost money"—she doesn't have time to go to a library—"so I try to stretch them out," she told me. Still, she reads a book a week.

One evening, Rossi let me tag along. I met her in the lobby of her office building, on Lexington Avenue, at Fifty-third Street. It was five-thirty. Out of haste rather than rudeness, she didn't stop to greet me but headed through the revolving doors and diagonally across the avenue, toward the subway entrance. She wore a down overcoat, a red backpack, a pin that read "I ♥ my dog," a fortifying layer of makeup, and an expression of wry resignation. Her trip home consists of a subway ride on the E train to Pennsylvania Station (seventeen minutes), a New Jersey Transit train to Secaucus (eleven minutes), and a transfer there to a train that heads northwest to the end of the line, in Port Jervis, New York (two hours). From there, she drives across the Delaware River into Pennsylvania (thirty minutes). Missing the six-eighteen to Port Jervis can cost her an additional twenty-one minutes, so she has crafted a commute with just enough slack time (a total of about fifteen minutes) to keep it anxiety-free. She's an escalator-stander. "I hate running for trains," she said.

The commuter takes on compulsive attributes. Some people decipher where on a subway train it is best to ride, for optimum exiting, and, therefore, where to stand on the platform, by a particular pay phone or blackened patch of gum. On the E train, Rossi knows where she should be—the front positions her best for Penn Station—but she prefers to be farther back, where it is less crowded. Also, she never boards any train's first or last car. "If there's an accident, they're the first to go off the track," she said. On the subway, she always stands, and never reads, for fear of missing her stop. She stood on the next train, too—the five-fifty-two to Long Branch, first stop Secaucus. "We'll make it fine, unless we get stuck in the tunnel," she said, then added quickly, "I shouldn't say that."

In Secaucus, she joined other regulars out on the platform. One of them was a man who works at an auto-parts dealership in Queens, commuting two hours each way from Harriman, New York. He had on a T-shirt that said "Daytona Bike Week 2007," and in 1995 he was one number away from winning ten million dollars in the lottery. He reasoned that he makes thirty-five per cent more money working in the city than he would near home. Rossi, whose salary is under a hundred thousand dollars, estimates that she makes twice as much, although it's been years since she actually looked.

The train arrived, and we sat down, finally. From the backpack Rossi produced some photographs of her house, her swimming pool, and her granddaughter: her recompense, her consolation. "I keep these pictures above my desk at work," she said. "Whenever I get fed up, I look at these and say, 'That's why I commute.' " Her son lives with his wife and two children in a separate house on the lot; unable to endure the same commute, he found a job working for Orange County, half an hour away. The property is surrounded by woods. Deer come and go. In her calculations, such blandishments outweigh the inconveniences and squandered hours.

At Harriman, most of the passengers disembarked, and Rossi removed her coat and put her bag on the floor. She took out her book, a James Patterson hardcover. For an hour, the train rattled through the night. Middletown, Otisville, Port Jervis, the end of the line. With keys in hand, she stepped out onto an open-air platform. The parking lot was part of a larger one abutting a mall. The night was dead-battery cold. "It's a half hour from here," she said.

Her car, a Toyota hatchback, smelled of cigarettes and dogs. (Rossi's dogs—a standard poodle, a pit-lab, and a bichon frise—pass the days indoors.) She put on an oldies station—the Jackson 5 serendipitously singing "I'll Be There"—and drove along a state road past shopping centers whose varying vintages indicated the advance of rural ruin. We passed a Price Chopper market, where Rossi does her food shopping twice a month. She gave up cooking some years ago. Now she gets home, feeds her dogs, then heats up soup or pizza she buys at a pizzeria on weekends. She takes a shower and goes to bed, maybe watching a taped episode of "CSI."

The road grew windy and dark. We pulled in to her driveway at eight-thirty-seven. The headlights washed over a single-story seventeen-hundred-square-foot clapboard ranch-style house, in a clearing. The house's darkened windows brought to mind arriving at a borrowed country house in the dead of night. "It may not seem like it's worth it in the winter," she said, "but in the summer, when it's green and lush and someone just cut his lawn and you get that smell—"

The next morning, she caught the six-fifty-four out of Port Jervis. The train was nearly empty. The conductor sat in the row in front of her, looking through a catalogue advertising semi-automatic weapons. Rossi played solitaire on a handheld device—"I try to win three games before I hit Middletown," she said—until she dozed off. She generally sleeps for an hour. A man sat across from her tearing bank correspondence into bits, which he then stuffed into an empty plastic-foam coffee cup. The train filled up and came out of the Hudson highlands. At Secaucus, Rossi made her way to the next track. A train into Penn Sta-

This ANNIVERSARY, GIVE HER FLOWERS.

TRAPPER'S RIDGE, BEAVER CREEK, COLORADO

Beaver Creek. *Not exactly roughing it.*

BEAVERCREEK.COM

tion was waiting when she reached the platform, but she did not make a run for it. It pulled away without her. She'd catch the next one.

There are, of course, all kinds of commuters—from migrant workers to intercontinental business-class weekenders. Last year, the Transportation Research Board of the National Academies released an exhaustive, decennial report titled "Commuting in America III." "What a privilege it is to work on a subject that is a source of endless interest," its author, Alan Pisarski, wrote. Pisarski calls commuting "the interaction of demography with geography," and the nuances are legion. (Hispanics drive alone less; women leave home later.) But the average travel time keeps going up.

Americans, for all their bellyaching, are not the world's most afflicted commuters. They average fifty-one minutes a day, to and from work. Pity the Romanians, who average fifty-four. Or the citizens of Bangkok, who average—average!—two hours. A business trip to Bangkok will buck up the glummest Van Wyck Expressway rubbernecker; the traffic there, as in so many automobile-plagued Asian mega-capitals, is apocalyptic. In Japan, land of the bullet train, workers spend almost ninety minutes a day.

The term "commute" derives from its original meaning of "to change to another less severe." In the eighteen-forties, the men who rode the railways each day from newly established suburbs to work in the cities did so at a reduced rate. The railroad, in other words, commuted their fares, in exchange for reliable ridership (as it still does, if you consider the monthly pass). In time, the commuted became commuters. In New York, and in cities like Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, railways begat reachable and desirable suburbs, so that, by the time the automobile came along, patterns of development, and a calculus of class and status, had already been established. It was this kind of commute—the forty-minute train trip, bookended by a short drive or walk or subway ride—that people grew accustomed to, and even fond of. Here was a measure of inconvenience that could be integrated into daily life, albeit with certain bleak side effects, as chronicled by John Cheever and Richard Yates. Commuting by rail became a kind of gateway drug.

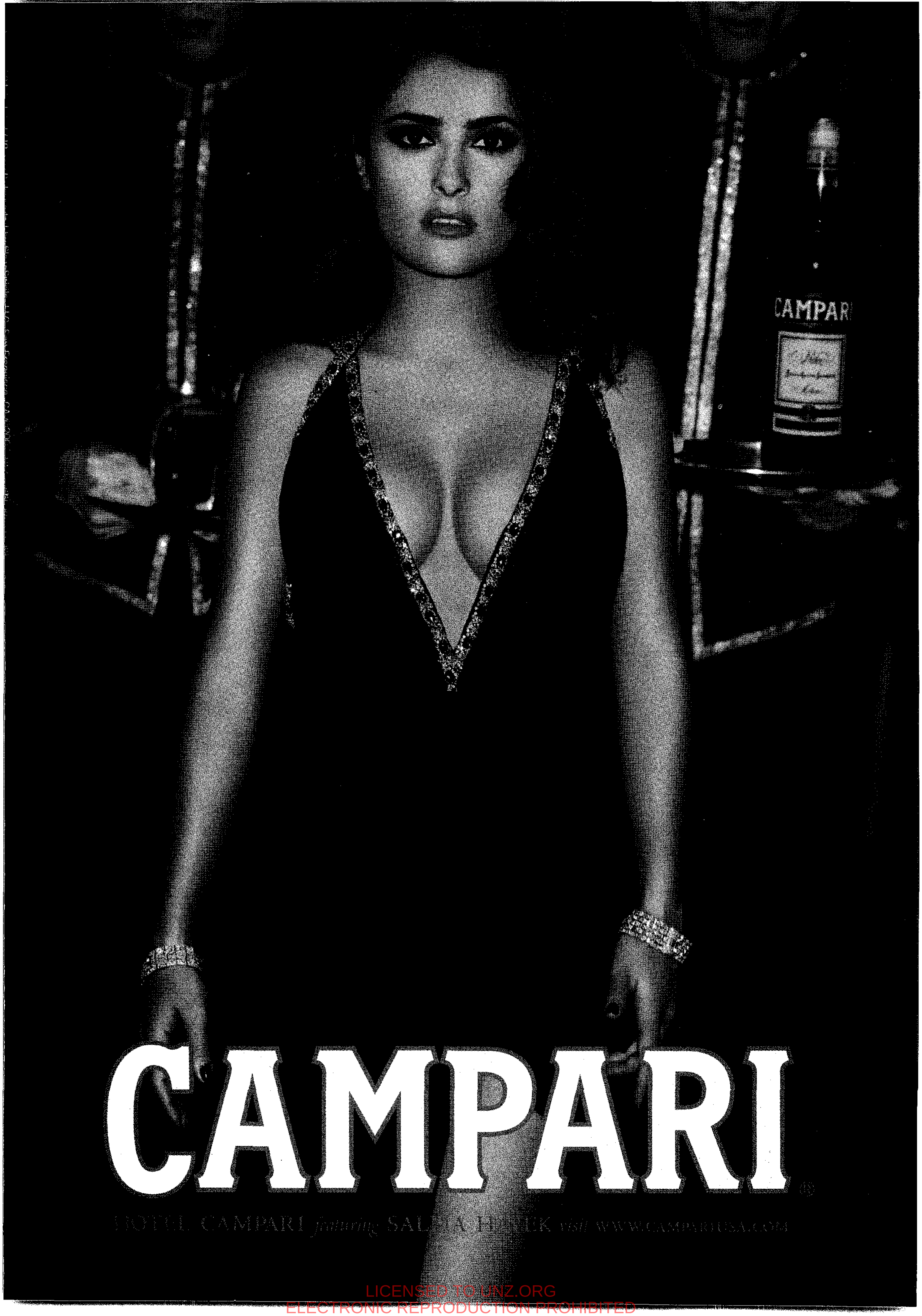
Is there a perfect commute? Many citizens of Bronxville, a small, exclusive, affluent, mostly white enclave that is as close as a town can be to New York City without being part of it, would nominate theirs. A place like this could not exist, of course, without a daily influx of labor from neighboring towns. ("Every Bronxville needs its Yonkers," the historian Kenneth T. Jackson told me.) The Bronxville commute—twenty-eight minutes from Grand Central Terminal—is a well-oiled one, and it has its proud and cagey veterans, some of them whose fathers made the same commute, back when men wore hats. Many people still walk to the train station, timing their arrival on the platform to coincide with the opening of the train's doors. And many walk through tunnels from Grand Central to their office buildings; they hardly ever see the street.

Commuting is an exercise in repetition. The will to efficiency varies, but it expresses itself in the hardening of commuters' habits, as they seek to alleviate the dissipation of time and sanity. Some people travel with coffee; they have a place to buy it, a preferred approach to not spilling it, a manner of discarding the cup. You can spot the novice: he's rifling through pockets in search of his ticket, coffee bubbling up out the pinprick holes of his flattop lid, leading him to wonder how it is possible for the coffee to be leaking when the top is on tight. He has no strategy for newsprint stain. The pros have their routines. There's a group that plays bridge on the seven-fifty-eight to Grand Central. To get in a game during the short ride, they play speed bridge, a customized version with complicated rules. They often get into game-halting arguments about these rules, so they wind up playing less bridge than they would at normal speed. Still, the fellowship, and the attempt at optimization, must bring some measure of happiness.

Nationwide, the automobile took over from the train long ago. Nine out of ten people travel to work by car, and, of those, eighty-eight per cent drive alone. The car, and the sprawl that comes with it (each—familiar story—having helped to engender and entrench the other), ushers in another kind of experience. The gray-suited armies of Cheever's 5:48 have given way to the business-casual soloists, whose loneliness is no longer merely existential. They hardly even have the opportunity to feel estranged at home, their time there is so brief.

"Drive until you qualify" is a phrase that real-estate agents use to describe a central tenet of the commuting life: you travel away from the workplace until you reach an exit where you can afford to buy a house that meets your standards. The size of the wallet determines that of the mortgage, and therefore the length of the commute. Although there are other variables (schools, spouse, status, climate,

"I'm on sabbatical."


CAMPARI
CAMPARI®
HOTEL CAMPARI *featuring* SAL A H EK *visit* WWW.CAMPARIUSA.com

race, religion, taxes, taste) and occasional exceptions (inner cities, Princeton), in this equation you're trading time for space, miles for square feet. Sometimes contentment figures in, and sometimes it does not.

Commuting makes people unhappy, or so many studies have shown. Recently, the Nobel laureate Daniel Kahneman and the economist Alan Krueger asked nine hundred working women in Texas to rate their daily activities, according to how much they enjoyed them. Commuting came in last. (Sex came in first.) The source of the unhappiness is not so much the commute itself as what it deprives you of. When you are commuting by car, you are not hanging out with the kids, sleeping with your spouse (or anyone else), playing soccer, watching soccer, coaching soccer, arguing about politics, praying in a church, or drinking in a bar. In short, you are not spending time with other people. The two hours or more of leisure time granted by the introduction, in the early twentieth century, of the eight-hour workday are now passed in solitude. You have cup holders for company.

"I was shocked to find how robust a predictor of social isolation commuting is," Robert Putnam, a Harvard political scientist, told me. (Putnam wrote the best-seller "Bowling Alone," about the disintegration of American civic life.) "There's a simple rule of thumb: Every ten minutes of commuting results in ten per cent fewer social connections. Commuting is connected to social isolation, which causes unhappiness."

Commuter-wise, New York City is an anomaly. New Yorkers have the highest average journey-to-work times (thirty-nine minutes) of any city in the country, but are apparently much happier with their commutes than people are elsewhere. It could be that New Yorkers are better conditioned to megalopolitan hardships, or that public transportation ameliorates some of the psychic costs. Or maybe they're better at lying to themselves.

Drivers often say they prize the time alone—to gather their wits, listen to music, or talk on the phone. They also like the freedom, the ability, illusory though it may be, to come and go as they please; schedules can seem an imposition, as can a crowded train's cattle-car ambience. But the driver's seat is a lonely place. People tend to behave in their cars as though they are alone in a room. Road rage is one symptom of this; on the street or on the train, people don't generally walk around calling each other assholes. Howard Stern is another; you can listen to lewd evocations without feeling as though you were pushing the bounds of the social contract. You could drive to work without your pants on, and no one would know.

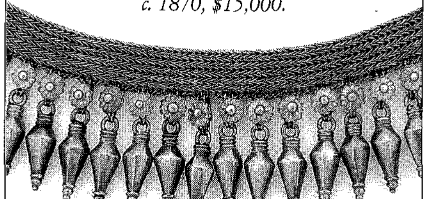
The loneliness quotient might also account for some of the commute tolerance in New York. On the train or the bus, one can experience an illusion of fellowship, even if you disdain your fellow-passengers or are revolted by them. Perhaps there's succor in inadvertent eye contact, the presence of a pretty woman, shared disgruntlement (over a delay or a spilled Pepsi), or the shuffle through the doors, which requires, on a subconscious level, an array of social compromises and collaborations. Train riding has other benefits. Passengers can sleep or read, send e-mails or play cards. Delays are out of their control.

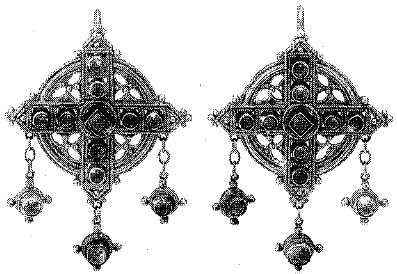
Three years ago, two economists at the University of Zurich, Bruno Frey and Alois Stutzer, released a study called "Stress That Doesn't Pay: The Commuting Paradox." They found that, if your trip is an hour each way, you'd have to make forty per cent more in salary to be as "satisfied" with life as a noncommuter is. (Their data come from Germany, where you'd think speedy Autobahns and punctual trains would bring a little *Freude* to the proceedings, and their methodology is elaborate and thorough, if impenetrable to the layman, relying on equations like $U=\alpha+\beta_1 D+\beta_2 D^2+\gamma X+\delta_1 w+\delta_2 w^2+\delta_3 \log y$.) The commuting paradox reflects the notion that many people, who are supposedly rational (according to classical economic theory, at least), commute even though it makes them miserable. They are not, in the final accounting, adequately compensated.

"People with long journeys to and from work are systematically worse off and report significantly lower subjective well-being," Stutzer told me. According to the economic concept of equilibrium, people will move or change jobs to make up for imbalances in compensation. Commute time should be offset by higher pay

SHRUBSOLE
104 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
212.753.8920/inquiries@shrubsole.com

English Etruscan Revival
Gold Necklace,
c. 1870, $15,000.





English Gold, Ruby &
Emerald Earrings by Castellani,
c. 1880, $65,000.

We buy jewelry & silver every day.
To see more of our inventory please visit
our shop, or www.shrubsole.com

BILLS KHAKIS® REG. TRADE MARK
Bills KHAKIS
BILLSKHAKIS.COM 1-800-43-KHAKI

bike riders
THE ART OF TRAVELING WELL℠
BIKING, HIKING & GUEST CHEF ADVENTURES
NEW ENGLAND, CANADA & EUROPE
FREE CATALOG
800.473.7040 | www.bikeriderstours.com

JOHN ✝ CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN
3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE!
Anniversary Date
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
December 11, 1998 = XII XI MCMXCVIII
See Your Date Online!
AVAILABLE IN STERLING, GOLD & PLATINUM
FROM $590 - PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE
RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

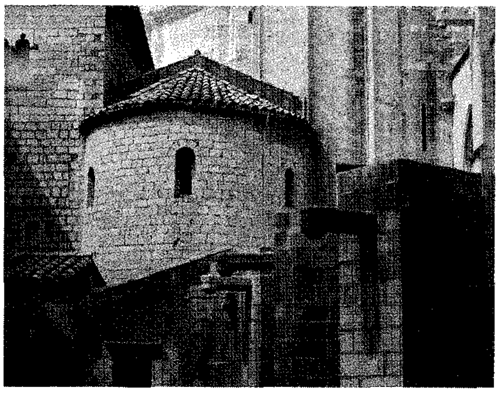
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
BuyerAgents
◆ REAL ESTATE SPECIALISTS ◆
THE BUYER'S VOICE. THE BUYER'S CHOICE.
WWW.MVBUYERAGENTS.COM
508-627-5177

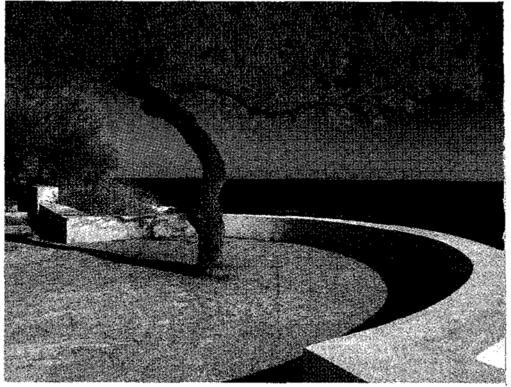
ew York
(JFK)
ew York
Newark)
adelphia
Atlanta
Bogotá
Lima
Santiago
de Chile
Buenos
Aires
CATALUNYA
BARCELONA
Air Route Development Commitee
SMILE!
YOU ARE IN
CATALONIA
ESPAÑA
www.spain.info
www.catalunyatourism.com

From flying directly to Barcelona, to immersing yourself into the atmosphere of one of the most attractive and modern european cities. Smile! You are in Catalonia.

TOURIST OFFICES OF SPAIN

Water Tower Place, suite 915 East 845 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, IL 60611 Tel. 1.312.642.1992 Fax: 1.312.642.9817 e-mail: chicago@tourspain.es
8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960 Beverly Hills, CA 90211 Tel: 1.323.658.7188 Fax: 1.323.658.1061 e-mail: losangeles@tourspain.es
1395 Brickell Avenue, suite 1130 Miami, FL 33131 Tel: 1.305.358.1992 Fax: 1.305.358.8223 e-mail: miami@tourspain.es
666 Fifth Avenue, 35th floor New York, NY 10103 Tel: 1.212.265.8822 Fax: 1.212.265.8864 e-mail: nuevayork@tourspain.es www.okspain.org





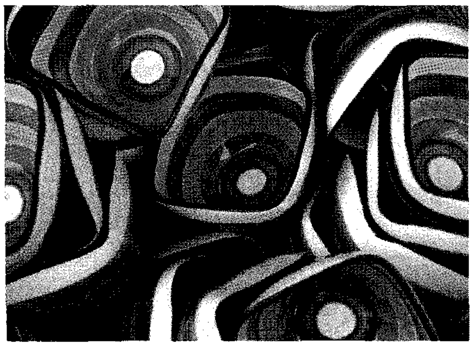
Clonia's Romanesque Art & Architecture

A thousand years ago, the great artisans of Spain—painters, metalworkers, sculptors, architects—toiled in Catalonia, creating immortal works of art and architecture. They carved elaborate sculptures from stone and wood, forged sacred objects using precious gems and minerals, painted frescoes, and created monumental structures.

Thousands of examples of their work, which flourished from about 1000 A.D. to 1300 A.D.—a time that came to be known as the Romanesque period—still stand in this beautiful region bordered in the north by the Pyrenees and to the east by the Mediterranean.

Catalonia's Romanesque treasure trove extends from churches and monasteries to castles and fortified houses, bridges, and civic buildings. There is even a circa-1264 *mikvah* in the medieval town of Besalú.

These ancient structures, which have survived time as well as modernization, are distinguished by several features. While Romanesque architecture is most recognizable for its symmetry, its use of masonry, and its sheer mass, elements that include decorative portal façades and rounded archways, carved reliefs, thick walls, barrel and groin ceiling vaults, and tall bell towers also identify the distinctive edifices.



Magnificent frescoes with religious themes were painted to complement the Romanesque architecture, and many fine examples have been preserved. The largest collection of Spain's priceless frescoes resides in the Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya in Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia and one of Europe's most dynamic cities.

The Catalan Department of Tourism can provide visitors with information on Romanesque sightseeing routes that traverse Catalonia's majestic mountain scenery. Sixty miles from Barcelona, the picturesque town of Cardona, which retains significant evidence of its historic past, is an excellent base for travelers to begin exploring the region's heritage. Its fortified hilltop contains the eleventh-century church of St. Vicenc, and an imposing thirteenth-century castle, once the home of Cardona's powerful dukes.

In the heart of Cardona's medieval district, the newly opened, nineteen-room Bremon Hotel (www.hotelbremon.com) offers guests a modern retreat. Stylish contemporary furniture and original etchings by Spanish artists decorate the rooms; the restaurant serves regional dishes made from in-season local products; and flatscreen satellite TVs and broadband Internet connections can bring visitors back to the present, although Catalonia's Romanesque past is certain to hold them in thrall.

CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: GOTHIC BUILDINGS IN GIRONA ©NIKREATES/ALAMY; COSTA BRAVA COAST ©TONI VILCHES/ALAMY; POTTERY ©MICHAEL JENNER/ALAMY

Visit SPAIN.INFO TO PLAN YOUR TRIP TO CATALONIA.

or lower living costs, or a better standard of living. It is this last category that people apparently have trouble measuring. They tend to overvalue the material fruits of their commute—money, house, prestige—and to undervalue what they're giving up: sleep, exercise, fun.

"They have to trade off social goods for material goods," Stutzer said. "This is very difficult for people. They make systematic mistakes. We are very good at predicting whether we'll like something but not at knowing for how long." People adapt to a higher living standard but not to social isolation. Frey and Stutzer infer that some people, even when the costs become clear, just lack the will power to change. "People have limited self-control and insufficient energy, inducing some people to not even try to improve their lot," they write. In this regard, they say, commuting resembles smoking and failing to save money.

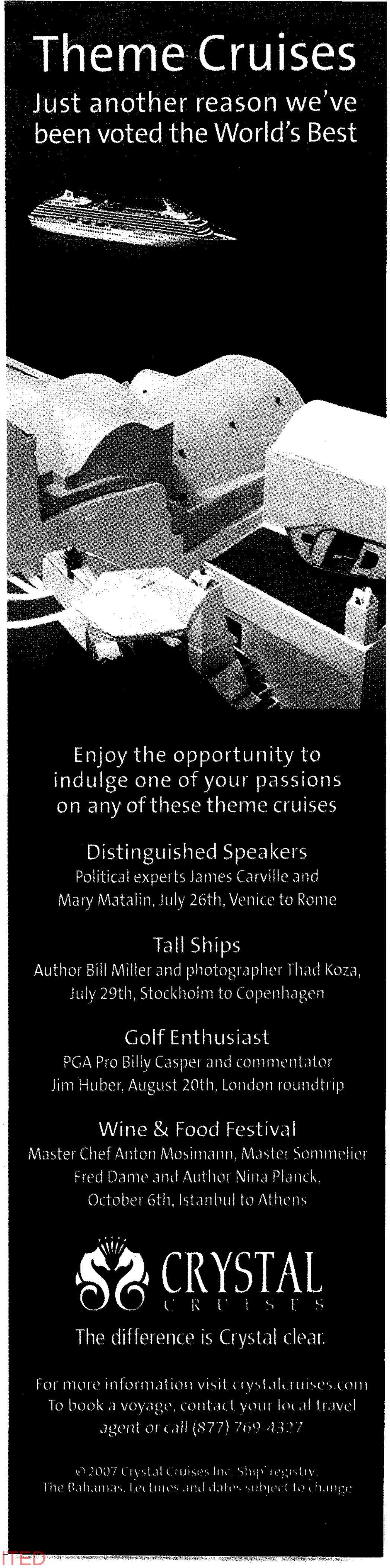
This analysis presupposes that commuting represents what economists call a rational choice, as opposed to a constrained choice. Postwar zoning laws aggressively separated living space from commercial space, requiring more roads and parking lots—known to planners as Euclidean zoning (after a Supreme Court decision involving Euclid, Ohio), and to civilians as sprawl. Putnam likes to imagine that there is a triangle, its points comprising where you sleep, where you work, and where you shop. In a canonical English village, or in a university town, the sides of that triangle are very short: a five-minute walk from one point to the next. In many American cities, you can spend an hour or two travelling each side. "You live in Pasadena, work in North Hollywood, shop in the Valley," Putnam said. "Where is your community?" The smaller the triangle, the happier the human, as long as there is social interaction to be had. In that kind of life, you have a small refrigerator, because you can get to the store quickly and often. By this logic, the bigger the refrigerator, the lonelier the soul.

Putnam's favorite city is Bologna, in Italy, which has a population of three hundred and fifty thousand; it's just small enough to retain village-like characteristics. "It would be interesting to swap the citizens of Bologna with the population of New Jersey," Putnam said. "Do the Bolognese become disconnected and grouchy? Is there a sudden explosion of malls in Bologna? How much of the way we live is forced on us? How much is our choice?"

Atlanta is perhaps the purest specimen of a vexed commuter town, a big-fridge paradise. Los Angeles, the country's most sprawling megalopolis, may boast a more dizzying array of horrible commutes, but many of them are the result of a difficult landscape—ocean restricting growth on one side, mountains on another. Chicago, Washington, D.C., and the Bay Area are worthy candidates, but they, too, owe a degree of complication to bodies of water. But Atlanta, like Houston, sprawls without impediment in all directions, and an inordinate number of the commutes range from one edge of the sprawl to the opposite side. People live and work on the outskirts. For them, the city itself is little more than an obstacle and an idea.

Atlanta is a beltway town—it is defined by the interstate, known as the Perimeter, that encircles it. It has a notoriously paltry system of public transportation. The Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority, or MARTA, operates two rail lines, which form a cross whose ends extend, at most, a few stops past the Perimeter. Most communities have no access to it, and there are prejudices against it. (You don't have to be in Atlanta long before someone relates, ruefully or conspiratorially, an alternative source of the acronym—"Moving Africans Rapidly Through Atlanta.") Decades ago, residents of two counties surrounding the city voted down an extension of the MARTA system. Ninety-four per cent of Atlantans commute by car, and the city has the highest annual per-capita gasoline costs in the country. According to the last census, the travel time in Atlanta grew faster in the nineties than in any other American city, and it's getting worse. Travelling ten miles can take forty-five minutes.

Road-building doesn't much help. Atlanta is a showcase for a phenomenon called "induced traffic": the more highway lanes you build, the more traffic you get. People find it agreeable to move farther away, and, as others join them, they find it less agreeable (or affordable),


Theme Cruises
Just another reason we've been voted the World's Best

Enjoy the opportunity to indulge one of your passions on any of these theme cruises

Distinguished Speakers
Political experts James Carville and Mary Matalin, July 26th, Venice to Rome

Tall Ships
Author Bill Miller and photographer Thad Koza, July 29th, Stockholm to Copenhagen

Golf Enthusiast
PGA Pro Billy Casper and commentator Jim Huber, August 20th, London roundtrip

Wine & Food Festival
Master Chef Anton Mosimann, Master Sommelier Fred Dame and Author Nina Planck, October 6th, Istanbul to Athens

CRYSTAL CRUISES
The difference is Crystal clear.

For more information visit crystalcruises.com
To book a voyage, contact your local travel agent or call (877) 769-4327

©2007 Crystal Cruises Inc. Ship' registry: The Bahamas. Lectures and dates subject to change aipad

The Association of International
Photography Art Dealers

The Association of
International Photography
Art Dealers (AIPAD) presents
The Photography
Show 07

Now in its 27th year, The Photography Show 2007 will feature more than ninety of the finest dealers in fine art photography from the earliest to the most contemporary images.

The Photography Show 07
April 12 – 15, 2007
Park Avenue Armory
Park Avenue and 67th Street,
New York City, NY

Thursday, April 12, 2pm – 7pm
Friday, April 13, 12pm – 8pm
Saturday, April 14, 12pm – 8pm
Sunday, April 15, 12pm – 8pm

Ticket Price:
1 day pass: $20
3 day pass: $30
4 day pass: $40

AIPAD, 1767 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20036
T 202.986.0105 E info@aipad.com www.aipad.com

and so they move farther still. The lanes fill up.

The antidote, in vogue in planning circles, if not in state houses, is mixed-use zoning and mixed-income dwelling, so that people don't have to travel so far to go to work or to buy what they need. Smaller triangles, in other words. Michael Dobbins, a planner and architect at Georgia Tech, told me that to substantially reduce congestion all you'd need to do is cut the average daily driving miles from thirty-five to thirty-one. He noted, as others had, that Atlanta was in the midst of a reurbanizing boom, with people moving downtown again and condominium towers sprouting up, amid increasingly vigorous agitations for more public transportation. Still, the centrifugal force of exurban growth was overpowering.

A few weeks before I visited Atlanta this winter, to do some commuting, a perfect storm of traffic struck: twenty-five accidents on the Downtown Connector (the interstate that bisects the city), a poultry exposition downtown, and, at the sports arena, a Get Motivated seminar. The highways in Atlanta follow what are known as dendritic patterns: as you near the city, the routes converge, and alternatives disappear, so that an accident on a main highway creates bottlenecks all the way up the line. I half hoped for such luck.

My first ride was with Tom Scruggs, a program manager in the I.T. department at a credit-card company. Its headquarters are situated near Dunwoody, north of the city, in an office park with the evocatively oxymoronic name of the Perimeter Center. The building stands across a parking lot from a Fuddruckers; outdoor speakers play easy-listening music, for the smokers who may linger in the pines that surround it. From the lot, you can look out over the trees and see a landscape of office buildings, which look as though they'd been overtaken, in a "Logan's Run" kind of way, by the woodlands that they are in fact rapidly displacing. Dunwoody, in the vulgate, is an "edge city"—a commercial district virtually without residents.

Scruggs, who is thirty-seven, with sandy hair, a few extra pounds, and kind but weary eyes, has a wife and three young children. He lives fifty miles from his office, in a newish subdivision well south of the city, in the town of Sharpsburg. His commute home starts in his cubicle. "This is my jail cell," he told me, when I met up with him there at five one evening. He was dressed in a blue shirt, brown slacks, and brown square-toed shoes. "This is the first time in a week and a half that I get to leave while it's still light out." He got in his car, a BMW sedan, and, as he laid out his things in the center console, it occurred to him that he'd forgotten his sunglasses, useful for the drive into the setting sun. He's a Perimeter man, although others like to take the Downtown Connector. "Usually, that's a parking lot, too, so it's pick your poison." The parking lot itself can be a problem: getting out of it has taken him as long as an hour, because of traffic generated by an adjacent mall.

It was a Monday, the lightest of Atlanta traffic weekdays. Scruggs put on the radio, which was playing the traffic report—gibberish, to an out-of-towner. (He'd already looked up the traffic cams online.) The traffic nudged along, with occasional soul-corroding full stops. He usually listens to sports talk or a personal-finance show. "People are calling in all the time to talk about how much debt they have," he said. "It makes you feel better."

Scruggs's commute is not outrageous. On a perfect day, it is not even extreme, technically, although at least once a week it can take two hours or more, and it has taken as long as three, such as when a truck flipped on the interstate and spilled a load of battery acid. But the trip wears him down, with its toxic blend of predictability and unpredictability—tedium broken by episodes of aggravation and despair. Barring the invention of the jet pack, the trip can only get longer. Ultimately, his decision not to move closer to work is based on inertia and vague reasoning. His wife grew up on the south side and her parents live nearby. They have friends, although they don't often see them. Their social life consists of a get-together with the neighbors once a month or so for a barbecue or a theme party: beach, Mardi Gras, the eighties. Scruggs said, "If you had told me ten years ago that I'd be going fifty miles to and from work, I would have said, 'No way.' I kind of eased into it."

Scruggs tapped the steering wheel as

traffic slowed again. "When you've had a long day and then sit in traffic for two hours, you say, I gotta find something else," he said. "But then when you're home there's a reality check. My commute's no different really from the commutes of people who are coming from the north side, where the cost of living is substantially higher. When you take all the factors into consideration, as frustrated as you get, I'm still not sure whether it's worth making a move."

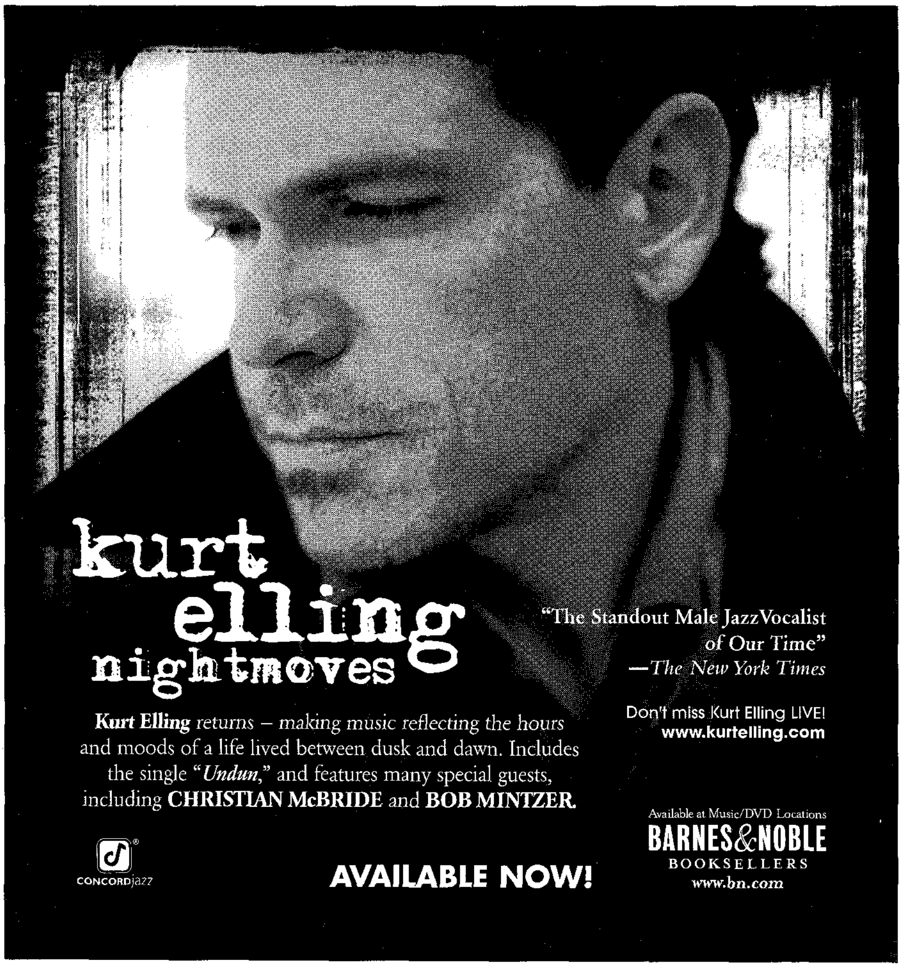
I had talked to one Atlanta commuter who smokes a cigar to stay awake on his drive home each day, and to another who plays harmonica. One commuter began trying a meditation technique—breathe in one nostril and out the other—and got pulled over for speeding. Scruggs favored a more traditional approach. "The key is to eat a light lunch," he said.

He exited the interstate at 6:06 P.M. "It's ten or twelve minutes from here," he said. "Piece of cake." The road passed by a golf course, a high school, and a series of ranch houses with boats and cars out front, most of them apparently still operational. After a while, he made a right on Kripple Kreek Drive, which led him into a development called Barrington Farms. Home: 6:30 P.M.—one hour and twenty-two minutes. Deep twilight. His house was an off-white clapboard four-bedroom, on a one-acre lot. The kids were out playing on a swing set in the back yard. There was no arrival fanfare: Ulysses, ignored. He tends to see his kids for five minutes in the morning, and an hour in the evenings.

Scruggs's wife was waiting in the kitchen, checking on the kids through the window, looking forward to a beer and some grownup company. When I asked her what she thought of his commute, she said, "I hate it." She's a part-time preschool teacher, eager to get back to full time. "He works eight to five but is gone from six-thirty to seven. I can't rely on the fact that he'll even be here."

"When I get off work, I don't know what I'm up against," Scruggs said. "Frankly, today was the best day I've had in a month."

The home or the job: to shorten the trip between the two, you usually have to give one of them up. A year ago, Stephen Kocis, a Pittsburgh native who has lived in (or, at least, near) Atlanta


kurt elling
nightmoves

Kurt Elling returns – making music reflecting the hours and moods of a life lived between dusk and dawn. Includes the single "*Undun*," and features many special guests, including **CHRISTIAN McBRIDE** and **BOB MINTZER**.

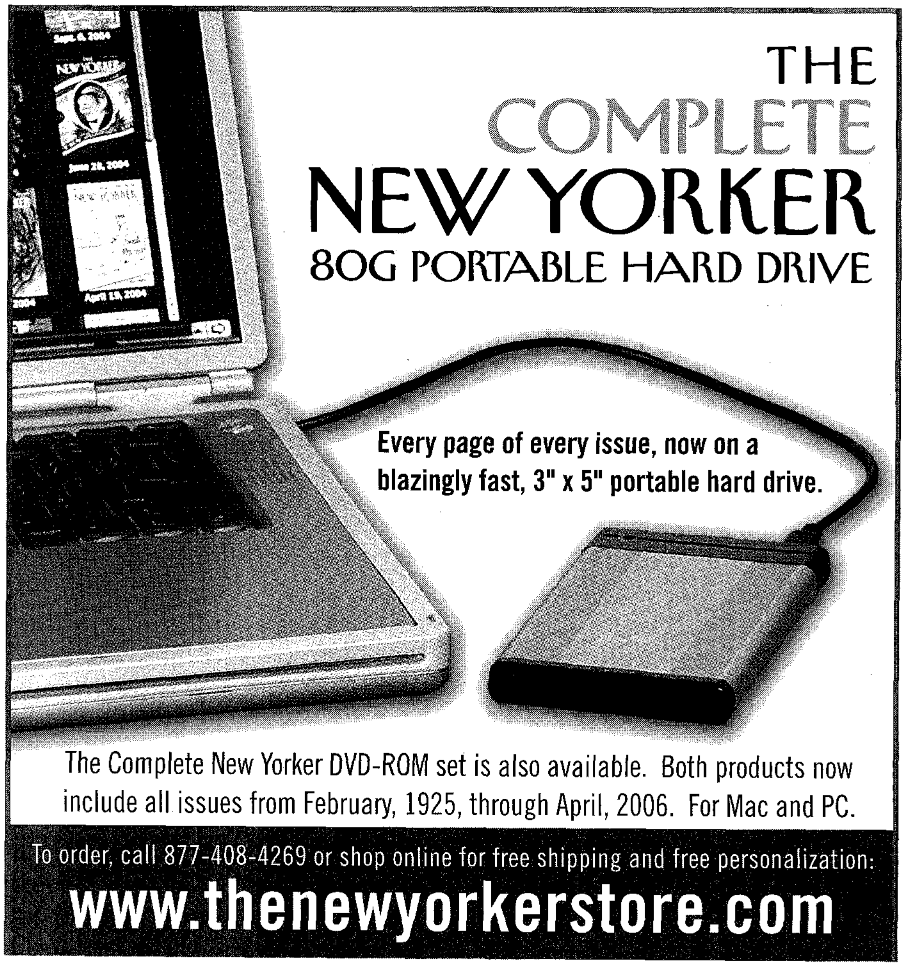
"The Standout Male Jazz Vocalist of Our Time"
—*The New York Times*

Don't miss Kurt Elling LIVE!
www.kurtelling.com

CONCORD jazz

AVAILABLE NOW!

Available at Music/DVD Locations
BARNES&NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS
www.bn.com


THE
COMPLETE
NEW YORKER
80G PORTABLE HARD DRIVE

Every page of every issue, now on a blazingly fast, 3" x 5" portable hard drive.

The Complete New Yorker DVD-ROM set is also available. Both products now include all issues from February, 1925, through April, 2006. For Mac and PC.

To order, call 877-408-4269 or shop online for free shipping and free personalization:
www.thenewyorkerstore.com

for twenty years, got a new job, as a design manager at Silgan Plastics, developing containers for shampoo, mouthwash, and powdered drinks. His office is on the outskirts northeast of the city, and his home is well to the south, in Peachtree City (population 35,000)—a planned community of well-heeled developments connected by golf-cart paths. The commute is fifty-two miles. Though Kocis is normally a fitness freak, with a black belt in karate, in the past year he'd put on twenty pounds and developed nerve problems in his back. For a while, he tried leaving at five, to get to the office at six-thirty, in time to work out, but it exhausted him. So he gave up exercise.

"I don't have a social life," he told me. He and his wife, Martha, get a babysitter once a month or so and go out for dinner in Peachtree City; they hardly ever go into Atlanta. Generally, he comes home, helps his two sons with their homework, puts them to bed, works a little bit, then watches "Grey's Anatomy" or "Desperate Housewives" on TV. "My wife enjoys it, but, God, I hope she doesn't relate to it," he said.

I joined the family one morning around dawn. The kids were eating Cheerios, and Martha was in her bathrobe, making them lunch. Kocis was checking traffic reports on TV. The house was a stucco five-bedroom in a cul-de-sac, but it was no longer theirs. Nine days earlier, they had sold it, having decided that they could no longer endure his commute. They were moving in a few weeks to a house on the north side of town, closer to his office. Martha had had to give up a career in real estate for a job at a pharmaceutical company. The kids were changing schools, but would be commuting back to Peachtree once a week for karate lessons.

We got into Kocis's pickup truck, which had a dent in the driver's-side door, caused by a collision with a deer. The trip took eighty minutes, with no accidents or extenuating circumstances—just enough time to engender the feeling that we deserved a nap or a big greasy breakfast. He parked his car outside his office: a one-story industrial building overlooking the interstate. He had worked downtown previously and so had come into contact with other people—in the foyer, at lunch, on the way to the garage. "That's what makes this so damn boring," he said. "I wouldn't have moved if I could've taken public transportation. I could read a book or talk to somebody." He slipped in through a side door and into his office; it was a little like going into a motel. There was no one around to greet him or to make small talk.

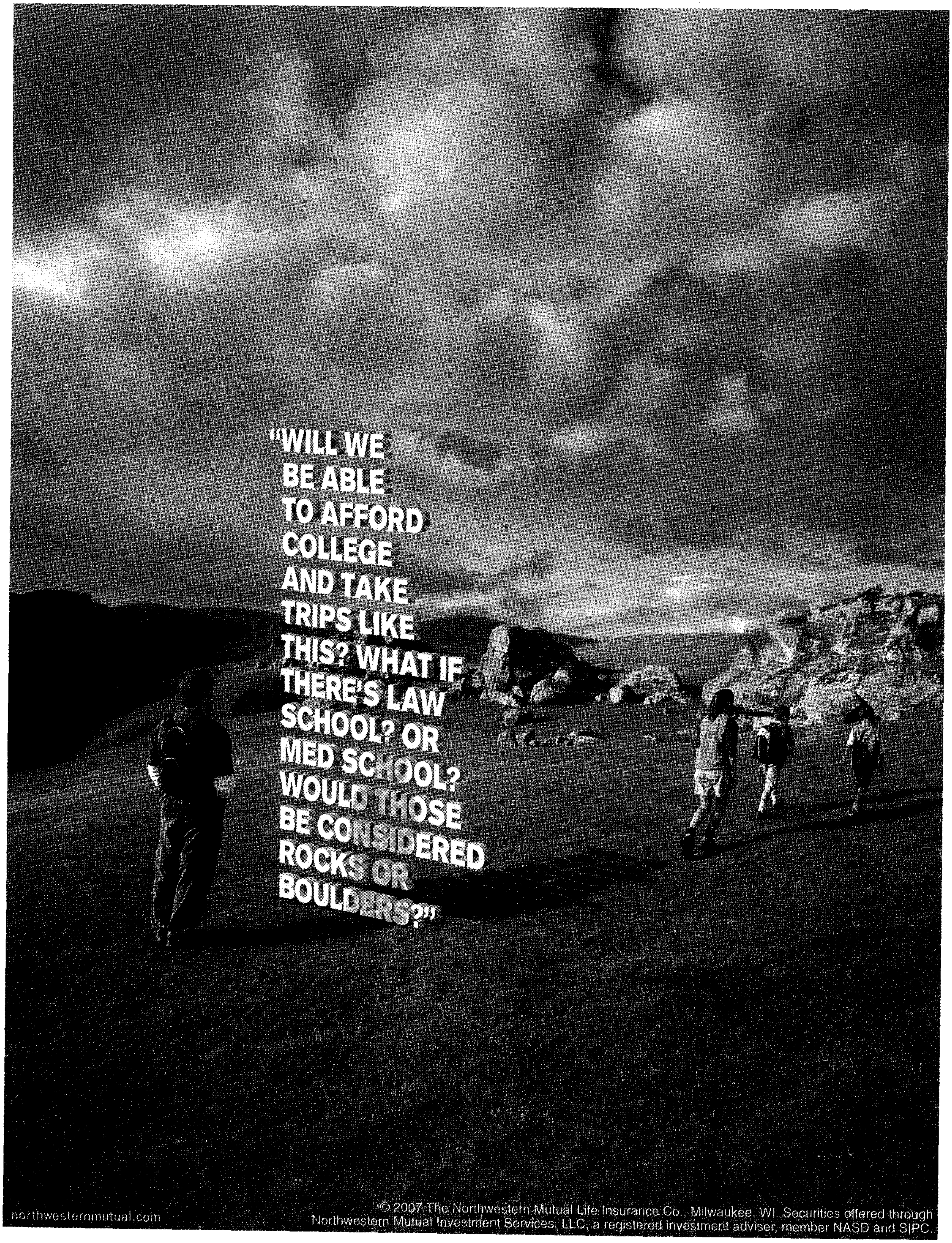
"Here are some of our products," he said, showing me svelte ergonomic containers for soup (Campbell's Soup at Hand) and dog treats (Pup-peroni to Go). There was a watercolor of his kids over his desk. We went to get a cup of coffee. A few lab workers in hairnets wandered about in the corridors. In the kitchen, a TV was playing an ad for Ambien.

One remedy for social isolation and frequent tire replacement is the van pool. I caught a ride in one that evening, heading north from Cumberland, Georgia, another edge city on the north side of the Atlanta Perimeter, up into the countryside near Tennessee—a commute with

BURIAL RITES

Everyone comes back here to die
as I will soon. The place feels right
since it's half dead to begin with.
Even on a rare morning of rain,
like this morning, with the low sky
hoarding its riches except for
a few mock tears, the hard ground
accepts nothing. Six years ago
I buried my mother's ashes
beside a young lilac that's now
taller than I, and stuck the stub
of a rosebush into her dirt,
where like everything else not
human it thrives. The small blossoms
never unfurl; whatever they know
they keep to themselves until
a morning rain or a night wind
pares the petals down to nothing.
Even the neighbor cat who shits
daily on the paths and then hides
deep in the jungle of the weeds
refuses to purr. Whatever's here
is just here, and nowhere else,
so it's right to end up beside
the woman who bore me, to shovel
into the dirt whatever's left
and leave only a name for some-
one who wants it. Think of it,
my name, no longer a portion
of me, no longer inflated
or bruised, no longer stewing
in a rich compost of memory
or the simpler one of bone shards,
dirt, kitty litter, wood ashes,
the roots of the eucalyptus
I planted in '73,
a tiny me taking nothing,
giving nothing, and free at last.

—*Philip Levine*

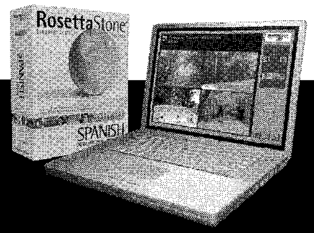


"WILL WE BE ABLE TO AFFORD COLLEGE AND TAKE TRIPS LIKE THIS? WHAT IF THERE'S LAW SCHOOL? OR MED SCHOOL? WOULD THOSE BE CONSIDERED ROCKS OR BOULDERS?"
northwesternmutual.com
© 2007 The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., Milwaukee, WI. Securities offered through Northwestern Mutual Investment Services, LLC, a registered investment adviser, member NASD and SIPC.

For 150 years, people have been coming to us to put their minds at ease.

Northwestern Mutual®
the quiet company®
insurance / investments / ideas™

The fastest way to learn a language. Guaranteed.™



Award-winning software successfully used by Fortune 500® executives, U.S. State Department diplomats, and millions of people worldwide.

Finally, a different approach that has millions of people talking. Using the award-winning Dynamic Immersion™ method, our interactive software teaches without translation, memorization or grammar drills. Combining thousands of real-life images and the voices of native speakers in a step-by-step immersion process, our programs successfully replicate the experience of learning your first language. Guaranteed to teach faster and easier than any other language product or your money back. No questions asked.

Rosetta Stone is available for learning:
Arabic • Chinese • Danish • Dutch • English • Farsi
French • German • Greek • Hebrew • Hindi
Indonesian • Italian • Japanese • Korean • Latin
Pashto • Polish • Portuguese • Russian • Spanish
Swahili • Swedish • Tagalog • Thai • Turkish
Vietnamese • Welsh

Go online and try our FREE Online Demo

RosettaStone.com/nys047d
Or call today for your FREE Demo CD-ROM

1-800-399-6191
Use promotional code nys047d when ordering.

RosettaStone®
Language Learning Success

no city in it, and yet with some of the worst traffic in the country. The van-pool driver was a woman named Janice Moss, who works as a property manager in Cumberland, in a two-mile-long ring of office buildings called Circle 75. Moss, who is fifty-eight, lives two hours away, with her sister and two cats, near the town of Ellijay, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Moss and the other members of the pool met through an organization called the Commuter Club, which provides the van; Moss, as the farthest-flung rider, is its keeper. The pickups and drop-offs have lengthened her trip a bit, but the company and the savings (each rider pays just fifty dollars a month) make up for that. "You've got someone to talk to when you're stuck in all this traffic," she told me, as we retrieved the van from a basement garage. "It's been nice to meet people I wouldn't normally meet." It was 5 P.M. She drove around Circle 75 and picked up her passengers, six of them. The last to get in was the only man, Glenn, an auto-parts buyer. He climbed in back and asked that the heat be turned down, then began to read a book—"The Postman," the post-apocalyptic fantasy that became a Kevin Costner film. Moss steered the van onto I-75, where it joined a river of steel: eight northbound lanes, none of them flowing. A sign over the freeway relayed that it would take twenty-five minutes or more to travel the next seven miles, but the ladies hardly paid that any mind, engaged as they were in an appraisal of Costner's career. "I liked 'Robin Hood.'"

"'Tin Cup.'"

"I liked that one, too."

No one mentioned "Fandango." Moss finally took note of the grim vista beyond her dash. "This is what we call merging madness," she said. "The designers of the roads down here did not take things into consideration."

Among those things was the fact that there was no H.O.V. or express lane, although there might not have been anybody to take advantage of it: every car, save ours, seemed to have just one person in it. Long lines of stalled traffic were still trying to join the flow north, even though we were now nearly thirty miles outside Atlanta.

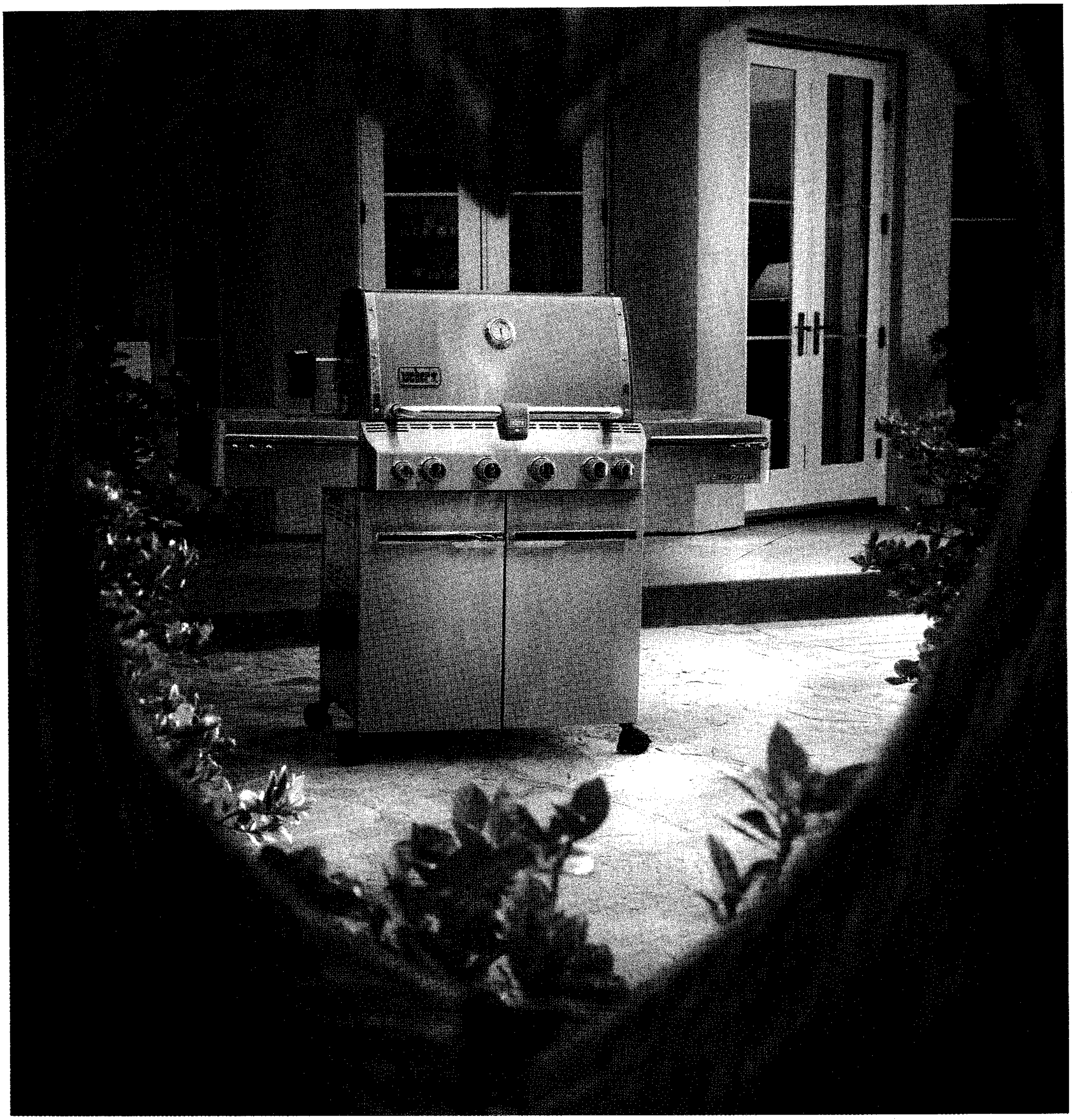
After about an hour, four passengers disembarked in the town of Woodstock, in the parking lot of a Home Depot, where they got into their own cars to head home (some several miles back in the direction we'd just come from). The van then continued north on a newer spur, I-575. The last rider got off in Canton, at another Home Depot. From this point, Moss is on her own.

Seven years ago, she and her sister built a custom cedar house, thirty-four hundred square feet, on a five-and-a-half-acre lot, overlooking a creek. They are dedicated knitters, and recently, as a sideline, they opened a yarn shop in Ellijay, which her sister runs. They are also very involved in their church; Moss is a devout Baptist, having been born again in 1978, after surviving a life-threatening illness. She has no children.

After a while, a sign indicated that Ellijay was thirty-three miles away. We'd been on the road for an hour and twenty minutes. The Blue Ridge Mountains came into view; fog settled in the marshes and creek beds, and pinewoods stretched in all directions. "When I get up here, the stress of the day, it all starts melting away," Moss said.

As we entered Ellijay's outskirts, we passed a place where a mountain had been levelled to make way for a shopping center, whose chief tenants—a Wal-Mart, a Lowe's, a Wendy's—were the same as those along Judy Rossi's drive, in Pennsylvania, and it occurred to me that Moss's commute, and her situation, were not unlike Rossi's. Both women had the unquittable job, the dream house in the sticks, and the gantlet in between. In their determination to live in the country, they had almost, but not quite, outflanked a landscape of sprawl that resolutely discouraged them from trying. Still, they had their patch—hours be damned.

Before going home for the night, Moss stopped at the yarn shop, which occupied a storefront in a shopping center that had until recently been home to a bath-mat factory. She and her sister had named it Strings & Sticks. Moss parked the van and went inside. Racks and racks of multicolored yarn looked resplendent in the fluorescent light. Her sister was there with a neighbor who had come for a knitting lesson. The three women sat around a table counting stitches. For a moment, you could say the trip had been worth it. ♦



Weber® grills. To own one is to love one.

Why? For starters, we don't compromise when it comes to materials and manufacturing. It's how we ensure that each Weber® grill will always perform beautifully and never let you down. That's been the Weber way for over 50 years, and it continues in 2007 with the all-new Summit® and Genesis® gas grills.

To learn more about why Weber is America's best-loved grill, text the word "LOVE" to 35350 or visit weber.com. Better yet, ask one of the millions of happy Weber® grill owners what they think...and get ready to feel the love.

weber

YOUR TABLE AWAITS AT RAO'S

New York City's most exclusive Italian restaurant, Rao's, opened its sole outpost west of the Hudson this past December. Now diners hungry for authentic Neapolitan cuisine from the legendary ten-table eatery have better odds at scoring a reservation at **Rao's** in Caesars Palace Las Vegas than in Manhattan's Spanish Harlem original.

Replicating everything about the New York City establishment but the limited seating and futile wait, Caesars Palace and the Rao's family have re-created the ambiance of the 1896 original on a larger scale. Dark oak floors, exposed brick walls, and pressed-tin ceilings evoke their East 114th Street counterpart in the desert oasis, where there is seating for 200 in a series of intimate rooms.

The main bar area, surrounded by Rao's signature red bar stools, welcomes guests. Two adjacent rooms are replicas of the urban original, down to the ten tables each and walls bearing signed photos of friends, celebrities, and past presidents who have dined at Rao's in New York.

The family-style Feast Room, inspired by Little Italy street festivals, features the twinkle of Christmas lights year-round. The Park lounge has a replica of Rao's street-corner façade. And there's a bocce-ball court on the outdoor terrace overlooking Caesars' Garden of the Gods Pool Oasis.

Popular dishes from Rao's exclusive Gotham location comprise the menu at its new Las Vegas relation. High rollers and guests with big appetites start with Rao's Platter, an abundance of fresh seafood and cocktail sauces.

Traditionalists order Uncle Vincent's Famous Lemon Chicken as an entrée. Freshly made gnocchi tossed in pesto sauce, whole wild Mediterranean bass filleted at the table, and pan-seared shell steak are equally tempting. Italian wines, listed by region, are available by the bottle or the glass. Classic desserts, including Italian-style ricotta cheesecake, complete a winning meal.

"We are thrilled to bring our signature dishes and warm service to Caesars Palace," says Frank Pellegrino, Jr., Rao's owner/partner, and a fourth-generation family member. "They have kept Rao's at the top of New York's dining list for more than a hundred years, and we are ecstatic to have the opportunity to share them with our guests in Las Vegas now."

ILLUSTRATION AND PHOTO COURTESY OF CAESARS PALACE/RAO'S

FOR INFORMATION, VISIT CAESARSPALACE.COM OR CALL 800-634-6661.

THE BELLY LAUGHS ARE COMPED.

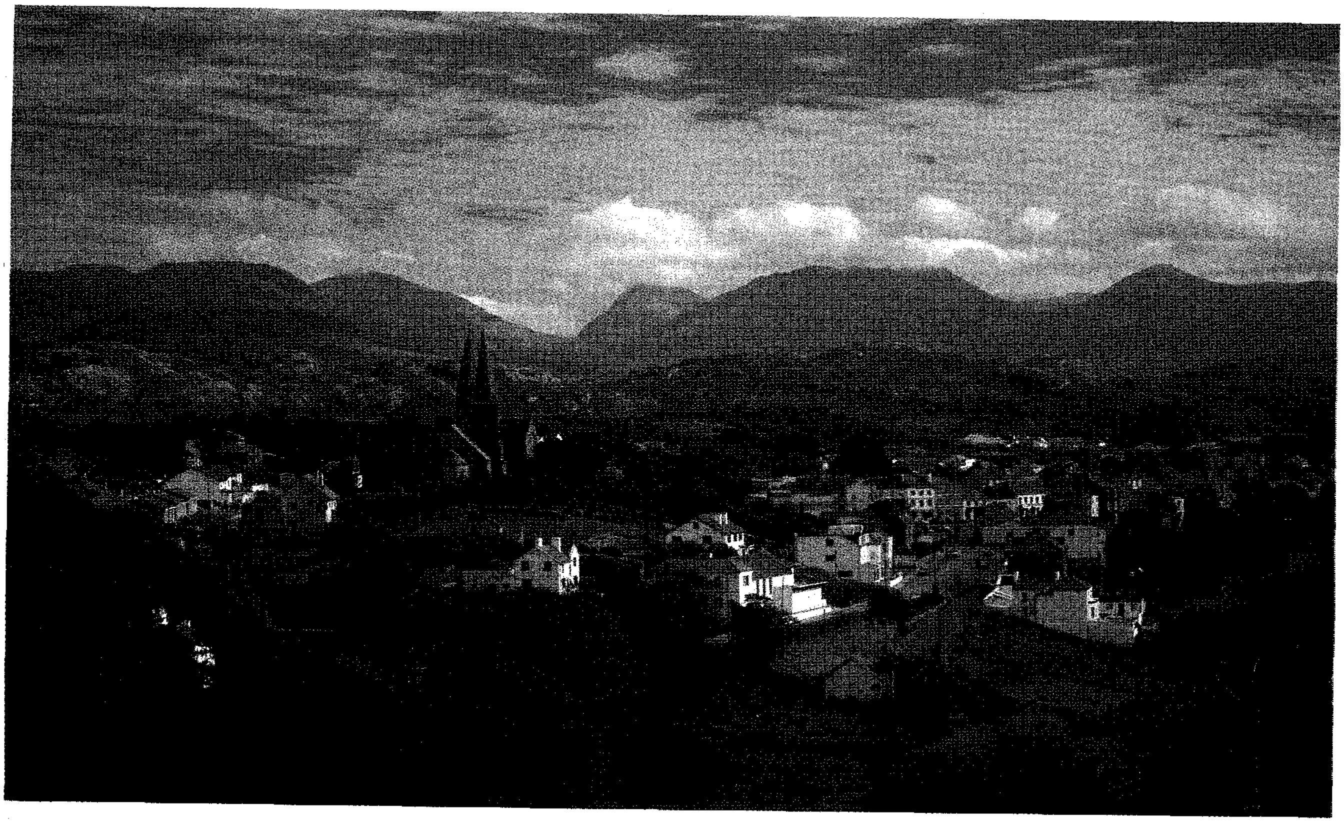
Caesars Palace is home to the greatest entertainers in the world, including Jerry Seinfeld

CAESARS PALACE
LAS VEGAS

LIVE FAMOUSLY

800.634.6661 • caesarspalace.com

[illegible]



The village of Clifden, nestled in the mountains of County Galway, Ireland.

STORIED SPOTS

Galway has a thriving cultural scene. The best time to exlore it is during one of its acclaimed festivals, which celebrate literature, film, and the arts.

The lure of Ireland's fastest-growing city may be that it's the country's unofficial arts capital. Every spring and summer, Galway's population swells with talented artists and enthusiastic audiences who come to indulge their love of the arts at the city's internationally acclaimed festivals.

The 2007 season opens with the prestigious **Cúirt International Festival of Literature** (April 24th through 29th). Authors, whose work represents the best of contemporary literature, participate in readings, workshops, discussions, and book signings. Nobel laureates Seamus Heaney, Derek Walcott, and Nadine Gordimer have all participated in past events.

Movie fans flock to the **Galway Film Fleadh** (July 10th through 15th). The event shows classic Irish and world cinema, and presents awards for first features, documentaries, short subjects, and animated films. There are also master classes for nascent screenwriters, actors, and directors (prior acceptance is required). Robert Towne, Kathy Bates, and Nic Roeg were last year's accomplished tutors.

Called "a glorious kaleidoscopic fortnight of events" by the *Irish Times*, the **Galway Arts Festival** (July 16th through 29th) is considered one of Europe's premier cultural gatherings. The festival celebrates visual and performing arts, and usually draws a crowd of more than 100,000. Day-into-night entertainment includes plays, concerts, comedy, and literary events.

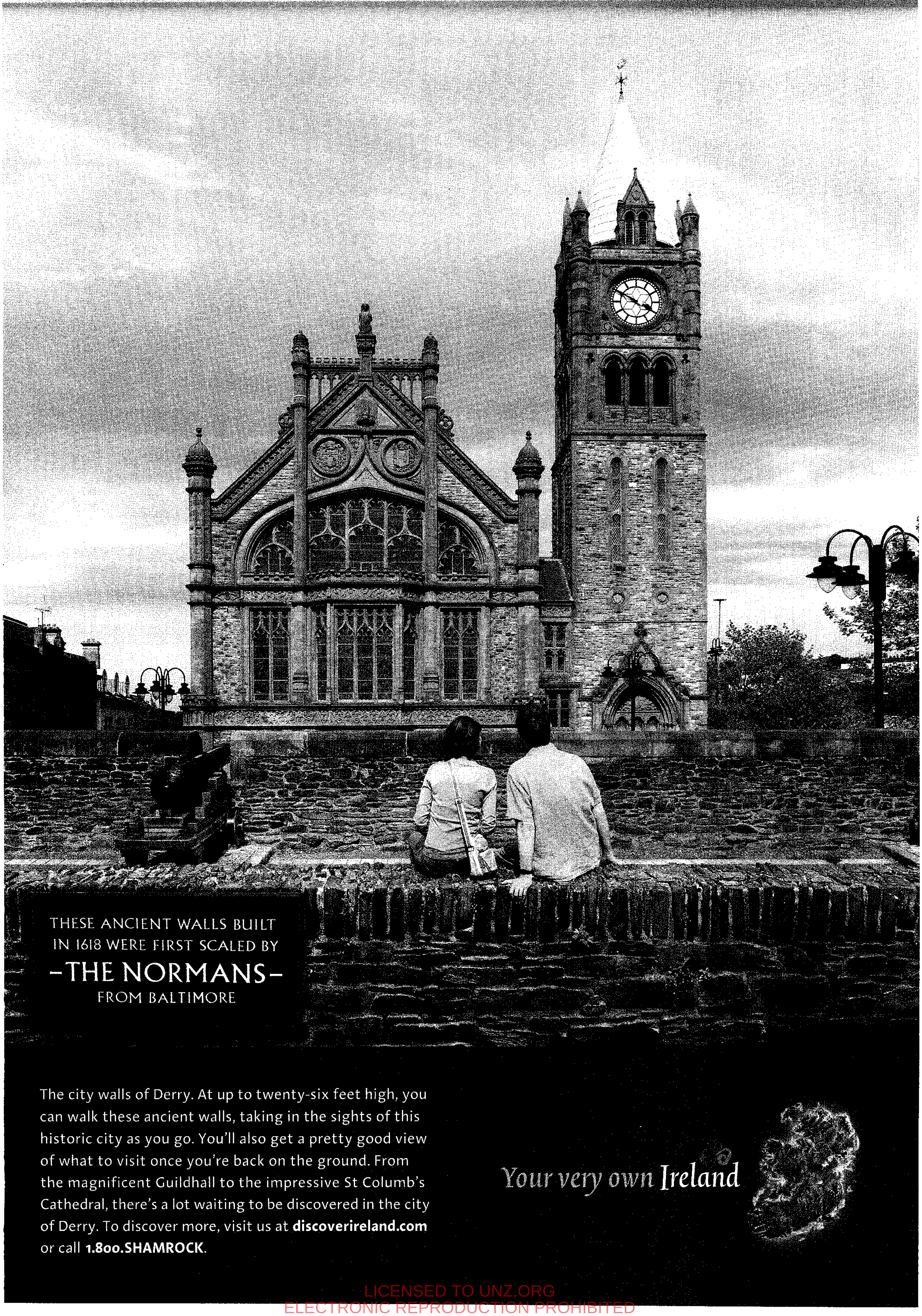
Between festival activities, Galway has many intriguing places to explore. There's always something happening in **City Centre**, an eight- to ten-block hub of cafés, pubs, and shops. Artists, writers, and musicians flock to this lively, pedestrians-only area that runs from **Eyre Square** to the **Spanish Arch**. On temperate days, revelers sit outside and enjoy the entertaining sights and sounds.

Storied venues include the **Galway Arts Centre**, once the home of Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats's patron. It features a vibrant program of exhibitions, concerts, and readings by Irish and international artists. The restored **Nora Barnacle House**, where James Joyce's wife once lived, was the site of a Joyce family holiday in 1912. The museum now displays Joyce memorabilia.

Perhaps the passion of James Joyce and his wife still smolders a century later: MSN Travel deemed Galway first among "2007's Sexiest Cities." The network lauded the city for its cultural style, from the recent arrival of the Philip Treacy-designed G Hotel to the fresh seafood that's a specialty at Galway's abundant restaurants and pubs.

© MICHAEL S. YAMASHITA/CORBIS

Your very own Ireland
Discover it at discoverireland.com


THESE ANCIENT WALLS BUILT
IN 1618 WERE FIRST SCALED BY
-THE NORMANS-
FROM BALTIMORE

The city walls of Derry. At up to twenty-six feet high, you can walk these ancient walls, taking in the sights of this historic city as you go. You'll also get a pretty good view of what to visit once you're back on the ground. From the magnificent Guildhall to the impressive St Columb's Cathedral, there's a lot waiting to be discovered in the city of Derry. To discover more, visit us at **discoverireland.com** or call **1.800.SHAMROCK**.

Your very own **Ireland**

HOLIDAY IN OAXACA

THE GUELAGUETZA FESTIVAL

The Zapotec and Mixtec cultures enrich every visit to Oaxaca City, but their influence is most vibrant during Fiesta de la Guelaguetza, Mexico's largest and oldest indigenous festival.

Held on July 23rd and 30th this year, the Guelaguetza is a lively event that showcases the colorful history of Mexican culture. Visitors come from around the world to experience spectacular music and dance presentations, featuring performers who are among the top talent in the seven regions of Oaxaca state. The program takes place on the two designated Mondays in the amphitheatre at the top of Cerro del Fortín, the hill that overlooks the city. A festive atmosphere extends throughout the area—there are crafts fairs, concerts, and exhibits to enjoy in addition to the main festival events.

The festival dates to 1932, when Oaxaca celebrated the 400th anniversary of its designation as a Spanish royal city. Centuries before that, villagers gathered informally on the same hill to pay their respects to the corn goddess. After the arrival of the Spanish in 1521, the Guelaguetza was formally associated with the Virgin of Carmen, whose feast day coincided with the start of the corn celebration.

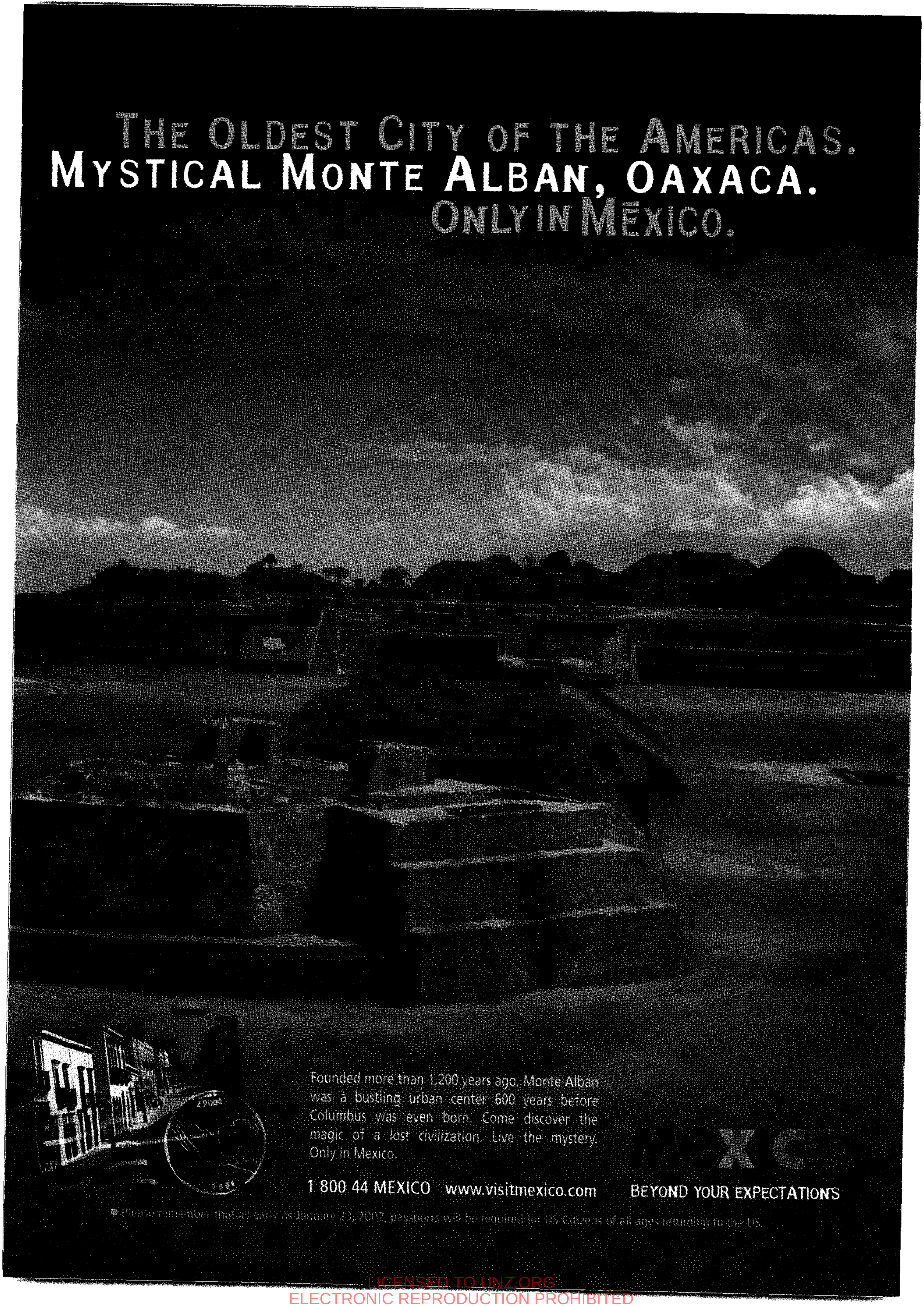
This history is recounted in "Bani Stui Gulal" ("Repetition of Antiquity"), a drama held the evening before the Lunes del Cerro (Mondays on the Hill), as Guelaguetza is also known. The performances are presented in the Plaza de la Danza, outside the Basilica of Soledad, the church named for Oaxaca's patron saint. Another festival highlight is the "Legend of Donaji," the captivating story of the last Zapotec princess, who suffered a tragic fate for refusing to betray her people. The dramatic presentation is a spectacle of light, sound, and fireworks.

Tickets for the Guelaguetza can be purchased only in conjunction with hotel reservations. Hotel rooms and tickets sell out quickly, so travelers are advised to reserve early. There are a number of attractive hotels from which to choose. At the Hotel Victoria, perched on a hill overlooking the city, fifteen acres of gardens provide an ideal setting for admiring the view. In Oaxaca's historic city center, the Camino Real, built as a convent in 1576, offers luxurious comfort, while the Casa Oaxaca, a beautifully restored eighteenth century colonial house, is an exclusive retreat with only seven guest rooms.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CAMINO REAL HOTEL ©DANNY LEHMAN/CORBIS; GUELAGUETZA DANCER, "BANI STUI GULAL" BOTH ©DANITA DELIMONT/ALAMY; BLACK POTTERY ©DOUGLAS PEEBLES PHOTOGRAPHY/ALAMY

FOR MORE INFORMATION, GO TO VISITMEXICO.COM OR CALL 800-44-MEXICO.

MÉXICO
BEYOND YOUR EXPECTATIONS

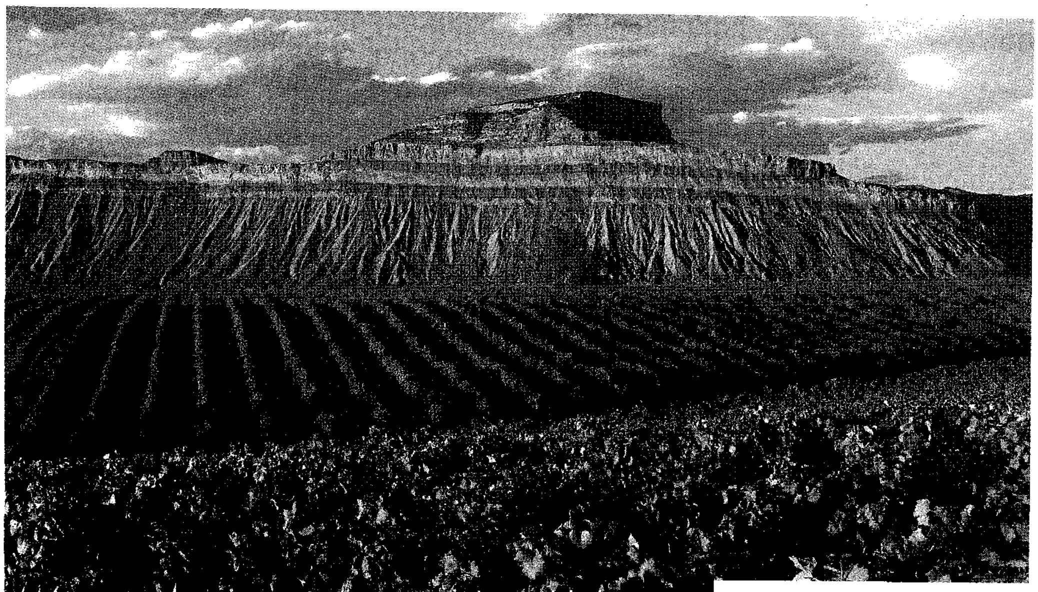

THE OLDEST CITY OF THE AMERICAS.
MYSTICAL MONTE ALBAN, OAXACA.
ONLY IN MÉXICO.

Founded more than 1,200 years ago, Monte Alban was a bustling urban center 600 years before Columbus was even born. Come discover the magic of a lost civilization. Live the mystery. Only in Mexico.

1 800 44 MEXICO www.visitmexico.com

MÉXICO
BEYOND YOUR EXPECTATIONS

● Please remember that as early as January 23, 2007, passports will be required for US Citizens of all ages returning to the US.



MOUNTAIN CUISINE GOES GREEN

After the snow melts in the mountains and icy rivers resume their flow, Colorado's stunning landscape offers a bounty beyond bike trails and white-water rapids to travelers looking to enjoy nature's wonders.

One beneficiary of the spring thaw is the state's burgeoning culinary scene. Once defined by breweries and cattle, the new Colorado cuisine takes advantage of a wide range of ingredients grown or made locally, from Palisade peaches and Rocky Ford melons, to fish fresh from pristine rivers and cheese made by artisans—the Haystack Mountain Goat Dairy in Longmont is best known for its award-winning chèvre.

This farm-to-table trend is epitomized by restaurants like Frasca and The Kitchen in Boulder, Mizuna in Denver, and Summit in Colorado Springs, all of which are winning acclaim for dishes that appeal to diners' growing desire for organic produce, free-range meats, and fresh, seasonal food.

Visitors and chefs alike can enjoy shopping at numerous farm stands and farmers' markets throughout the state, or plan a trip to coincide with a food festival, such as the Food & Wine Classic in Aspen, held this year from June 15th to 17th.

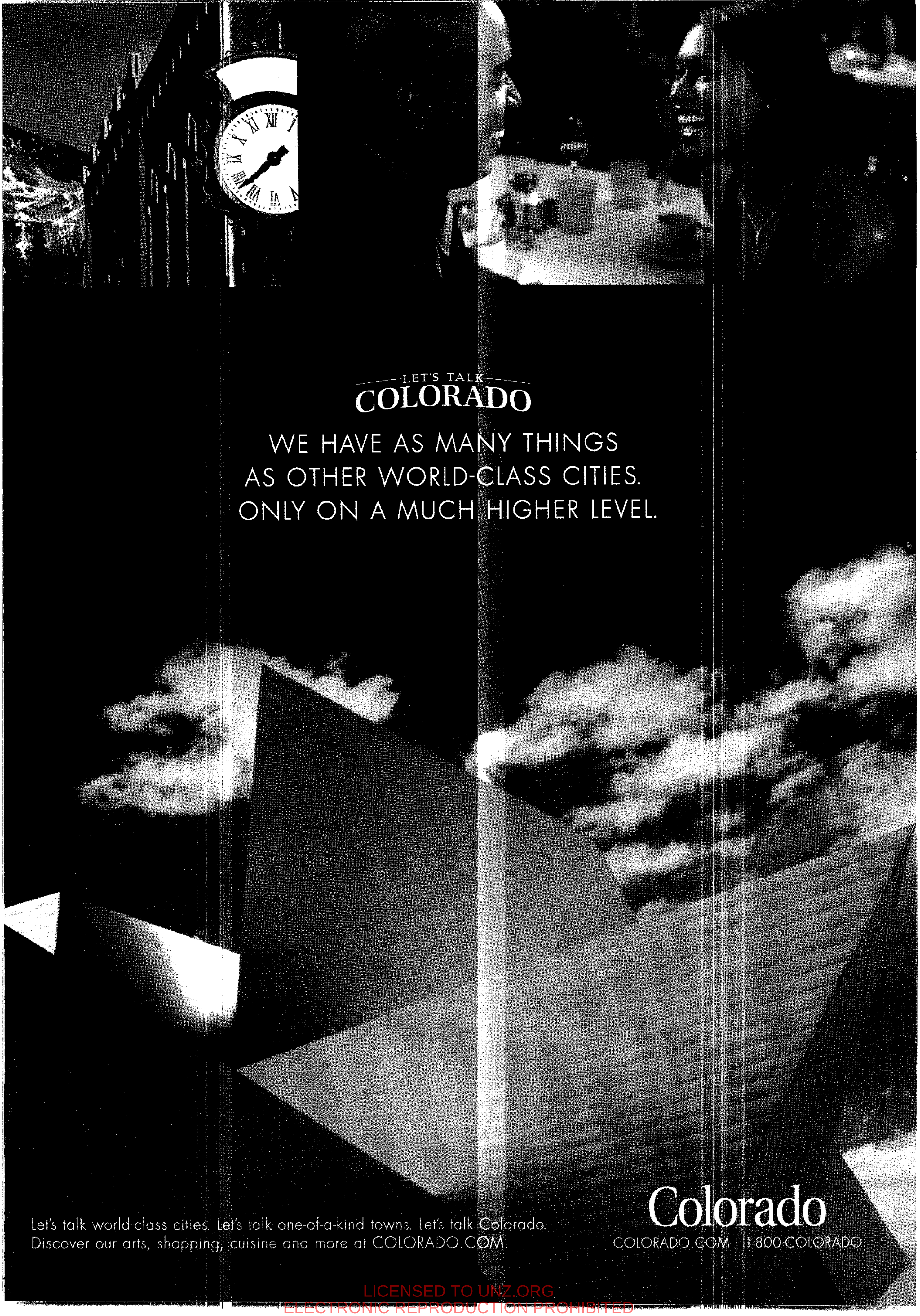
For wine lovers, Colorado's more than sixty licensed wineries are putting the state's winemaking industry on the map, bottling Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon, Chardonnay, and other varietals that can grow at high altitudes, thriving on hot days and cool nights.

The two main wine-producing regions are in the western part of the state: the Grand Valley, along the Colorado River near Grand Junction, and the West Elks, along the North Fork of the Gunnison River a bit to the south. Other wineries are a short drive from vacation destinations, including Denver, Boulder, Aspen, and Vail.

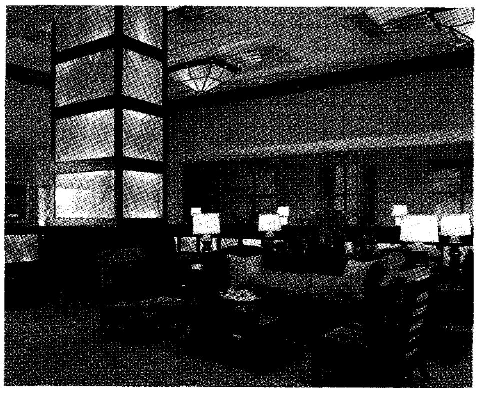
Of course, gourmet food and rich wine call for fresh flowers to complete the table, and Colorado's spring and summer bounty offers an abundance of blooms to fill a vase. Enjoy the scenery throughout the state, or get a close-up view at the Crested Butte Wildflower Festival. Held July 9th to 15th, this colorful event features walks, workshops, and art exhibits.

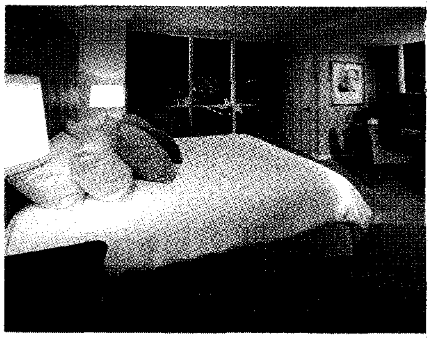
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: VINEYARD ©ZACH ORNITZ; PEACHES, WINE BOTTLES ©PERRY JOHNSON/IMAGICA; COLUMBINE, COLORADO'S STATE FLOWER ©MATT POWER PHOTOGRAPHY

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT COLORADO.COM OR CALL 800-COLORADO.


LET'S TALK
COLORADO
WE HAVE AS MANY THINGS
AS OTHER WORLD-CLASS CITIES.
ONLY ON A MUCH HIGHER LEVEL.
Colorado
COLORADO.COM
1-800-COLORADO

Let's talk world-class cities. Let's talk one-of-a-kind towns. Let's talk Colorado.
Discover our arts, shopping, cuisine and more at COLORADO.COM.





THE SIGNATURE AT MGM GRAND
TOWERING STANDARDS

The three golden towers of The Signature at MGM Grand are a distinctive addition to the Las Vegas skyline. A close-up look further reveals the unique attributes of this sanctuary-like addition to the MGM Grand portfolio, where luxury comes with a spectacular view.

If you've stayed in Las Vegas in the past, you're familiar with the crowds that congregate at most hotels during check-in. However, at this resort-hotel, guests are handed their keycards in a serene lobby off the private gated entrance.

Upstairs, there are only sixteen suites per floor—with an emphasis on luxury and quality. Quarters are furnished with superior amenities for guests: There's a thirty-two-inch flat-screen HDTV in the living area, DVD and CD players, an iHome iPod clock radio, high-speed Web access, and Wi-Fi.

Kitchen areas are equipped with Sub-Zero refrigerators, Cuisinart appliances, and Miele ovens. Oversized marble-and-granite bathrooms contain a Jacuzzi whirlpool tub, flat-screen TV, and spa emollients. In the bedrooms, a king-size pillow-top bed is swathed in luxurious Anichini linens.

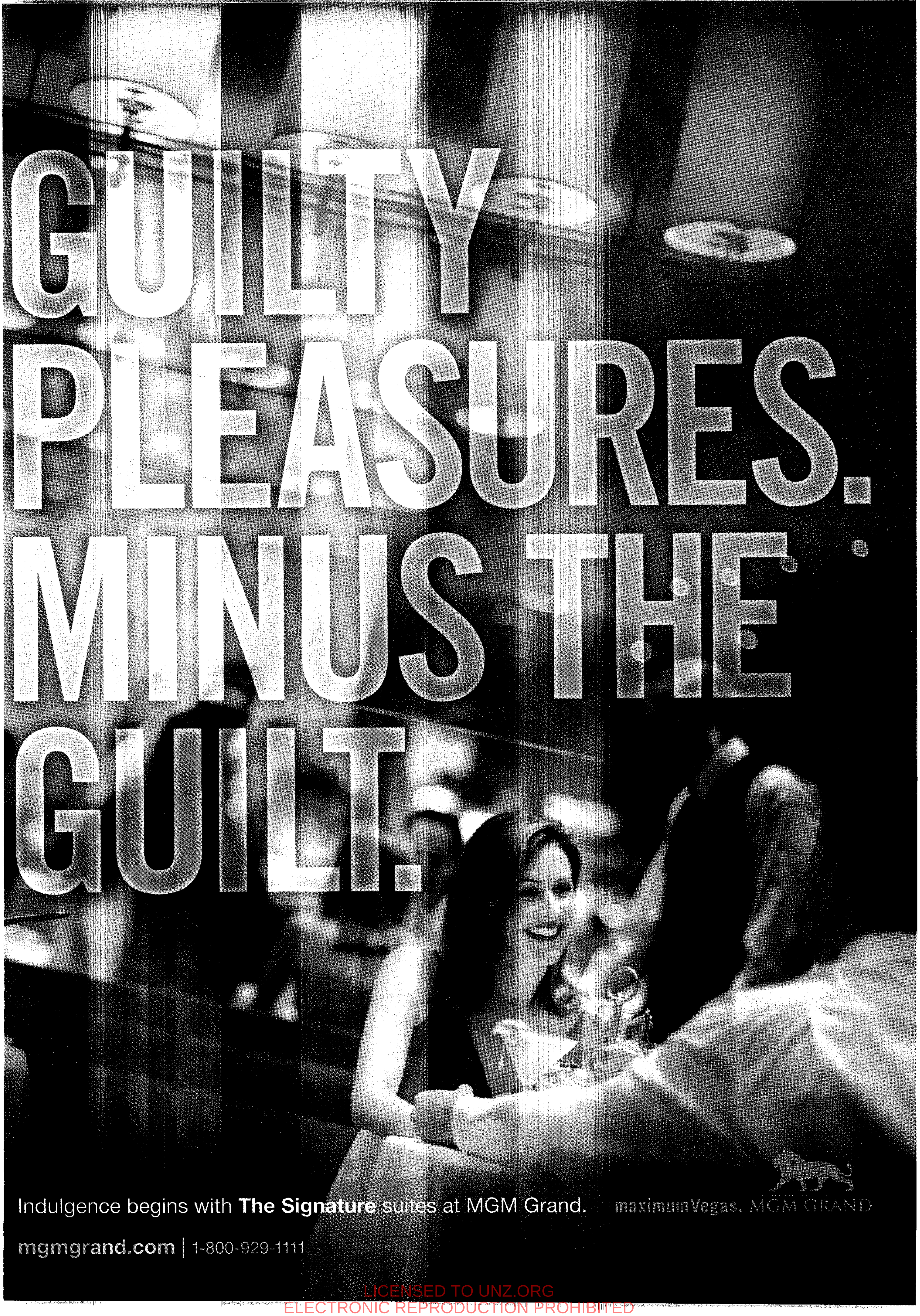
Most suites at The Signature also feature a balcony, unusual for Las Vegas accommodations. Vistas overlook the sinuous swimming pools of MGM Grand's hotel and the ruddy mountains that meet the horizon. From another angle, there are panoramic views of the glittering Las Vegas Strip.

For guests' convenience, a concierge, bell staff, in-suite dining, and valet are all on twenty-four-hour call. In-suite massages and same-day laundry and dry cleaning are available. The Signature hotel also features a private lounge, heated pool and cabanas, state-of-the-art fitness center, deli, and a Starbucks coffee shop.

Guests of The Signature can enjoy the attractions of MGM Grand Hotel & Casino via a quick trip on a moving, climate-controlled walkway. MGM Grand's temptations include award-winning restaurants, world-class entertainment and nightlife, superior service, and the celebrated Grand Spa and Cristophe Salon, providing a powerful package of indulgence and escape. With its comfort and luxury, The Signature combines the comforts of a serene retreat with the excitement of MGM Grand.

THE SIGNATURE AT MGM GRAND TOWERS IMAGE ©TAMMY LOH; ALL OTHER PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE SIGNATURE AT THE MGM GRAND

FOR ROOM AVAILABILITY AND MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE SIGNATURE AT MGM GRAND,
CALL 1-877-727-0007 OR VISIT SIGNATUREMGMGRAND.COM.


GUILTY PLEASURES. MINUS THE GUILT.
maximumVegas. MGM GRAND

Indulgence begins with **The Signature** suites at MGM Grand.

mgmgrand.com | 1-800-929-1111

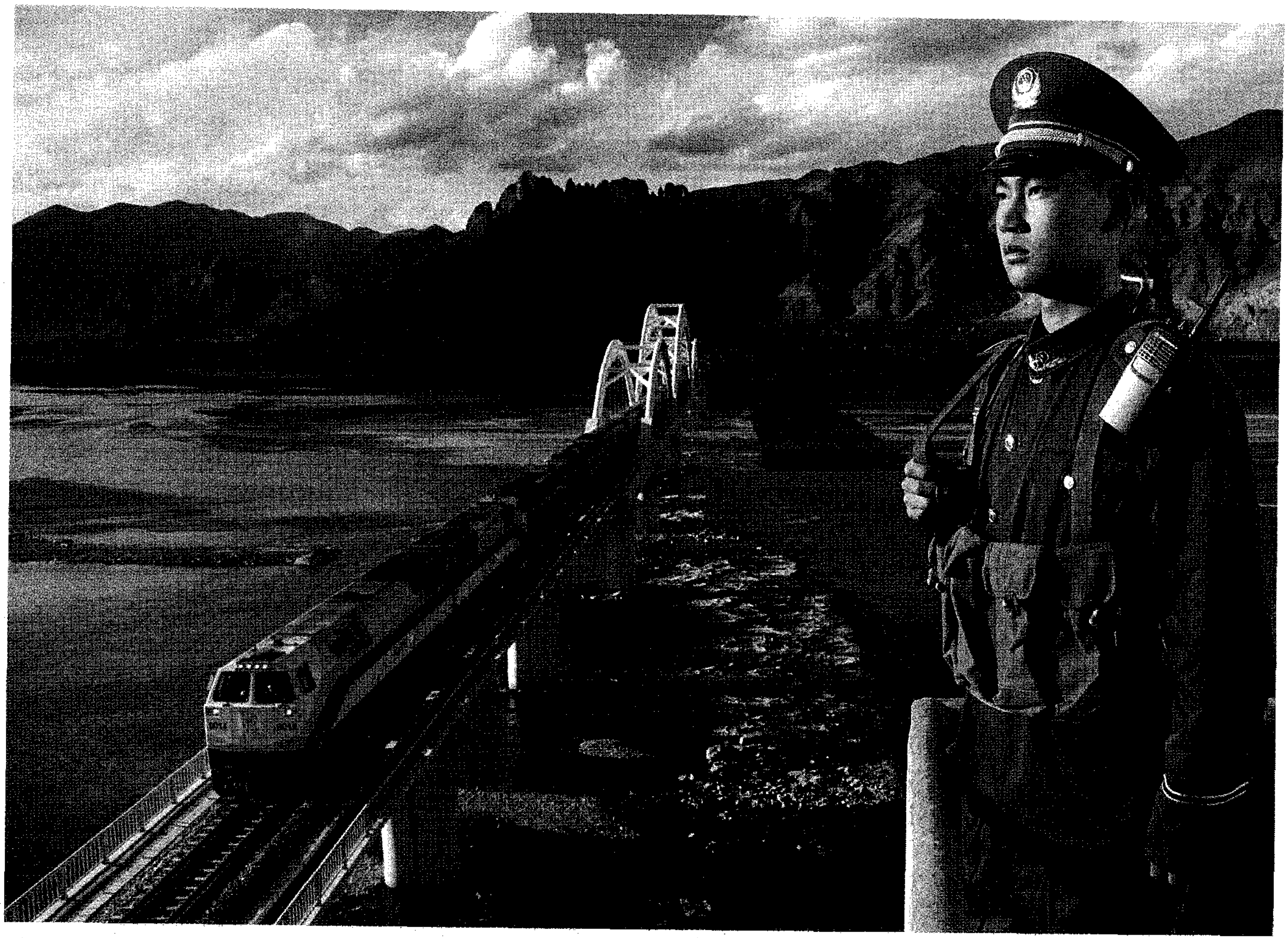
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE TRAIN TO TIBET

What will the greatest rail journey on earth do to its destination?

BY PANKAJ MISHRA

On an evening in late December, amid the chaos of Beijing West Railway Station, I stood in line for a train that looked little different from any of the other long-distance services shuffling into the vast Chinese hinterland. And yet the train I was about to board, the new Chinese service from Beijing to Lhasa, in Tibet, runs on the highest railroad in the world. Traversing a region known for earthquakes, low temperatures, and low atmospheric pressure, the railroad, which cost $4.2 billion to build, is an extraordinary feat of modern engineering—perhaps even, as the former Chinese premier Zhu Rongji has claimed, "an unprecedented project in the history of mankind." In two days, the train brings you to a region that thwarted some of the boldest travellers and explorers of the past.



A train crosses the triple-arched bridge over the Kyichu River, just outside Lhasa, as an armed policeman stands guard.

ZHAO YANZHI/XINHUA PHOTO/WPN

The route's prospect encourages the laziest kind of armchair fantasy—of great expanses of the "roof of the world" rolling into view with silky black yaks grazing in the grasslands and prayer flags fluttering from gold-topped temples. The train is meant only partly for seekers of Tibet's romance, however. Beijing claims that the railroad between Golmud, in Qinghai Province, and Lhasa, which began operation on July 1st last year, will help speed up the modernization of the country's second-largest region, one of the remotest and least developed. Many critics, meanwhile, have denounced the railroad as a means for the Chinese authorities to strengthen their hold on Tibet, further settling the region with China's ethnic majority, the Han Chinese, and eroding indigenous Tibetan culture. Tibet, which is almost as big as Texas, California, and New York State combined, also holds vast reserves of copper, iron, lead, zinc, and other minerals vital to China's economic growth.

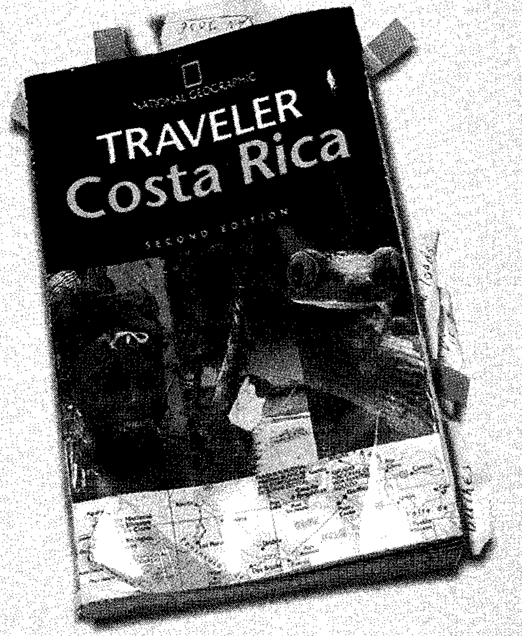
In the long, disorderly line for the train, there were hardly any foreign tourists. I noticed several Chinese officials cutting ahead, dressed in Western suits and trailed by armed soldiers. Polite uniformed coach attendants stood rigidly at attention outside the pine-green cars, but no one asked to see my expensively acquired permit for travel in Tibet.

Once aboard, I found my "soft sleeper" cabin, the ticket for which had

ALASKA AMSTERDAM ARIZONA AUSTRALIA BARCELONA BERLIN BOSTON & ENVIRONS CALIFORNIA CANADA THE CARIBBEAN CHINA COSTA RICA CUBA EGYPT FLORIDA FRANCE FLORENCE & TUSCANY GERMANY GREAT BRITAIN GREECE HAWAII HONG KONG INDIA IRELAND ITALY JAPAN LONDON LOS ANGELES MADRID MEXICO MIAMI & THE KEYS NAPLES & SOUTHERN ITALY NEW ORLEANS NEW YORK PARIS PIEDMONT & NORTHWEST ITALY PORTUGAL PRAGUE THE CZECH REPUBLIC PROVENCE & THE CÔTE D'AZUR ROME SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SICILY SPAIN ST. PETERSBURG SYDNEY TAIWAN THAILAND VENICE VIETNAM WASHINGTON, DC

OUR TRAVEL BOOKS ARE EVEN MORE EXPERIENCED THAN OUR TRAVELERS

For a limited time $5 REBATE *get a $5.00 rebate*



Backed by more than 100 years of studying and reporting our world, our guide books go along on every trip and come back well used. It's like having a trusted, informed travel companion every step of the way. Each guide is reported by literate experts who've actually lived, eaten and slept in the place you plan to visit. The maps are detailed and the pictures are captured by the best photographers in the business. It's total cultural immersion. Read the book in advance of your trip. Take it along with you for reference (each book is compact and fits neatly in your bag). Refer to it after your trip to refresh your memory. Any time is a good time to buy one of more than 50 *National Geographic Traveler* guidebooks. Now is a particularly good time because you can get a $5 rebate. Just visit nationalgeographic.com/guiderebate for more details. Then grab your book and go somewhere. We'll be with you all the way.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

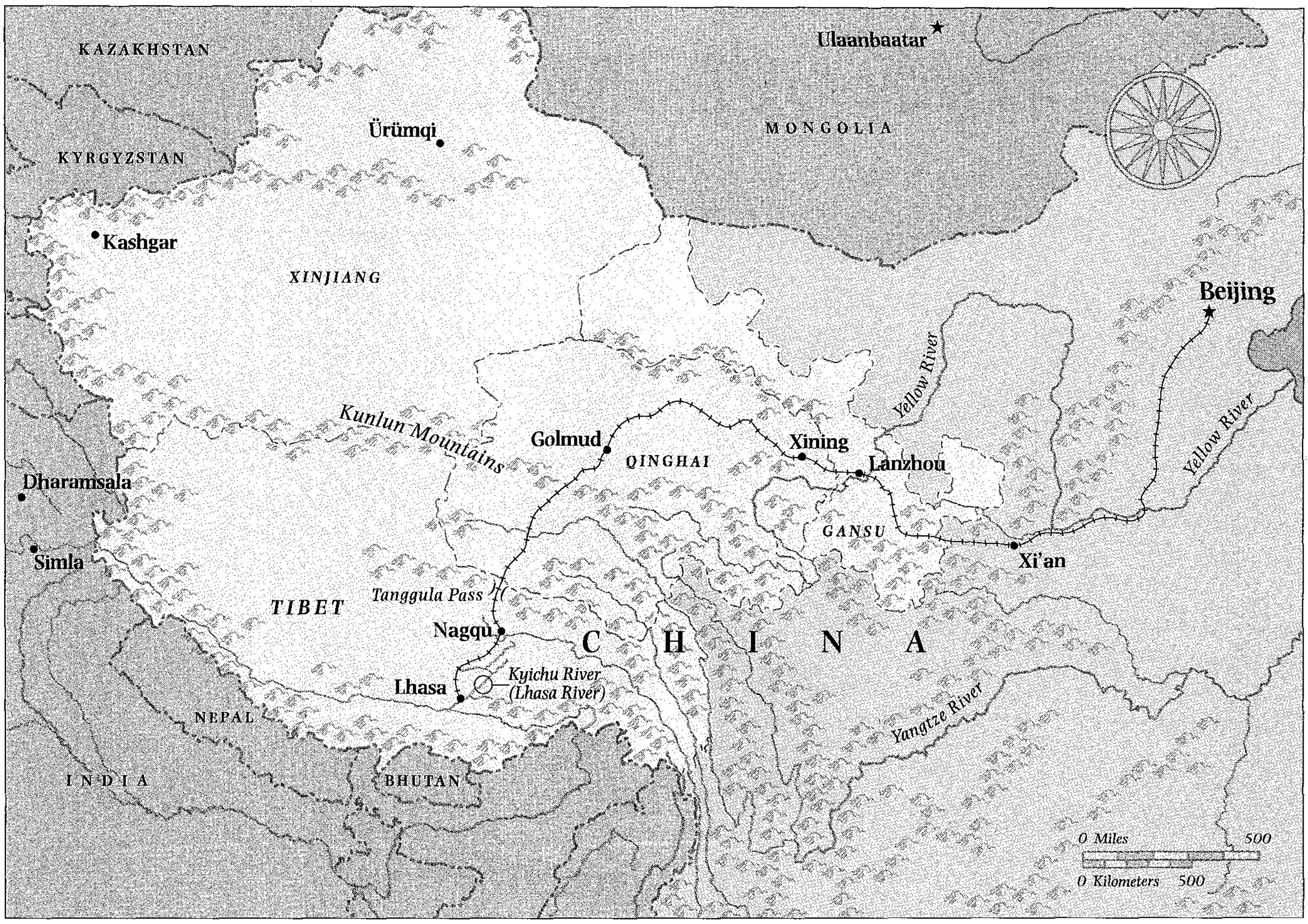
Limit two (2) rebates per person/household. For complete guidelines go to nationalgeographic.com/guiderebate.

cost about twelve hundred yuan, or some hundred and sixty dollars. Containing four bunk beds, it seemed very cramped. The introduction of luxury rolling stock is scheduled for the end of this year; the cars will feature private suites measuring a hundred square feet, and tickets will cost a thousand dollars a day. Meanwhile, it seemed that any impulse to luxury, or even basic comfort, had been squeezed out of my compartment. Flat-panel televisions, headphones, and a solitary white plastic rose in a narrow glass vase only highlighted its bleak functionalism. The ceiling was very low, and the space between the lower berths was barely wide enough for one person to stand up in, let alone four passengers struggling with severe altitude sickness.

To my relief, no one showed up to share my cabin. Indeed, despite subsidized fares and Chinese claims that four hundred and fifty thousand people took the train in its first two and a half months of operation, the train seemed far from full. I changed into my nightclothes, and hurried to the toilet at the end of the railcar; squat-style, it did not promise to stay clean for long. Back in the compartment, an attendant brought a thermos of hot water and then a rubber tube wrapped in a plastic packet. Wordlessly, he showed me how to attach it to the oxygen valve above my berth. The extra oxygen was a necessary precaution—the air in the mountains of Tibet contains thirty-five to forty per cent less oxygen than at sea level—but made the compartment look like a mobile clinic.

As the train slid away from Beijing, a P.A. system came to life. After a long speech in Chinese, a deep voice with a strange American accent unctuously intoned, “Dear passengers,” and began to relay impressive statistics about the seven-hundred-mile railroad extension from Qinghai to Tibet: laid by a hundred thousand workers over five years, it traverses three hundred and forty miles of permafrost, often at altitudes between thirteen and sixteen thousand feet. Chinese pride in the railroad is intense, as I knew from a three-hour documentary that had been broadcast on the state-run CCTV channel in 2006. It had detailed the history of successive efforts by Chinese leaders to build the railway, and the struggles and sacrifices of construction workers, and had also asserted China’s commitment to bringing “modern civilization” to Tibet, which it described as “a once remote and backward place.” It claimed that Tibetans had been “yearning for decades” for the rail link to Lhasa, and showed Tibetans singing, in Mandarin, of their love for the Chinese motherland.

Such propaganda notwithstanding, the greatest rail construction ventures in history, in the American West and the Siberian East, do not come close to matching the technical achievement of the railroad to the Tibet Autonomous Region (as the land previously ruled by the Dalai Lama has been officially called since 1965). Laying rail tracks across Tibet’s permafrost is especially risky, because the surface is prone to melt as temperatures rise. Chinese engineers



The new railroad from Golmud to Lhasa covers seven hundred miles, including three hundred and forty miles of permafrost.

JEFFREY WARD

PRESENTS

THE ART OF THE STORY

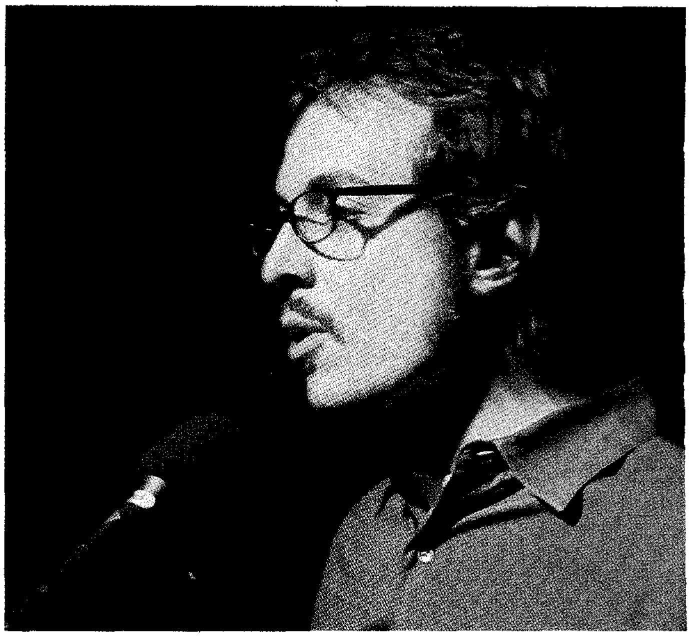
[illegible] a microphone before him, a single storyteller stands before a captivated group, revealing a personal tale with humor and humanity. A not-for-profit arts organization, The Moth provides a platform for these authentic voices to connect with audiences in major cities.

The following is the second in a series of adaptations of these extraordinary live performances.

[illegible] his true story of how a diehard young baseball fan scored a brief but memorable career with the New York Yankees. ▸

[illegible]

SPONSORED BY Lunesta eszopiclone



Everyone Has a Story

MY FIRST DAY WITH THE YANKEES

Voted a Favorite by The Moth Audience

MATTHEW McGOUGH entered the Bronx Bombers' clubhouse on Opening Day in 1992, thus beginning the two years of adventures he later chronicled in "Bat Boy: Coming of Age with the New York Yankees." Originally published by Doubleday, McGough's memoir was released in paperback this month by Anchor.

(Nervous and excited to suddenly find himself in the major leagues, McGough recalls his first day on the job as a Yankee batboy in this adapted transcript of the story he told live at The Moth.)

"How's it going? I'm Don Mattingly. Are you going to be working with us this year?"

"I'm Matt, the new batboy."

"Great to meet you, Matt. I have a very big job to ask of you. I just unpacked all my bats from spring training, and I don't know if it was the altitude of the flight from Florida or the humidity down there, or what, but all my bats came up short. The game starts in about two hours. I need you to find me a bat stretcher."

"OK."

I go find the clubhouse manager, Nick, and Nick is busy. Probably a half dozen ballplayers are bothering him for double-A batteries or "My hat's too small" or this or that, and I go up and I say, "Nick, I need a bat stretcher for Mattingly!" And he lets loose with a stream of expletives. I'd never heard that type of language in the movies before, or for that matter *anywhere,* let alone directed at me.

I rock back on my heels and go to find somebody I can trust, like Nick's assistant Rob, and I tell him, "I need a bat stretcher for Mattingly, and Nick told me to disappear so I don't know what to do." He's like, "Chill out, I saw Danny Tartabull using one in his locker."

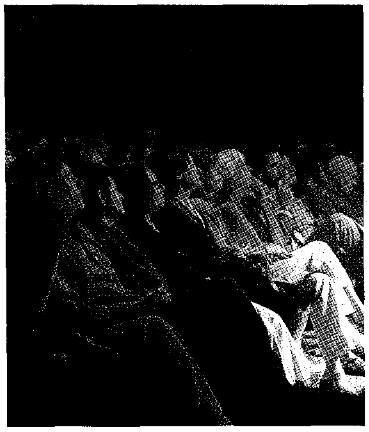
> "I'm the only person in the world who knows that if I don't come through on this mission, Mattingly's going up against the Red Sox with a toothpick in his hand."

Tartabull is the Yankees' power-hitting right fielder. I go to his locker and he's getting dressed in his uniform. I stand off to the side and he says, "How's it going? "And I say, "Hi, I'm Matt, the new batboy. I need a bat stretcher for Don Mattingly and I heard you were just using one." And he's like, "Well, I *was* using one, but I left it in the manager's office. You should probably go check in there." So I say, "Thanks," and he says, "See you around," and I go find the manager's office.

Buck Showalter is having a press conference with probably eight or ten reporters. I stand off to the side. The conversation comes to a standstill, basically because there's a sixteen-year-old kid in his Easter blazer and tie, standing in the manager's office at Yankee Stadium two hours before first pitch on Opening Day, looking lost and anxious. Showalter turns to me and says, "Can I help you?" and I say, "I'm Matt, I'm the new batboy. I'm really sorry to interrupt but I need a bat stretcher for Don Mattingly, and Danny Tartabull says he left it in here, so . . ."

READ "MY FIRST DAY WITH THE YANKEES" IN ITS ENTIRETY AT WWW.THEMOTH.ORG/ARTOFTHESTORY.

TOP: MCGOUGH; PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE MOTH



Upcoming Events presented by The Moth

THE ART OF THE STORY

Experience "The Art of the Story" LIVE at these themed Moth events, sponsored by Lunesta. To locate venues and more information, go to www.themoth.org.

APRIL 12
The Moth Story Tour: Out on a Limb
At Metro
Chicago

APRIL 15
The Moth Story Tour: Out on a Limb
At The Lincoln Theatre
Washington, D.C.

APRIL 23
The Moth Story Tour: Out on a Limb
At Calderwood Pavilion
Boston

MAY 1
The Moth Story Tour: Los Angeles Moth StorySLAM
Theme: Danger
At Tangier
Los Angeles

Sponsored by Lunesta (eszopiclone)
1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

TAKE THE

LUNESTA 7-NIGHT

CHALLENGE!

Ask your doctor how to get
7 nights of LUNESTA® absolutely free!

**How are you sleeping these days? Do you have trouble falling asleep?
Or waking in the night? Try non-narcotic LUNESTA instead, and see how it can
help you find the full night's sleep you've been craving.
Discover how to improve your sleep habits at www.lunesta.com.
Or call 1-800-Lunesta.**

Hurry! Offer ends May 31st!

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION: LUNESTA works quickly, and should be taken right before bed. Be sure you have at least eight hours to devote to sleep before becoming active. Until you know how you'll react to prescription LUNESTA, you should not drive or operate machinery. Do not use alcohol while taking LUNESTA. Most sleep medicines carry some risk of dependency. Side effects may include unpleasant taste, headache, drowsiness and dizziness. See important patient information on the next page.

Follow these two simple steps to get your 7 free tablets of LUNESTA:

STEP 1: Take this page to your doctor and ask if LUNESTA is right for you.
STEP 2: Present both your prescription and this page to your pharmacist for your 7 free tablets of LUNESTA.

Name: ______________________________

Lunesta™ (eszopiclone) Ⓒ
1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

©2007 Sepracor Inc. LUN109-07

Lunesta™

(eszopiclone)Ⓒ

1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Please read this summary of information about LUNESTA before you talk to your doctor or start using LUNESTA. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. If you have any questions about LUNESTA tablets, be sure to ask your doctor or pharmacist.

LUNESTA is used to treat different types of sleep problems, such as difficulty in falling asleep, difficulty in maintaining sleep during the night, and waking up too early in the morning. Most people with insomnia have more than one of these problems. You should take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed because of the risk of falling.

LUNESTA belongs to a group of medicines known as "hypnotics" or, simply, sleep medicines. There are many different sleep medicines available to help people sleep better. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent. It usually requires treatment for only a short time, usually 7 to 10 days up to 2 weeks. If your insomnia does not improve after 7 to 10 days of treatment, see your doctor, because it may be a sign of an underlying condition. Some people have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. However, you should not use these medicines for long periods without talking with your doctor about the risks and benefits of prolonged use.

Side Effects

All medicines have side effects. The most common side effects of sleep medicines are:

- Drowsiness
- Dizziness
- Lightheadedness
- Difficulty with coordination

Sleep medicines can make you sleepy during the day. How drowsy you feel depends upon how your body reacts to the medicine, which sleep medicine you are taking, and how large a dose your doctor has prescribed. Daytime drowsiness is best avoided by taking the lowest dose possible that will still help you sleep at night. Your doctor will work with you to find the dose of LUNESTA that is best for you. Some people taking LUNESTA have reported next-day sleepiness.

To manage these side effects while you are taking this medicine:

- When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
- Do not drink alcohol when you are taking LUNESTA or any sleep medicine. Alcohol can increase the side effects of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
- Do not take any other medicines without asking your doctor first. This includes medicines you can buy without a prescription. Some medicines can cause drowsiness and are best avoided while taking LUNESTA.
- Always take the exact dose of LUNESTA prescribed by your doctor. Never change your dose without talking to your doctor first.

Special Concerns

There are some special problems that may occur while taking sleep medicines.

Memory Problems

Sleep medicines may cause a special type of memory loss or "amnesia." When this occurs, a person may not remember what has happened for several hours after taking the medicine. This is usually not a problem since most people fall asleep after taking the medicine. Memory loss can be a problem, however, when sleep medicines are taken while traveling, such as during an airplane flight and the person wakes up before the effect of the medicine is gone. This has been called "traveler's amnesia." Memory problems have been reported rarely by patients taking LUNESTA in clinical studies. In most cases, memory problems can be avoided if you take LUNESTA only when you are able to get a full night of sleep before you need to be active again. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you think you are having memory problems.

Tolerance

When sleep medicines are used every night for more than a few weeks, they may lose their effectiveness in helping you sleep. This is known as "tolerance." Development of tolerance to LUNESTA was not observed in a clinical study of 6 months' duration. Insomnia is often transient and intermittent, and prolonged use of sleep medicines is generally not necessary. Some people, though, have chronic sleep problems that may require more prolonged use of sleep medicine. If your sleep problems continue, consult your doctor, who will determine whether other measures are needed to overcome your sleep problems.

Dependence

Sleep medicines can cause dependence in some people, especially when these medicines are used regularly for longer than a few weeks or at high doses. Dependence is the need to continue taking a medicine because stopping it is unpleasant.

When people develop dependence, stopping the medicine suddenly may cause unpleasant symptoms (see *Withdrawal* below). They may find they have to keep taking the medicine either at the prescribed dose or at increasing doses just to avoid withdrawal symptoms.

All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming dependent on the medicine. However, people who have been dependent on alcohol or other drugs in the past may have a higher chance of becoming addicted to sleep medicines. This possibility must be considered before using these medicines for more than a few weeks. If you have been addicted to alcohol or drugs in the past, it is important to tell your doctor before starting LUNESTA or any sleep medicine.

Withdrawal

Withdrawal symptoms may occur when sleep medicines are stopped suddenly after being used daily for a long time. In some cases, these symptoms can occur even if the medicine has been used for only a week or two. In mild cases, withdrawal symptoms may include unpleasant feelings. In more severe cases, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, shakiness, and, rarely, seizures may occur. These more severe withdrawal symptoms are very uncommon. Although withdrawal symptoms have not been observed in the relatively limited controlled trials experience with LUNESTA, there is, nevertheless, the risk of such events in association with the use of any sleep medicine.

Another problem that may occur when sleep medicines are stopped is known as "rebound insomnia." This means that a person may have more trouble sleeping the first few nights after the medicine is stopped than before starting the medicine. If you should experience rebound insomnia, do not get discouraged. This problem usually goes away on its own after 1 or 2 nights.

If you have been taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for more than 1 or 2 weeks, do not stop taking it on your own. Always follow your doctor's directions.

Changes In Behavior And Thinking

Some people using sleep medicines have experienced unusual changes in their thinking and/or behavior. These effects are not common. However, they have included:

- More outgoing or aggressive behavior than normal
- Confusion
- Strange behavior
- Agitation
- Hallucinations
- Worsening of depression
- Suicidal thoughts

How often these effects occur depends on several factors, such as a person's general health, the use of other medicines, and which sleep medicine is being used. Clinical experience with LUNESTA suggests that it is rarely associated with these behavior changes.

It is also important to realize it is rarely clear whether these behavior changes are caused by the medicine, are caused by an illness, or have occurred on their own. In fact, sleep problems that do not improve may be due to illnesses that were present before the medicine was used. If you or your family notice any changes in your behavior, or if you have any unusual or disturbing thoughts, call your doctor immediately.

Pregnancy And Breastfeeding

Sleep medicines may cause sedation or other potential effects in the unborn baby when used during the last weeks of pregnancy. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, or if you become pregnant while taking LUNESTA.

In addition, a very small amount of LUNESTA may be present in breast milk after use of the medication. The effects of very small amounts of LUNESTA on an infant are not known; therefore, as with all other prescription sleep medicines, it is recommended that you not take LUNESTA if you are breastfeeding a baby.

Safe Use Of Sleep Medicines

To ensure the safe and effective use of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, you should observe the following cautions:

1. LUNESTA is a prescription medicine and should be used ONLY as directed by your doctor. Follow your doctor's instructions about how to take, when to take, and how long to take LUNESTA.
2. Never use LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine for longer than directed by your doctor.
3. If you notice any unusual and/or disturbing thoughts or behavior during treatment with LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, contact your doctor.
4. Tell your doctor about any medicines you may be taking, including medicines you may buy without a prescription and herbal preparations. You should also tell your doctor if you drink alcohol. DO NOT use alcohol while taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine.
5. Do not take LUNESTA unless you are able to get 8 or more hours of sleep before you must be active again.
6. Do not increase the prescribed dose of LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine unless instructed by your doctor.
7. When you first start taking LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine, until you know whether the medicine will still have some effect on you the next day, use extreme care while doing anything that requires complete alertness, such as driving a car, operating machinery, or piloting an aircraft.
8. Be aware that you may have more sleeping problems the first night or two after stopping any sleep medicine.
9. Be sure to tell your doctor if you are pregnant, if you are planning to become pregnant, if you become pregnant, or if you are breastfeeding a baby while taking LUNESTA.
10. As with all prescription medicines, never share LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine with anyone else. Always store LUNESTA or any other sleep medicine in the original container and out of reach of children.
11. Be sure to tell your doctor if you suffer from depression.
12. LUNESTA works very quickly. You should only take LUNESTA immediately before going to bed.
13. For LUNESTA to work best, you should not take it with or immediately after a high-fat, heavy meal.
14. Some people, such as older adults (i.e., ages 65 and over) and people with liver disease, should start with the lower dose (1 mg) of LUNESTA. Your doctor may choose to start therapy at 2 mg. In general, adults under age 65 should be treated with 2 or 3 mg.
15. Each tablet is a single dose; do not crush or break the tablet.

Note: This summary provides important information about LUNESTA. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the Prescribing Information and then discuss it with him or her.

Rx only

SEPRACOR

© 2005 SEPRACOR INC. All Rights Reserved.

Lunesta®

(eszopiclone)Ⓒ

1, 2 AND 3 MG TABLETS

Your acceptance of this offer must be consistent with the terms of any drug benefit provided by a health insurer, health plan, or other third-party payer, and you agree to report acceptance of this offer to your health insurer, health plan, or third-party payer as may be required.

EXPIRATION DATE: 5/31/2007

Good for 7 Free Tablets of LUNESTA®

(Please check mg strength)

☐1mg ☐2mg ☐3mg

Limit–One TrialScript® voucher per patient. Redeem for product only when accompanied by a valid, signed prescription form for LUNESTA®
Submit claim to McKesson Specialty Arizona Inc. using BIN #610500. For pharmacy processing questions, please call the help desk at 1-800-750-9835.

Group #H2150006 ID #VAA137397

Product dispensed pursuant to terms of voucher shall not be submitted for reimbursement to any public or private third-party payer such as Medicare (including TrOOP), Medicaid or any other similar federal or state health care program, or private health insurance. Not valid if reproduced or submitted to any other payer. Offer limited to one voucher per person and may not be used with any other discount, coupon or offer. Offer valid only in the United States. Void where prohibited by law, taxed or restricted. It is illegal for any person to sell, purchase or trade, or offer to sell, purchase or trade, or to counterfeit, this voucher. By accepting this voucher, pharmacist certifies that: (i) pharmacist will not seek or accept reimbursement from the patient to redeem this offer and (ii) pharmacist's participation in this program is consistent with all applicable state laws and any obligations, contractual or otherwise, which pharmacist is subject to as a pharmacy provider. Prescriber ID# required on prescription. McKesson retains the right to review all records and documentation relating to the filling/dispensing of product. Patient must be eighteen (18) years of age or older.

Sepracor Inc. reserves the right to change or discontinue this offer at any time without notice. Offer valid through 5/31/07.

TrialScript® is a registered trademark of McKesson Corporation.

SEPRACOR

faced this challenge with innovative cooling strategies. They elevated tracks; they put in a network of pipes to circulate liquid nitrogen and cold air beneath the rails in order to keep them frozen throughout the year; they installed metal sunshades in south-facing locations to deflect warmth from the sun. Although the carriages of the train looked old to me, they had UV-resistant coatings and an eco-friendly wastewater-storage system, and their underbellies were enclosed to protect wiring from snowstorms and sandstorms. A complex mechanism drew in outside air and released nitrogen and other gases while pumping oxygen-enriched air through the train.

I went to sleep early and woke up when it was still dark outside. For hours afterward, I lay in bed, waiting for light to nibble at the edges of the curtains. The light, when it came, was gray and dirty. Thick mist lay outside, through which the sun appeared as a sickly yellow blur. The view from the window, divided cleanly by the white plastic rose, did not improve as the day leaked away. Mist, smog, and dust stifled the passing scenery; the only color lay in sheets of blue plastic covering vegetable fields beside the tracks. Once, a station sign proclaimed a resonant place-name: Xi'an. We were in the antique heartland of China, watered by the Yellow River. Occasionally, the train, moving swiftly and smoothly, appeared to be in a gorge; we seemed to be travelling through Gansu, which has some of the roughest landscape in China.

In the dining room, as plain as an office canteen, the officials I had seen cutting in line on the platform were having a noisy meal, voices raised and chopsticks fluttering in the air. Their guards stood at a respectful distance while a pretty Chinese waitress hovered around them.

Fantasizing about this trip, I had often seen myself in the dining car, eating spicy tofu and drinking green tea, as the train to Lhasa ambled to its highest point, Tanggula Pass. But when the waitress finally delivered to me the tattered English version of the menu, it turned out to be resolutely unglamorous, with "vegetable stock" but no spicy tofu. I settled for fried eggplant and rice.

Back in my compartment after lunch, I called—on my British cell phone, which miraculously worked—a Tibetan exile in Dharamsala, the Dalai Lama's home town in India. My friend had escaped recently, after living for some years near the railroad in Qinghai. He seemed both surprised and pleased to hear from someone travelling through his old haunts. He told me to compare the number of Tibetan passengers and workers on the train with the number of Chinese. He said, "No one will talk to you, but just go and count the number of Tibetans."

I had seen some Tibetans, recognizable by their full faces and burning-red cheeks, on the platform in Beijing the day before. They had seemed as anxious as everyone else to get on the train. In the morning, there had been four young Tibetans—in knockoff Nikes and identical raffish suède jackets—in the dining car. The pretty waitress, who had been ingratiating with the officials, was brusque with them, placing a single menu on their table without a glance in their direction, and then ignoring their attempts to get her attention.

I had been tempted to approach them. But I knew from an earlier visit to Tibet, in 2004, that Tibetans seen talking to foreigners, especially journalists, could invite unwelcome attention from the apparently numerous spies, informers, and plainclothes policemen. Were Tibetans on the train being monitored? I couldn't tell. But the Tibetan in Dharamsala was categorical about the train's purpose: it was meant to help Han Chinese move to Tibet to take advantage of the benefits and concessions offered by the Chinese government; it was also meant to take mineral resources out of the region.

Shortly before boarding the train, I had heard a fierce version of this argument from a Tibetan poet and essayist named Woeser. Many young Tibetan exiles in India and the West regard Woeser as a heroine, the first major secular voice within China to speak out against Chinese rule over Tibet. In the bleak grayness of December Beijing, at the hotel where I had arranged to meet her, she struck a defiantly ethnic note, wearing a gold-and-red Tibetan jacket with a side opening, suède boots, and orange-

Menu
There Are SO many Choices!

©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

streaked silver earrings. I had expected to meet someone bearing the visible strain of state oppression, but Woeser seemed unbowed. Curiosity animated her broad oval face, making her look much younger than her forty years, and she smiled quickly between bursts of fervent speech.

"The train is a colonial imposition," she said, and she quoted Edward Said's description of imperialism as "geographical violence." She told me that Chinese rule over Tibet had grown much more repressive in the previous two years. She added, "Han Chinese already dominated Lhasa, and since the train arrived in July the city has changed even faster." Her vehement tone made me look around nervously for likely eavesdroppers.

In the struggle over Tibet, Woeser is an anomalous figure. Nothing in her background inclined her toward dissidence. Her half-Tibetan father had been a teen-age soldier in China's People's Liberation Army (P.L.A.), which "peacefully liberated" Tibet in 1951, establishing Communist rule over a mostly Buddhist population and eventually forcing its leader, the Dalai Lama, to flee. (Soon after, China strengthened its hold on Tibet with a new road from Golmud to Lhasa, along much the same route as the one now taken by the railroad.) Born in 1966, Woeser was, as she writes in one of her poems, "raised under the bugle of the P.L.A." in Tibet. She was ten when Mao Zedong died, in 1976, and she burst into tears when she heard the news.

Woeser's first language is Chinese—she still doesn't read or write Tibetan—and as a young poet, she told me, she had no interest in politics until she read, in the late nineteen-eighties, a Chinese translation of a book about Tibetan refugees by John Avedon (son of Richard Avedon). Through the nineties, she worked in a government job in Lhasa, as the editor of the magazine *Tibetan Literature*. It was not until 2000, when she met her partner, Wang Lixiong—an expert on Tibet, though he is Han Chinese—that she began to write critically about Chinese rule over Tibet. In 2003, the Chinese authorities moved against her. They banned her most popular book, "Notes on Tibet," ostensibly for praising the Dalai Lama. She lost her job and was forbidden to leave the region. Ordered to receive "reëducation" by visiting construction sites of the railroad in order to write articles praising the project, she managed to leave Tibet. She now lives with Wang Lixiong and his mother in a Beijing suburb.

A recently translated volume of Woeser's and Wang Lixiong's writings, "Unlocking Tibet," offers a forthright statement about the Chinese challenge to Tibetan culture and identity. Last year, Tibet's economy grew even faster than China's rate of 10.7 per cent, helped by subsidies from Beijing—which, in recent years, have constituted more than half of local government revenue—and more than a million tourists each year. These days, Lhasa resembles a Chinese provincial city on the make. Crowds of people, mostly Han Chinese, swarm thoroughfares lined by shopping malls, new glass-and-steel office buildings, and massage parlors and hair salons, which are often fronts for brothels. In "Unlocking Tibet," Woeser naturally deplores these changes. She also criticizes the manner in which the Chinese government has restored many Buddhist monasteries and temples that had been destroyed during Mao's Cultural Revolution. The Tibetans who flock to these temples seem to enjoy considerable religious freedom, but Woeser, in an essay on the Potala Palace, accuses the Chinese of turning the Dalai Lama's former residence in Lhasa into a mine of "unlimited commercial opportunities."

It was hard not to feel that Woeser, awakening late to Tibet's plight, was trying to make amends, through her ardent denunciations of the Chinese regime, for the long years when she was a member of the Tibetan élite, unthinkingly loyal to its Chinese overlords. I was struck by the similarity of her situation to that of a young Tibetan monk she describes in one of her essays: taken by Chinese authorities to a human-rights conference in Europe, the politically innocent man is thrown into confusion and sorrow by an angry crowd of Tibetan exiles accusing him of being a "Communist lama."

Woeser's outspokenness about Tibet also disconcerted me because I had found it impossible to meet Tibetans in China willing to speak to me, even off the record. Recent reports by human-rights organizations assert that Buddhist monks in Tibet are still forced to denounce the Dalai Lama, and Tibetans are prohibited from possessing pictures of him. Woeser seems especially vulnerable. In 1999, Wang Lixiong was detained and interrogated by security officials in Muslim-dominated Xinjiang for more than a month. A policeman, Woeser told me, permanently monitors their apartment.

I asked Woeser if she wanted me

"It's so good to finally get out of the city."

to keep some of her remarks off the record. No longer smiling, she spoke rapidly to the interpreter, and then stared expectantly at me as I listened to the translation.

"I don't care," she said.

Woeser's emphatic rejection of the railroad made me uneasy—in part because I have loved trains since childhood. My father worked for Indian Railways, and I grew up in sleepy provincial towns, close to railway yards, where the days resonated with the melancholy sighs of loitering steam engines and the contemptuous shudder of express trains speeding to the distant cities of Delhi, Madras, and Bombay. Every morning, slow mail trains delivered early editions of newspapers that had been printed the night before in their metropolitan bases. I often walked to the railway station to meet them. On the platform, where bundles of newspapers and magazines thrown by invisible hands landed with a dusty thud, I watched with awe as the soot-blackened engineers went off duty. There were rumors about their alcoholism and violent domestic habits, but on these mornings they always seemed to be returning home from heroic expeditions.

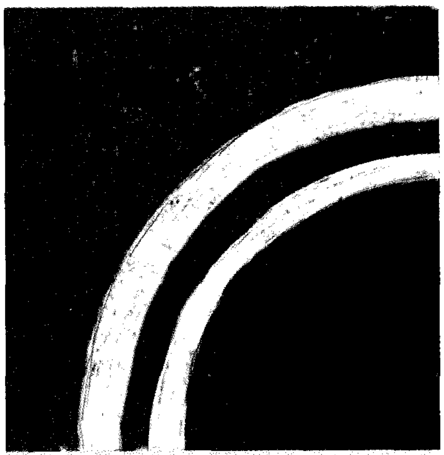
By the nineteen-seventies, steam was giving way to diesel and coaches were being designed in a modern functional style. But you could still find first-class railcars embodying colonial luxury. I travelled on them with my family on long journeys two or three times a year. As we sat in teak-panelled compartments with glass windows, inset mirrors, and embossed-leather seats, the sensation of movement infused eating, sleeping, and reading with a new sensuousness. The unremittingly dark nights, the stationmaster holding an oil lantern on a deserted platform, acquired a fresh mystery; there was great drama in the figures of peasants working in the flat fields under vast skies, and also in the small-town bazaars, whose garish shop signs managed to stoke longing as keenly as the familiar cries of hawkers that erupted at every stop.

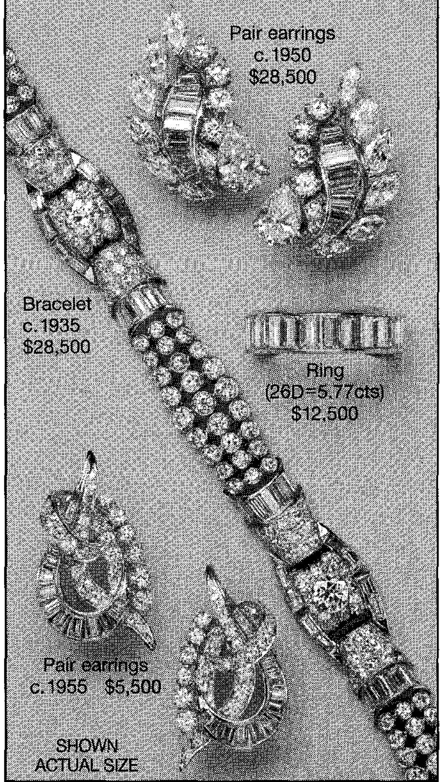
Like much else in India, the railways seemed as though they had always been there. In fact, they were introduced in 1851, by the British, part of a worldwide surge in rail construction during the nineteenth century, which gave governments and businesses freer access to markets and resources in the remotest parts of Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. Indian nationalists accused the British of using railways to plunder their most valuable colonial possession. Mohandas Gandhi, whose political awakening began when he was expelled from a first-class rail compartment in South Africa because of his skin color, condemned railways as carriers of disease and disrupters of self-sufficient rural economies. But Gandhi's political heirs did not share his suspicion of Western-style modernization and development. Railways continued to expand in post-independence India, binding far-flung towns and villages into the fourth-biggest rail network in the world. In the film "Pather Panchali," the first in Satyajit Ray's Apu Trilogy, the symbolically charged arrival of the train in the Bengal countryside heralds the displacement of a rural family.

In tradition-bound China, railways initially incited similar anxieties. Mandarins of China's last imperial dynasty purchased the few miles of rail track that had been laid by European traders near Shanghai and tore them up. But the nation-builders of Republican China quickly recognized the political uses of the railways. As early as the nineteen-hundreds, when China had no real authority over Tibet, Sun Yat-sen, the founder of modern China, had outlined a plan to connect Lhasa to the Chinese rail system. However, civil war and the Japanese invasion insured that at the time of the Communist takeover, in 1949, China had only a few thousand miles of track, mostly in the north and northeast of the country.

Since then, the Chinese rail network has expanded dramatically and become one of the largest in the world. Reaching Golmud, in Qinghai, in 1984 and Kashgar, in Xinjiang, in 1999, it has economically integrated these remote provinces, making them available for large-scale resettlement by Han Chinese immigrants, and strengthening Beijing's political control.

The link from Golmud to Lhasa, across the almost impassable Kunlun Mountains, which form a natural boundary at the north of the Tibetan plateau, has been the most ambitious of


MassMutual
FINANCIAL GROUP®
We'll help you get there.℠
MassMutual Financial Group is a marketing designation (or fleet name) for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company (MassMutual) and its affiliates. ©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Fine Estate Jewelry
(platinum and diamonds)


FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858 • www.firestoneandparson.com

China's rail ventures. In 1889, visiting a country deeply humiliated by Western powers, Rudyard Kipling had wondered, "What will happen when China really wakes up, runs a line from Shanghai to Lhasa . . . and controls her own gun-factories and arsenals?" China has now woken up.

Later in the afternoon, when I walked through the train, the Tibetans seemed fewer and more subdued. Most were in the cheapest, "hard seats" carriage, tickets for which cost around fifty dollars. Built with scant regard for the human form, the hard seats encouraged a bolt-upright posture for forty-seven hours. The Tibetans had already slumped into a miasma of cigarette smoke and a faint smell of yak butter.

Many of the Chinese were grouped in the "hard sleeper" compartments, tickets for which cost around a hundred dollars. Empty instant-noodle cups lay on the floor, the P.A. system was turned up high, and people shouted into cell phones. It was hard to spot potential immigrants among them. Was it the young rake with quasi-punk hair and Lenovo laptop, or the middle-aged man with the *People's Daily* open on a battered leather briefcase? In one cabin, six teen-age girls sprawled on narrow bunks, bored faces turned toward the door. There were more of them in the next cabin—two neat rows of equally listless expressions.

With the world outside obscured, a mood of lethargy and irresponsibility seemed to be spreading through the train. In the dining car, the guards, who had been stiffly solemn before their Chinese bosses, were flirting with the waitress. The coach attendants huddled in another corner of the car, smoking.

The commentary droned on: "Dear passengers, tea is a common drink among Tibetan people." I listened for a while, hoping for something like the story I had heard on the CCTV documentary of construction workers on the railroad stopping to let migrating antelope pass. But the P.A. system dealt mostly in bombast. Such-and-such a bridge or tunnel was a "masterpiece" in the history of rail construction; the railroad was to help develop Tibet in a "scientific, harmonious way."

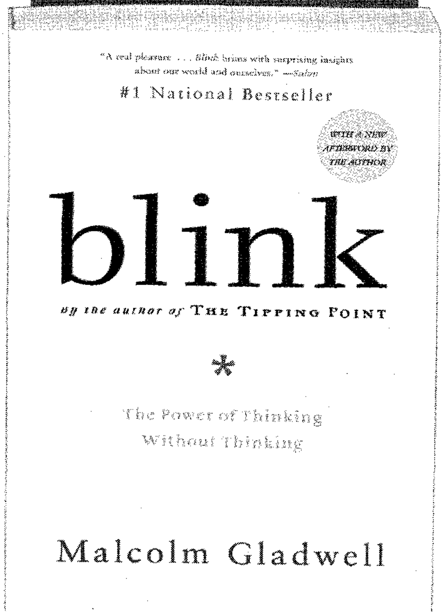
Neither modern science nor harmony seemed to have played much part in the development of the industrial city of Lanzhou, whose outskirts began to drift past the window in the afternoon—an assemblage of rusting machinery, slag heaps, and landfills; of chimneys and brick kilns belching thick smoke; of concrete tenements whose broken windowpanes were held together with cellophane and old newspapers. Western modes of mass production seemed to have re-created in China the squalor of nineteenth-century British coal and mill towns.

China's urbanization—arguably the most expansive and swiftest in history—has already exacted a steep environmental price from Tibet, whose rapidly melting glaciers feed the biggest rivers in Asia. The Marxist faith in the human ability to use technology to conquer nature means that there is no restraint in China on the Faustian fantasy of gigantic public projects, as demonstrated by the Three Gorges Dam, on the Yangtze River, which has already displaced 1.4 million people. When speaking of the railroad to Tibet, the Chinese sound like the true inheritors of the old European zeal for science and industry, as assured as colonial officials of another era were of their superiority over apparently benighted natives.

The railroad's frailty had become apparent in the weeks following its opening. Chinese engineers, however ingenious, had not fully reckoned with global warming, which was raising temperatures faster than expected, and the foundations of the rail line had already begun sinking into the permafrost by the end of July. Thawing could cause tracks to bend and slump, and bridges to crack. In late August, a dining car derailed two hundred and fifty miles north of Lhasa, with no apparent effect on the train's oxygen-supply system. I tried not to think about the journey's likely perils as I drifted off to sleep for the second night on the train.

While I slept, Qinghai, a barren, inhospitable land settled by Chinese political prisoners in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, passed in the night. The train steadily gained altitude. When I awoke, just after we passed Golmud, the air felt thin, although oxygen was now pumping hard into the compartment.

In paperback at last—
the #1 bestseller by
Malcolm
Gladwell
author of *The Tipping Point*


"A real pleasure . . . *Blink* brims with surprising insights about our world and ourselves." —*Salon*
#1 National Bestseller
WITH A NEW AFTERWORD BY THE AUTHOR
blink
by the author of THE TIPPING POINT
The Power of Thinking Without Thinking
Malcolm Gladwell

In *The Tipping Point*, Malcolm Gladwell redefined how we understand the world around us.

In BLINK, he revolutionizes the way we understand the world within, revealing our surprising capacity to make good decisions quickly.

"If you want to trust my snap judgment, buy this book: you'll be delighted."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"Royally entertaining."
—*Time*®

"A really fun ride.... Gladwell is without peer."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"Entertaining.... BLINK will make you think about how you think."
—*Seattle Times*

be a **BRIT** different

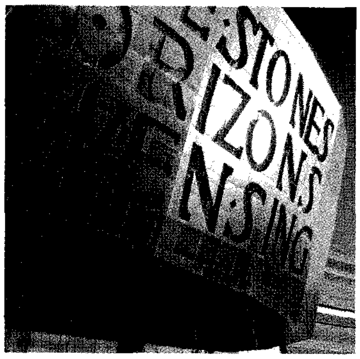
Today we build castles for opera singers. Like the Millennium Centre in Cardiff, home to the Welsh National Opera and a stunning example of some of the most cutting-edge architecture in Britain. Of course, we in Wales also strive to honor and preserve our rich and varied past. We are home to more 'traditional' castles per square mile than anywhere else in the world, and our ancient tongue is still spoken in pubs and shops all over the country. To discover a side of Wales you don't know, and the best way to travel there, go to **visitBritain.com/us**

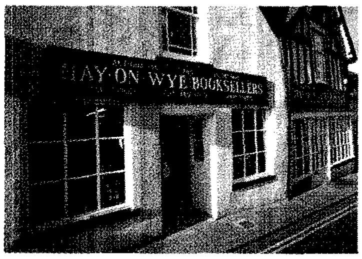
CREU GWIR
FEL GWYDR
O FFWR
IN THE
HO

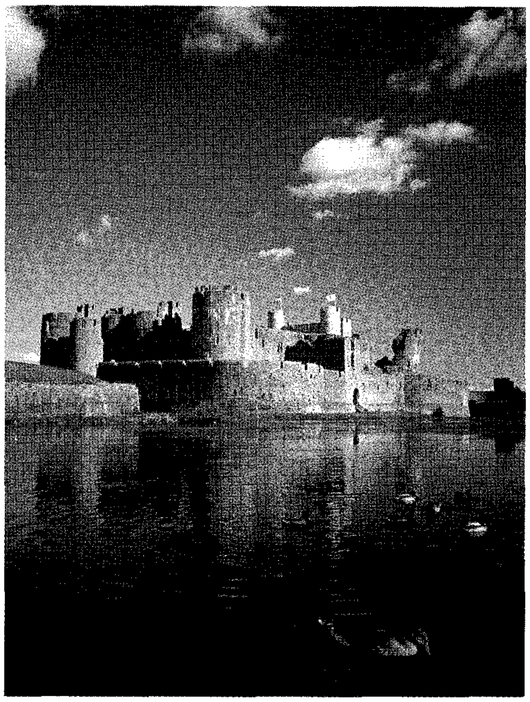
Millennium Centre, Cardiff, Wales

Virgin atlantic

visit**Britain** values its airline partnership with Virgin Atlantic







Welsh Legends, Past and Present

It's no surprise that the Welsh language is one of the oldest surviving languages. A trip through Wales reveals many impressive historic treasures that are an integral part of modern life in this fascinating region of the United Kingdom.

The medieval castles of Wales are mesmerizing, and touring them is surely a close approximation of traveling back in time. One of the best is the immense **Caerphilly Castle**, which has its own leaning tower, three drawbridges, and five sets of massive wooden doors. Bucolic **Carreg Cennen Castle**, dramatically situated on a 300-foot-high limestone crag, offers misty views of hedgerows and fields below.

Nearby, **Tenby** is a coveted destination of both natives and visitors, offering expansive beaches, palm trees growing under temperate skies, a quaint harbor, charming Victorian houses, and, of course, a castle.

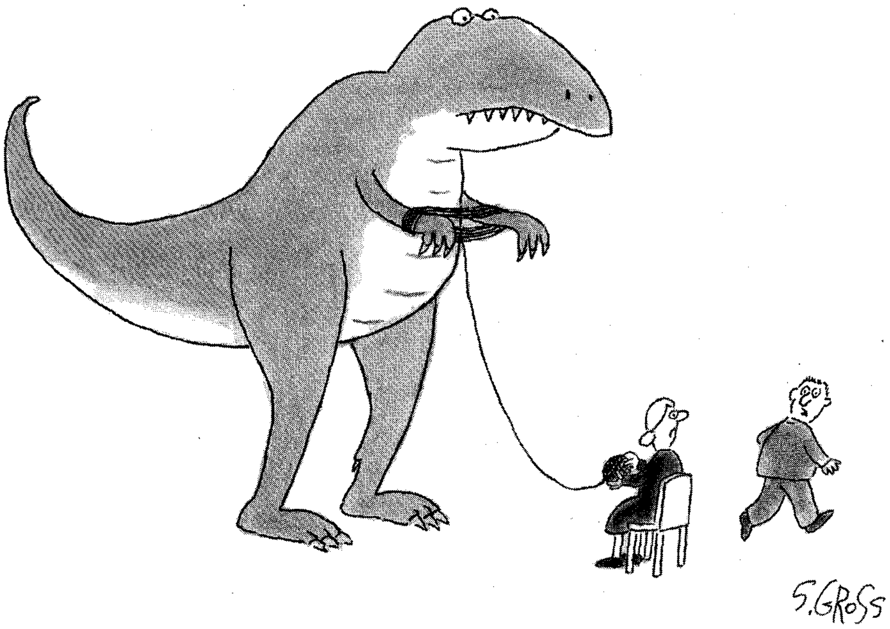
People have been drawn to Wales for thousands of years, leaving prehistoric burial grounds, slate quarries, music, and poetry in their wake. **Cardiff** is a city that seamlessly combines past and present, with its ancient buildings neighboring modern shops and attractions. Don't miss the dynamic architecture of the new **Wales Millennium Centre**, a multi-dimensional combination of stone, wood, metal, and glass. The esteemed **National Museum Cardiff** houses one of Europe's best collections of Impressionist art, and is currently hosting an exhibition of Leonardo da Vinci drawings through June 3rd. **St. Fagans National History Museum** is a hundred-acre open-air museum of Welsh history that features some forty original buildings from different historical periods, including an entire medieval church, which was moved stone by stone from western Wales.

Not far away, near the lush, rolling hills of **Brecon Beacons**, the charming town of **Hay-on-Wye** is known as the secondhand-book capital of the world. This year, its famed literary festival will be held between May 24th and June 3rd. In **Laugharne**, the boathouse where Dylan Thomas wrote is open to visitors.

Perhaps the unassuming majesty of Wales is best found in **Pembrokeshire**, home to Britain's only Coastal National Park. Here, by a coastline of sandy beaches where puffins nest and seals swim in the azure sea, is the tiny city of **St. David's**, filled with an array of offbeat galleries, shops, and cafés. The historic town is known for its legendary medieval cathedral, which was pillaged by Vikings in spite of a secluded location meant to keep intruders at bay.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: STAINED GLASS WINDOW, CARDIFF CASTLE ©DAVE BARTRUFF/CORBIS; CAERPHILLY CASTLE ©NEIL BEER/CORBIS; BOOKSTORE, HAY-ON-WYE ©DAVE G. HOUSER/CORBIS; FAIRY GLEN IN SNOWDONIA ©RICHARD KLUNE/CORBIS; WALES MILLENNIUM CENTRE, CARDIFF BAY ©JAMES HUGHES/ALAMY

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON WALES, GO TO VISITBRITAIN.COM/US.



"You keep him busy while I go for help."

• •

Groggily, I opened the curtains and then sat dazzled before a startlingly white landscape—its forbidding aspect tempered and endowed with heartening intimacy by the unearthly radiance of Tibetan light.

All through that morning, the train twisted and climbed through the Kunlun Range, between mountains with needle-sharp peaks and sunny slopes. Occasionally, the mountains retreated, and then treeless valleys opened alongside the tracks, scored by streams of a glittering chalky white. The artificial rose in my compartment now appeared translucent.

The train clattered past empty railway stations and huts with corrugated-tin roofing; they looked like temporary dwellings for construction and maintenance workers. The highway to Lhasa ran alongside us, empty except for an occasional military convoy.

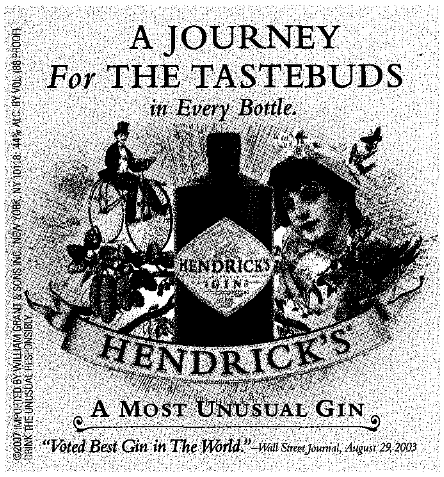
The P.A. system announced the Tanggula Pass, the highest point of our journey. At sixteen thousand six hundred and forty feet, a thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, the pass is higher than the altitude at which light aircraft fly. I had a mental image of the pass based on visits to other high passes in Tibet: the snowcapped mountains arrayed imperiously against the blue sky, supervising subsidiary ranges that stretched in rich layers below them. But I couldn't tell when we passed Tanggula. None of the cairns or prayer flags that frame views of Tibetan passes appeared. The railway seemed to have forgone some of the dramatic vistas offered by the road. It ascended gently to the Tibetan plateau, without any of the hairpin turns and loops of the kind that trains negotiate in the Himalayas.

The snow on the hills thinned, exposing wind-abraded rock. The ground showed through, brown and stony, and then we were in flat grassland with soft brown hills at the edge, their peaks sugared with snow and resembling the conical caps of Tibetan Buddhist sects.

Once, a herd of antelope skipped beside the tracks. Looking for more of them, I saw black nomad tents on a distant hillside. Yaks with white stripes on their backs appeared in the dank yellow grass. The train whizzed past empty stations; on the rare occasion that we stopped, there were hardly any Tibetans to be seen. This seemed the strangest aspect of a rail service designed to benefit local people: their meagre presence outside as well as inside the train.

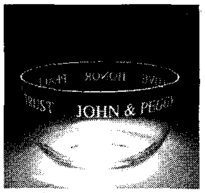
I read and napped for a while, and then took another walk through the train. I had a slight headache, and my swollen bag of dried apricots popped easily and spilled its contents on the

Einstein
Milton
& Mozart
Different abilities require different development. Rather than a competitive race between students, consider Hoosac, a leading accredited boarding school offering a student/teacher ratio of 5:1, Mastery Teaching and a safe environment. See the best brought out in your girl or boy. Write Hoosac School, Hoosick, NY 12089 or call (800) 822-0159.
WWW.HOOSAC.COM
HOOSAC SCHOOL
Since 1889


A JOURNEY
For THE TASTEBUDS
in Every Bottle.
HENDRICK'S GIN
HENDRICK'S
A MOST UNUSUAL GIN
"Voted Best Gin in The World."–Wall Street Journal, August 29, 2003
©2007 IMPORTED BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS INC. NEW YORK, NY 10118. 44% ALC. BY VOL. (88 PROOF).
DRINK THE UNUSUAL RESPONSIBLY

NIFTY CROSSWORDS!
—Actually personalized all through!
An affectionate and gorgeous present.
First they solve it—then they keep it!
—Great for businesses, too.
(952) 925-2684 or loveland@mlecmn.net

Villa Rentals
Undiscovered Italy
Free Catalog: 800-280-2811
ParkerVillas
www.parkervillas.com



CELEBRATION BOWL
Personalized Crystal Bowls
for Special Occasions
Weddings - Anniversaries
Recognition - Retirement
Custom Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Delivery Available.
8.5" - $149 12" - $249
831-427-3512
www.celebrationbowl.com

floor. But the altitude was having a deeper effect on many people on the train. The guards I had seen carousing in the dining car looked drained, barely able to focus their eyes on the flat-screen television. In the chair car almost no one sat upright. The hard sleeper, too, was a mess of slumped bodies. A faint smell of vomit lingered in the air. Remarkably clean so far, the toilet in my carriage had begun to overflow.

Outside, a few walled settlements in the Tibetan style began to appear—fortresslike houses with sloping walls; red, blue, and green prayer flags at the turrets; and flat roofs, often topped incongruously with the red flag bearing Communist stars. A few miles out of Nagqu, the biggest Tibetan town north of Lhasa, the sun began to set. Long blue shadows crept down from the stony slopes of mountains even as the lingering light set their snow-flecked peaks ablaze.

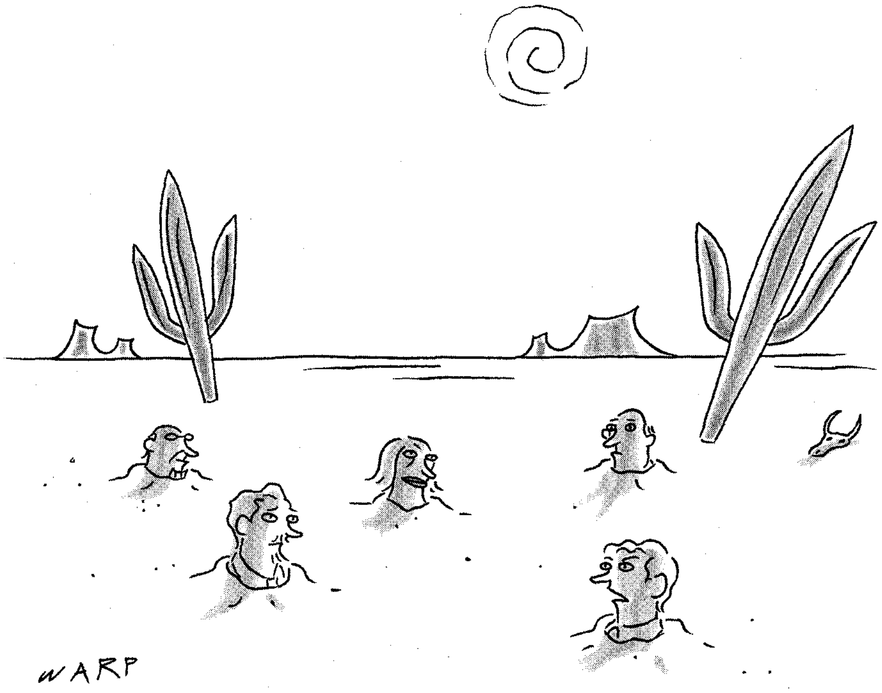
On the highway, two leather-clad and goggled motorcyclists appeared, zooming through the jagged shadows on the tarmac, shrinking into the distance until they disappeared entirely. We passed a wide lake, the waves at its shore frozen into odd sculptural forms suggesting entrapment and desolation. As the train straightened after a long curving tunnel near Lhasa, a nomad emerged from his tent on a hillside. Fantastically dressed in fur hat, sheepskin coat, high boots, and silver buckles, he stopped and gazed at us—interlopers in his world—with what could have been either fear or disdain.

It was dark when the train, moving swiftly through Lhasa's outskirts, pulled into the great vault of the city's new railway station. The announcements on the P.A. system bounced off the building's high ceiling, wide platforms, and pedestrian tunnels, and dissolved into meaningless echoes. In the neon-lit concrete wilderness outside, the straggly crowd of tired passengers appeared diminished. The parking lot was several hundred metres away from the main building, and the P.L.A. soldiers with machine guns and the checkpoint on the road leading to the city were reminders of Chinese fears about security in Tibet.

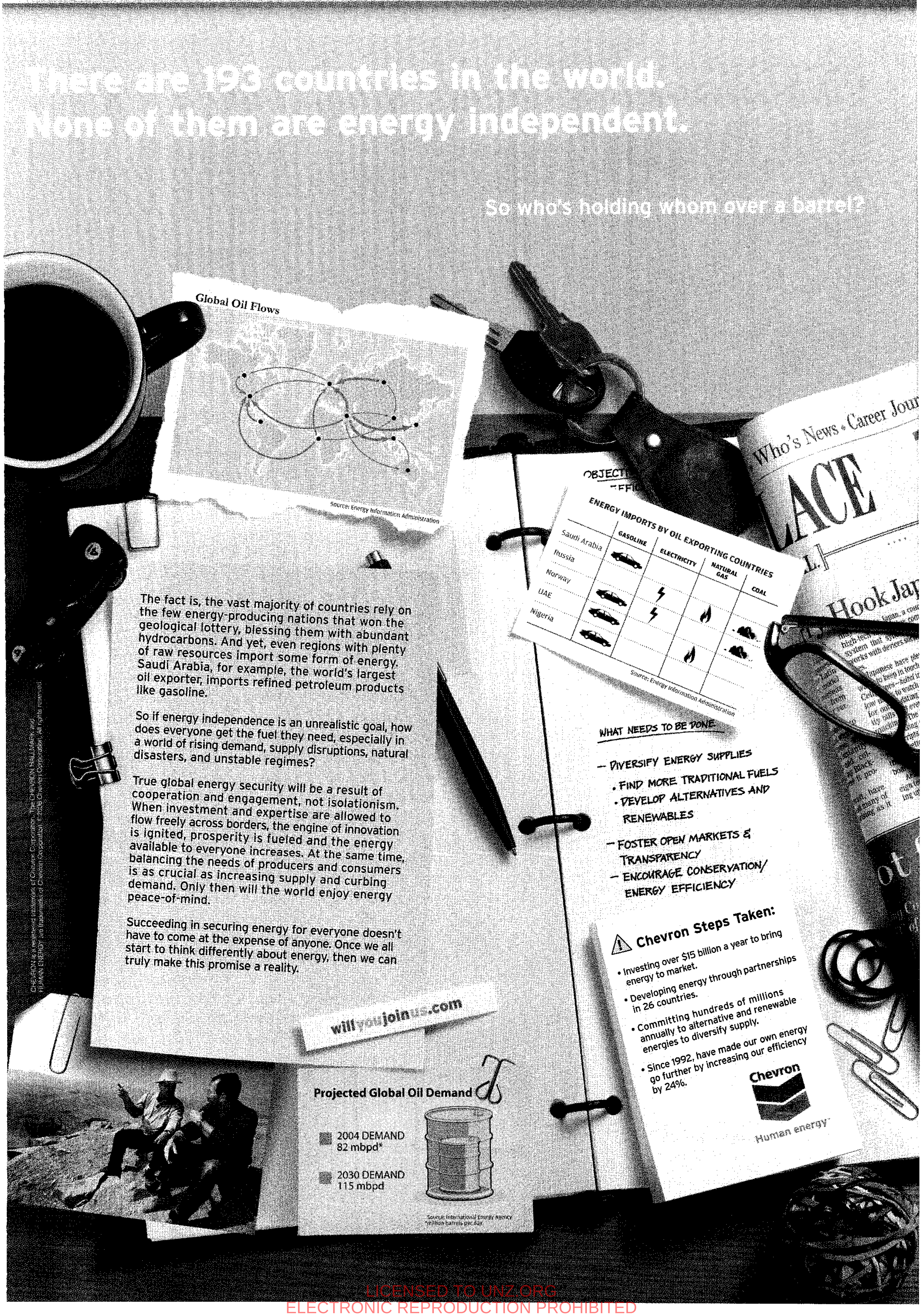
On my first morning in Lhasa, I saw the Chinese-built quarter of the city—a grid of long roads lined by supermarkets, restaurants, bars, and night clubs—through Woeser's eyes. The old quarter—centered on Jokhang, the holiest Tibetan temple—long reduced to an oasis in the hectically and garishly expanding city, seemed to have shrunk since my previous visit. But it hadn't lost the atmosphere of a medieval market-cum-pilgrim town: skull-capped and thinly whiskered Muslims from Kazakhstan displayed mosaics of nuts and dried fruit; open-fronted shops sold dried yak meat and blocks of yak cheese; and antique stores sold prayer wheels, semiprecious stones, daggers, and saddles. Mingling with the merchants and the hawkers were the pilgrims, chanting and spinning prayer wheels as they circumambulated the gold-roofed Jokhang. A mysterious euphoria seemed to drive the dusty prostrators in their frayed gloves and knee pads, and the tiny aged matriarch in greasy robes tapping her forehead to the faded silk scarves hanging from the holiest chapel inside the Potala Palace.

In the encroaching Chinese city, new, hybrid identities for Tibet were on offer. The three white arches of the railway bridge over the Kyichu River were apparently designed to evoke *khatags*, the silk scarves that are a traditional Tibetan token of reverence. The railway station itself, a colossal structure with sloping walls of white and oxblood-red, seemed to compete, in both size and detail, with the red and white of the Potala Palace, which looms above Lhasa on a large outcrop to the north of the city. Such selective borrowings reflect the fact that, in recent years, Tibet and Tibetan Buddhism have inspired a cultlike devotion among newly affluent Han Chinese. A stylish Chinese poet I met in Beijing last year blew perfect smoke rings as she lamented the immaturity of China's urban culture, and professed profound interest in Tibet. "Kekexili" ("Mountain Patrol"), a popular Chinese film released in 2004, perfectly encapsulated this new Chinese romance, presenting the Tibetans as a proud, earthy, and honest frontier people. There are shops in almost every major Chinese city selling what a signboard in downtown Shanghai describes as "Buddhism Accessories": Tibetan prayer wheels, bells, and incense.

In my hotel, the Brahmaputra Grand, glass cases displayed antique guns, swords, armor, metal utensils, Tibetan masks, and statues, while the mostly Chinese staff, dressed in colorful Tibetan costume, greeted guests with an exaggerated bow and a heavily accented "*Tashi delek*." The hotel, which opened two days before the train to Lhasa's maiden journey, billed itself as Tibet's "first five-star hotel" and a "unique museum hotel." In the marble lobby, whose



"I've just about had it with these corporate retreats."


There are 193 countries in the world.
None of them are energy independent.
So who's holding whom over a barrel?
Global Oil Flows
Source: Energy Information Administration
Who's News • Career Jour
LACE
Hook Jap
OBJECTI
EFFIC
willyoujoinus.com
Projected Global Oil Demand
2004 DEMAND 82 mbpd*
2030 DEMAND 115 mbpd
Source: International Energy Agency
*million barrels per day
Chevron
Human energy

The fact is, the vast majority of countries rely on the few energy-producing nations that won the geological lottery, blessing them with abundant hydrocarbons. And yet, even regions with plenty of raw resources import some form of energy. Saudi Arabia, for example, the world's largest oil exporter, imports refined petroleum products like gasoline.

So if energy independence is an unrealistic goal, how does everyone get the fuel they need, especially in a world of rising demand, supply disruptions, natural disasters, and unstable regimes?

True global energy security will be a result of cooperation and engagement, not isolationism. When investment and expertise are allowed to flow freely across borders, the engine of innovation is ignited, prosperity is fueled and the energy available to everyone increases. At the same time, balancing the needs of producers and consumers is as crucial as increasing supply and curbing demand. Only then will the world enjoy energy peace-of-mind.

Succeeding in securing energy for everyone doesn't have to come at the expense of anyone. Once we all start to think differently about energy, then we can truly make this promise a reality.

ENERGY IMPORTS BY OIL EXPORTING COUNTRIES

	GASOLINE	ELECTRICITY	NATURAL GAS	COAL
Saudi Arabia	🚗			
Russia		⚡	🔥	●
Norway	🚗	⚡		●
UAE	🚗		🔥	
Nigeria	🚗			

Source: Energy Information Administration

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE

- DIVERSIFY ENERGY SUPPLIES
  - FIND MORE TRADITIONAL FUELS
  - DEVELOP ALTERNATIVES AND RENEWABLES
- FOSTER OPEN MARKETS & TRANSPARENCY
- ENCOURAGE CONSERVATION/ ENERGY EFFICIENCY

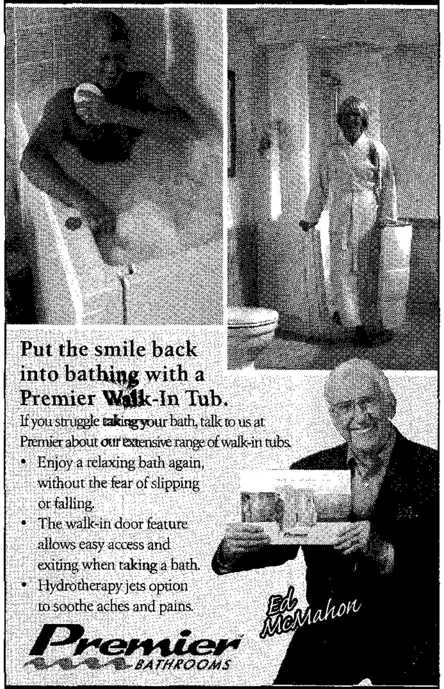
⚠ Chevron Steps Taken:

- Investing over $15 billion a year to bring energy to market.
- Developing energy through partnerships in 26 countries.
- Committing hundreds of millions annually to alternative and renewable energies to diversify supply.
- Since 1992, have made our own energy go further by increasing our efficiency by 24%.

CHEVRON is a registered trademark of Chevron Corporation. The CHEVRON HALLMARK and HUMAN ENERGY are trademarks of Chevron Corporation. ©2006 Chevron Corporation. All rights reserved.

Live your life,
Love your bath tub

Walk-in Bath Tubs from Premier



Put the smile back into bathing with a Premier Walk-In Tub.
If you struggle taking your bath, talk to us at Premier about our extensive range of walk-in tubs.
- Enjoy a relaxing bath again, without the fear of slipping or falling.
- The walk-in door feature allows easy access and exiting when taking a bath.
- Hydrotherapy jets option to soothe aches and pains.

Premier BATHROOMS
CALL NOW • TOLL FREE
1-800-578-2899
SOURCE CODE 93047

The Vein Treatment Center e.1982
Minimally-invasive treatments for varicose & spider veins
www.veintreatmentcenter.com 212-249-6117

The Perfect Gift...
The Essential Fireplace Tool
Handcrafted in New England since 1941
THE ORIGINAL BRASS BloPoke™
1-800-601-6642 www.blopoke.com

SHORT STORY

SPRING 2007 ISSUE
Excerpt from James Dickey's unpublished novel *The Entrance to the Honeycomb*
published semiannually/$12.00
www.shortstoryreview.org

European Beret $10
100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add $2 shipping per order
www.johnhelmer.com
John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. N047 • Portland, OR 97205

wall decorations, Buddhist statues, winding staircase, and gold-plated mandala created an overwhelming impression of gaudiness, a wide-screen television replayed endlessly an interview with the hotel's owner, a soldier turned businessman from Sichuan. According to a glossy magazine placed in every room, the owner understood "the law of development of objective reality" and was someone who "spends all energy throughout his life in inheriting and flourishing Tibetan culture."

Despite the awkward translation, the words betrayed a kind of truth. From the beginning of market reforms in China, Communist Party bosses, government officials, and P.L.A. soldiers had grasped more keenly than most people the development of objective reality. Not surprisingly, they were, if not the true inheritors of Tibetan culture, certainly the people best placed to make money out of it.

On one occasion when I met Woeser, she was accompanied by her partner, Wang Lixiong. Wang had risked much, not only by finding fault with Chinese rule over Tibet—something no prominent Han Chinese writer or intellectual in China was known to have done—but also by meeting the Dalai Lama. Like Woeser, Wang had been born into China's privileged class. Then, in 1968, at the height of the Cultural Revolution, his Moscow-educated father, denounced as a "capitalist-roader and Soviet-revisionist spy" and imprisoned for months in a cowshed, had committed suicide; his mother, an editor at a film studio, had been sentenced to hard labor in the countryside. Naturally, the Cultural Revolution had given Wang a deep distrust of China's political system. It also brought him and Woeser together, he told me. Shortly after they started an e-mail correspondence, she sent him some photographs taken by her father in the late sixties of rampaging Red Guards in Tibet. He encouraged her to interview the people in the pictures, which showed mob fury and personal humiliation, and to write a commentary to go with the photographs.

Together, Woeser and Wang radiated a bemused happiness, as though they were still savoring the extraordinary luck of having found each other. They had corresponded by e-mail for a year before finally meeting, in 2000, when Wang visited Lhasa to research an article. Wang described it as a case of "love before first sight."

Wang told me that he thought the Communist system in China was in serious peril, that the Party's control over China was in danger of being broken. This did not make him hopeful about the future of Tibet, however. He told me that he had taken the train to Lhasa last November. On the journey, he met a Tibetan woman who had left her Tibetan village to see the world and had ended up as a singer and dancer in a travelling show run by a Han Chinese. Realizing after some years that she was getting old, she had opened her own show, in the city of Yangzhou. She told Wang that she was returning to her native village to find more girls there who could be "ethnic exhibits."

Woeser thought that these privileged and ambitious Tibetans did not exceed ten per cent of the Tibetan population, but Wang seemed more pessimistic. He said, "The most important change the train will bring about is in Tibetan self-perceptions. Back during the Cultural Revolution, the Red Guards smashed everything, but they left Tibetan hearts unchanged. But now Tibetan attitudes are being changed by the new cultural revolution of modernization and globalization. You can't resist this new materialism."

Woeser, in one of her essays, recounts a conversation with a young Tibetan entrepreneur seeking to develop Tibet's tourist industry, who grandly proclaims, "We are going to be the city eating up the villages." But it seemed that few young Tibetans were well placed to take advantage of the new economic environment. The infusion of Han Chinese, privileged by both ethnicity and language, had left the teahouses and barbershops in the Tibetan quarter thick with the unemployed and the idle. One evening in a restaurant near the Jokhang temple, I met five young English-speaking Tibetans so overwhelmed by bitterness at their situation that they forgot, briefly, about the punitive consequences of talking to foreigners.

Dressed in jeans and big fluffy jackets, they appeared as if they might have been

MOGOSOAIA PALACE, COURTESY OF ROMANIA TOURISM

Sibiu's Year of Cultural Events

COINCIDING WITH ROMANIA'S RECENT ACCESSION to the European Union, the fortified twelfth-century city of Sibiu—situated in the heart of Transylvania—is celebrating nine centuries of its rich heritage this year, along with its recent honor as a 2007 European Cultural Capital.

Sibiu is already home to its own Philharmonic orchestra; the Radu Stanca national theatre; one of Romania's finest art museums, the Bruckenthal; the International Theatre Festival; and an esteemed annual jazz festival. This year, the city is also rolling out a roster rife with hundreds of music, dance, theatre, and visual arts events.

The lower town in Sibiu has a unique architectual heritage that is one of Europe's best examples of a medieval neighborhood, replete with meandering cobblestone streets and colorful ancient houses. It will provide an idyllic backdrop for parades and fêtes taking place in public spaces.

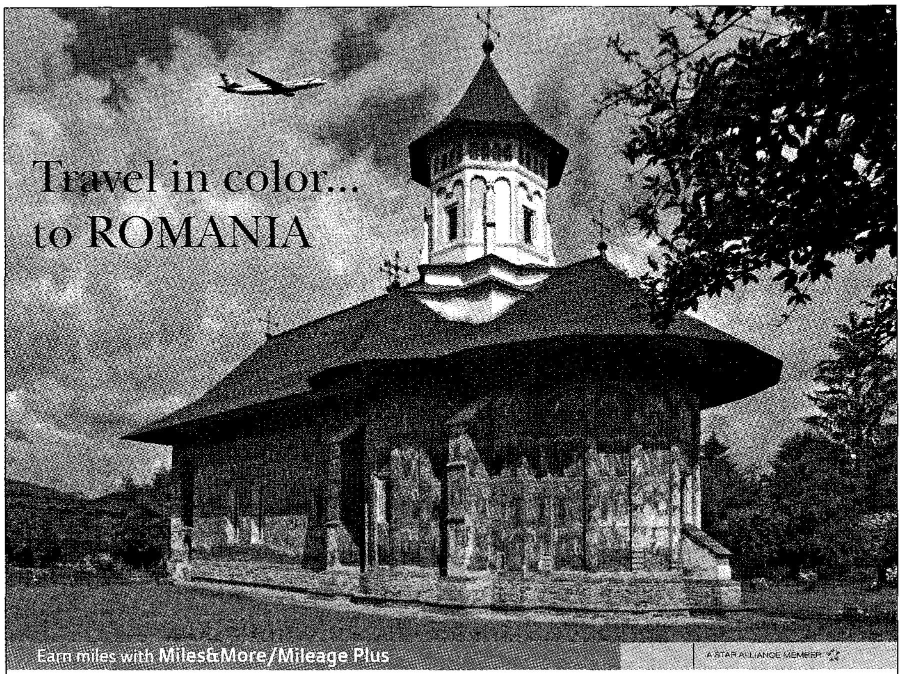
Just south in Bucharest, the 18th annual **George Enescu Classical Music Festival,** named after one of Romania's most prolific composers, will feature some of the world's most famous orchestral and chamber ensembles from September 1st through 23rd.

**VISIT ROMANIATOURISM.COM
OR CALL 212-545-8484.**

GETTING THERE

Austrian Airlines understands the art of flying to Romania. From New York, Washington, DC, Chicago (starting May 29th), and Toronto through its Vienna hub, the airline serves the cities of Bucharest, Cluj, Timisoara, Iasi, and Sibiu. Onboard, it treats its guests to elegant dining and numerous entertainment choices. But the real difference is Austrian Airlines' European flair—reflected in everything it does, right down to the last detail.

For more information, call 800-843-0002 or visit austrian.com.



Roundtrip from New York (JFK) and Washington D.C. (IAD) 3 Days and 3 nights, in Bucharest or Timisoara, per person

$1,199*

For information call Austrian Airlines Vacation Center at (800) 790-4682 or visit www.austrian.com

Austrian Airlines and the art of flying.

The palette of Romania is truly alive. From the painted monasteries to traditional costumes, medieval towns and vast art collections, the colors of her cities and countryside delight the eye. Romania draws passionate travelers from all over the world, hungry to taste her cultural treasures. Sibiu has been named Europe's capital of culture in 2007, where music, dance, theatre and visual arts will be celebrated. Bucharest will host some of the world's most famous orchestras and chamber ensembles at the 18th George Enescu Music Festival, September 1-23, 2007. Austrian Airlines makes getting there an art with elegant inflight service and seamless connections to the Romanian cities of Bucharest, Cluj, Timisoara, Iasi and Sibiu.

For Information on Romania please call
The Romanian National Tourist Office at 212.545.8484

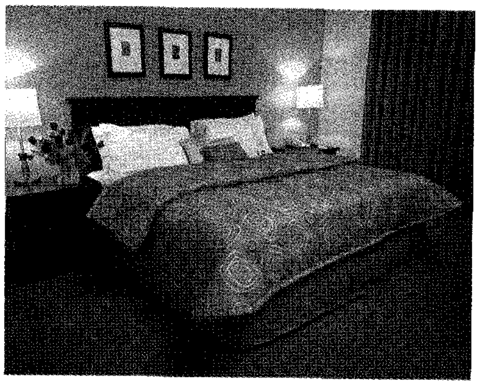
RoMania
Simply surprising
www.RomaniaTourism.com

Austrian
www.austrian.com

*Rates are net per person, double occupancy. Single supplements are available. Please ask about rates for additional nights. Transfers are NOT included but may be purchased separately. Packages are valid for travel starting 04/01/07 - 05/17/07 and 09/10/07 - 10/31/07. Once confirmed, packages are non-refundable and non-transferable. Subject to availability. Offer may change without prior notice. Does not include US Customs/INS/Aphis fees/International Transportation Tax/Passenger Facilities Charges/Civil Aviation Security Service Fee/domestic and foreign Security and Airport Charges of up to approximately $120 per passenger.

POSTMARK////

Summit Hotels & Resorts



Suite Talk, Here and Abroad

AT SUMMIT HOTELS & RESORTS, travelers will relish getting the VIP treatment when they reserve *The Good Life* package at participating properties, such as the two featured here.

Clayton on the Park in St. Louis, Missouri, overlooks Shaw Park's sixteen acres of rolling hills, yet it also has a prime location right in the heart of the city's business center. Antique shops, galleries, and numerous restaurants, cafés, and bars are all within walking distance. The hotel's *The Good Life* package enhances the experience with an upgrade to the ultra-modern Preferred Zone suites and a complimentary bottle of fine wine.

In Rome, the exclusive **Hotel Bernini Bristol** was originally built as a palace in the late nineteenth century. The hotel has been impeccably renovated, and each soundproof room or suite has its own signature décor. Guests who opt for *The Good Life* package can indulge in a candlelit dinner for two and a complimentary bottle of wine at L'Olimpo, the hotel's rooftop restaurant, which offers 360-degree views from the highest vantage point in the city. The package also includes a room upgrade, based on availability.

PHOTOS: CLAYTON ON THE PARK, HOTEL BERNINI BRISTOL

TO EXPERIENCE THE GOOD LIFE, VISIT SUMMITHOTELS.COM/GOODNEWYORK OR CALL 800-457-4000.

8 AM
12 PM
5 PM
9 PM

FIND YOURSELF. HERE.

With *The Good Life* Package, you can enjoy deluxe accommodations in one of our superlative hotels and a unique hotel experience. From champagne on ice awaiting your arrival to dinner for two, gratis, at the best table in the house; unique offerings such as these will increase your taste for finer things. Reserve your package today and find yourself right where you belong – living the good life.

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL
1 800 457 4000

SUMMIT
HOTELS & RESORTS
A PREFERRED HOTEL GROUP PARTNER

OR VISIT
SUMMITHOTELS.COM/GOODNEWYORK

PARTICIPATING HOTELS: HARBOUR PLAZA HONG KONG Hong Kong • PLAZA HOTEL LUCCHESI Florence, Italy • HOTEL BERNINI BRISTOL Rome, Italy • HOTEL MONACO & GRAND CANAL Venice, Italy • HOTEL FIRA PALACE Barcelona, Spain • HOTEL ASTORIA PALACE Valencia, Spain • CLAYTON ON THE PARK St. Louis, Missouri, USA

Please visit SummitHotels.com/GoodNewYork for a full list of terms and conditions.

more at ease in the Chinese quarter's discos than in the Tibetan quarter. But an old-fashioned courteousness lay behind their coolly modern appearance; they belonged to a very different class from the Tibetans I had seen in the night clubs near the Potala Palace on my previous visit. Children of barley farmers in villages north of Lhasa, they lived crammed in small rented rooms in the city.

Looking for an unobtrusive place to talk, we went up to a restaurant's second floor. A young Chinese couple were already seated there, and a moment of unease followed. The couple were most likely tourists; romantically self-absorbed, they barely glanced at us. The Tibetans, after a few appraising glances, became indifferent to them, probably confident that the Chinese wouldn't be able to follow a conversation in English. But I found myself nervously surveying the menu, remarking, pointlessly, on its variations on yak meat, and then abruptly talking of the Dalai Lama's embrace of vegetarianism during his exile in India. None of the Tibetans ordered meat, and they declined my offer of beer; they did not drink alcohol. I asked if they were religious, and they nodded. Did they go to temples? They nodded again. Conversation flowed only after the Chinese couple left.

The Tibetans had known one another since their early teens, when they left Tibet and made a dangerous journey together across high mountain passes to India. They spoke nostalgically of their time in India, especially of the school run by and for Tibetan refugees in Dharamsala. Their stay abroad had expanded their sense of possibility, but it had also brought a painful awareness of their place in the world. They had learned English in India, but this skill, valuable anywhere else in China, had proved to be of little use when official pressure on their families forced them to return to Tibet. Speaking passionately, and often all at the same time, they described how Chinese authorities worked hard to prevent Tibetans from escaping to India—some three thousand succeed annually—and how they periodically harassed Tibetans who had returned.

In any case, my companions couldn't have benefitted from Tibet's market economy without fluency in Chinese. Even exams for the job of tour guide were conducted in Chinese and covered Chinese rather than Tibetan history. Higher education in China was far too expensive for this group, and they had none of the connections that Tibetans, however well educated, needed in order to obtain good government jobs, or to avoid being posted to the cold border regions. Their only option was to eke out a living off tourists in the summer season, as translators and guides, and then spend much of the winter on their families' farms.

They had, they told me, almost no contact with the local Chinese, and they saw Lhasa as a city divided, as much psychologically as physically, into the Chinese and Tibetan quarters. Mutual wariness, rather than outright hostility, had so far governed the relationship between the two communities. But the train, they felt, could change that. They had little doubt that it was meant to benefit only the Chinese. Travel by road and air had been too arduous or expensive for likely Chinese migrants, who mostly tended to be poor. The train had already speeded up Han Chinese immigration to the city, where Tibetans were now in a minority. Every day, according to the Tibetan government in exile, more than five thousand visitors came to Lhasa, of whom some two thousand stayed. The effect on the local economy was already being felt. Rent for modest rooms of the kind they lived in had doubled.

Our voices resonated in the empty, dimly lit restaurant. It was New Year's Eve, but the lanes near the Jokhang had acquired a wintry desolation early in the evening. When we emerged into the night, there was a long wait for a taxi, but the Tibetans insisted on seeing me off. Quietly standing in the cold dark lane, they suddenly appeared adrift in their own city.

Returning to my hotel, I found P.L.A. cars and green-uniformed soldiers blocking the driveway. Alarmed, I went in to discover ballroom dancers crowding the lobby, which had been cleared of much of its Tibetan decorations: the hotel had decided to celebrate the West-

OH YES, I ZAPPOS FOR THE THRILL OF IT.

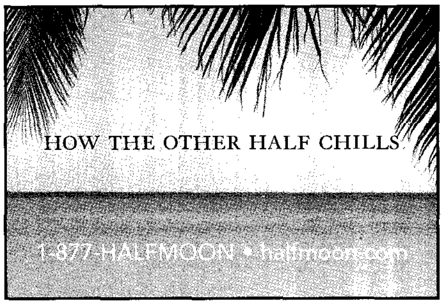
Check out our outstanding service and massive selection of shoes and apparel and you'll Zappos, too.

– Free shipping both ways –

Zappos.com

POWERED by SERVICE™

See www.zappos.com/cs.zhtml for details.



HOW THE OTHER HALF CHILLS

1-877-HALFMOON • halfmoon.com

Fly-fish the famous Madison River in Montana and Yellowstone from one of the classiest lodges in the west.

The Ennis Homestead.
406-682-4086
ennishomestead.com

ENNIS HOMESTEAD

TIMESHARES 60-80% off Retail!

★ Best Resorts, Prices &Weeks
★ 500+ Worldwide Resorts!
★ Call For FREE Catalog

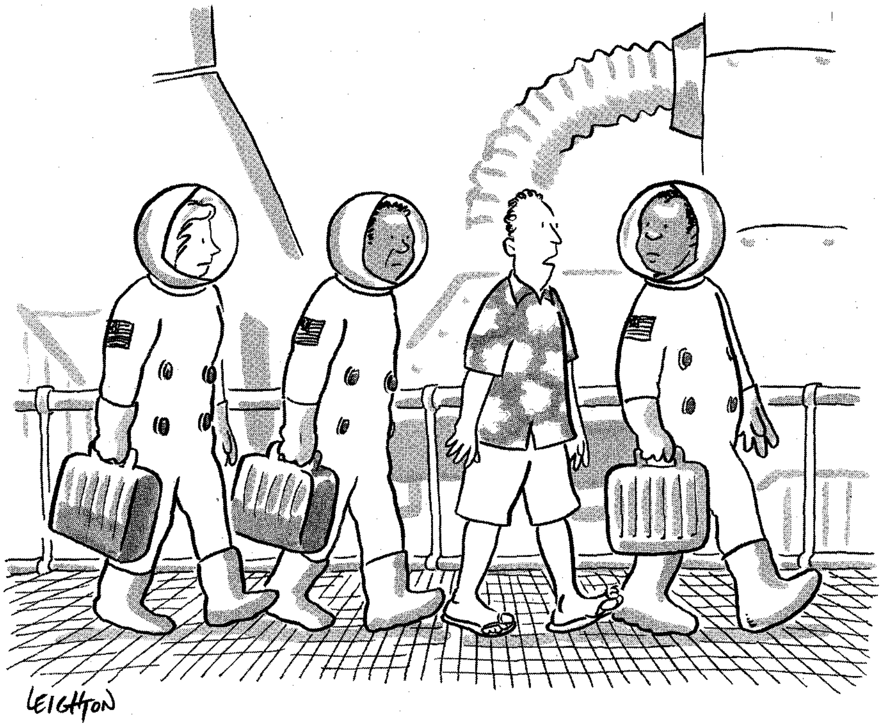
Buy Direct! (800) 348-0094

holidaygroup.com/save

10 Million Pieces!

China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
183,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com®



"Oh, is that today?"

• •

ern New Year. Local Chinese officials in suits sat stiff-necked on sofas, watching women in long black gowns solemnly twirling around the marble floor as a synthesizer produced an approximation of the "Blue Danube" waltz. The uncertain and experimental nature of the event became more evident when the dance floor abruptly emptied and a heavily made-up Nepalese girl, not more than sixteen years old, in a white miniskirt began a kind of pole dance to the tune of a Bollywood film song. As if completing a scene from a colonial past, the Tibetan and Nepalese staff looked on blankly from the sidelines.

I left after the Nepalese girl threw off her jacket. In my hotel room, I switched on CCTV's New Year's show to find an overweight woman in an orange tracksuit singing a song about the railroad to Lhasa titled "The Road to Heaven." Woeser later told me that "The Road to Heaven," an adapted folk song sung by a half-Tibetan pop star named Han Hong, had been played interminably on radio and television in Tibet for a whole year before the train arrived in Lhasa. In 2004, Han had also performed in Potala Square. In fact, she had planned to helicopter onto the roof of the Potala Palace for the performance, and had been dissuaded only after a campaign on one of Woeser's influential blogs, which has since been shut down. Judging by the English subtitles, "The Road to Heaven" consisted of a series of slightly ominous banalities: "people of all nationalities come together," for the train "was like a dragon crossing the mountains," "bringing warmth of the motherland to the frontier," whose arrival would make "barley and butter tea taste sweeter."

On my last day in Tibet, I visited a young farmer in his rural home, some sixty miles from Lhasa. The Tibetans I had met had sent him to accompany me to the Ganden Monastery, on one of the hills near Lhasa. On the way, I asked him if I could visit his village instead. Much to my surprise, he immediately agreed. It was a bright morning, cloudless, with only a few wisps of mist lingering around the hills in the remote distance. The farmer joked about Chinese attempts to get families in his village to fly the Communist flag and display pictures of China's President, Hu Jintao. Tibetans were apparently still required to take seriously the old-fashioned propaganda that much of inland China has outgrown.

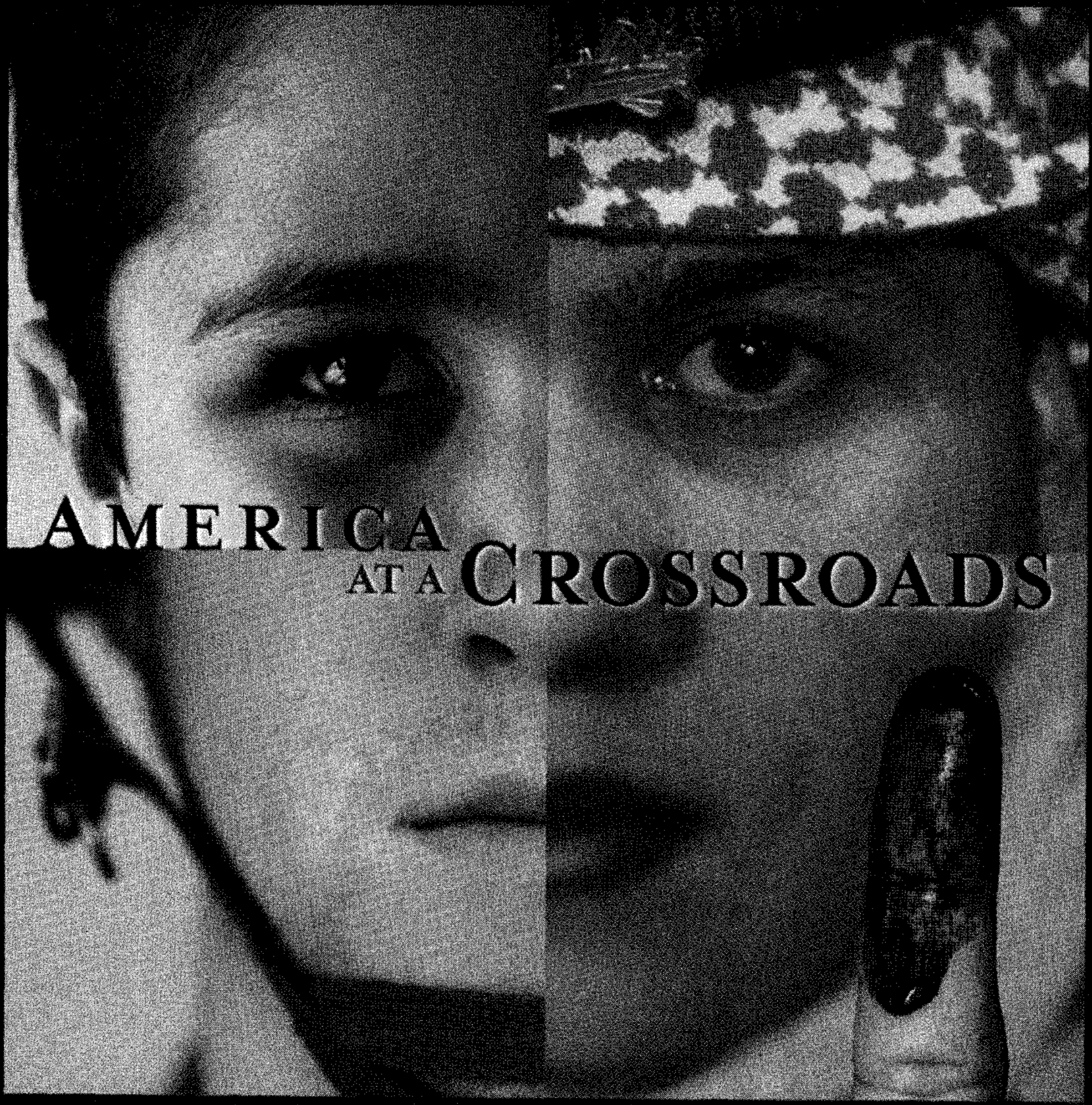
It was with something like pride that he showed me around his old family house and introduced me to his parents and younger siblings. The courtyard where a huge Tibetan mastiff sat tethered, the hay-strewn shed where cows were being milked, the long living room with the coal stove and a fridge and a television set (both emblems of modernity covered decorously with embroidered cloth), the flat roof with an unrestricted view of the hills: this, he seemed to say, was the life that he and his family had created, without any help from the Chinese.

Nowhere was he more self-assured than in the prayer room, to which he took me last. Pausing in what was evidently the best-tended part of the house, he let me absorb its aura of sacredness. The Tibetan love of color and baroque decoration was on full display in the panelled chests painted with floral designs, the thick frescoed columns, the *thangkas* representing scenes from the life of the Buddha, the sashes hanging from the ceiling, the pile of Tibetan scriptures bound in bright-yellow silk, and the row of silver lamps before an extravagantly gilded shrine.

On one relatively bare wall was a poster, the mandatory portrait of Hu Jintao. It was even bigger than the largest of the *thangkas*, but in this portrait the Chinese President had been Tibetanized: he wore a *khatag*, and his figure was superimposed over images of the Potala Palace and ecstatic Tibetan dancers in traditional costumes. Smiling conspiratorially, the farmer pointed to one of the panelled chests. Inside, he said, was a picture of the Dalai Lama. It is illegal to possess one in Tibet, but the farmer, growing more cheerful by the second, told me that all his neighbors had one, too.

It was a defiant gesture, like that of the nomad who had watched from outside his tent as the train went past. And when I returned to Lhasa later that morning the city, overwhelmingly defined by the Chinese, appeared more clearly to be an exception. It seemed that there were many more Tibetans like the young farmer, asserting traditional ways of life against change imposed from Beijing—Tibetans whose loyalty to their faith and identity had been tested by successive political setbacks, and who would now struggle to survive the arrival of the railroad in Lhasa. ♦

YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE WORLD THE SAME WAY.

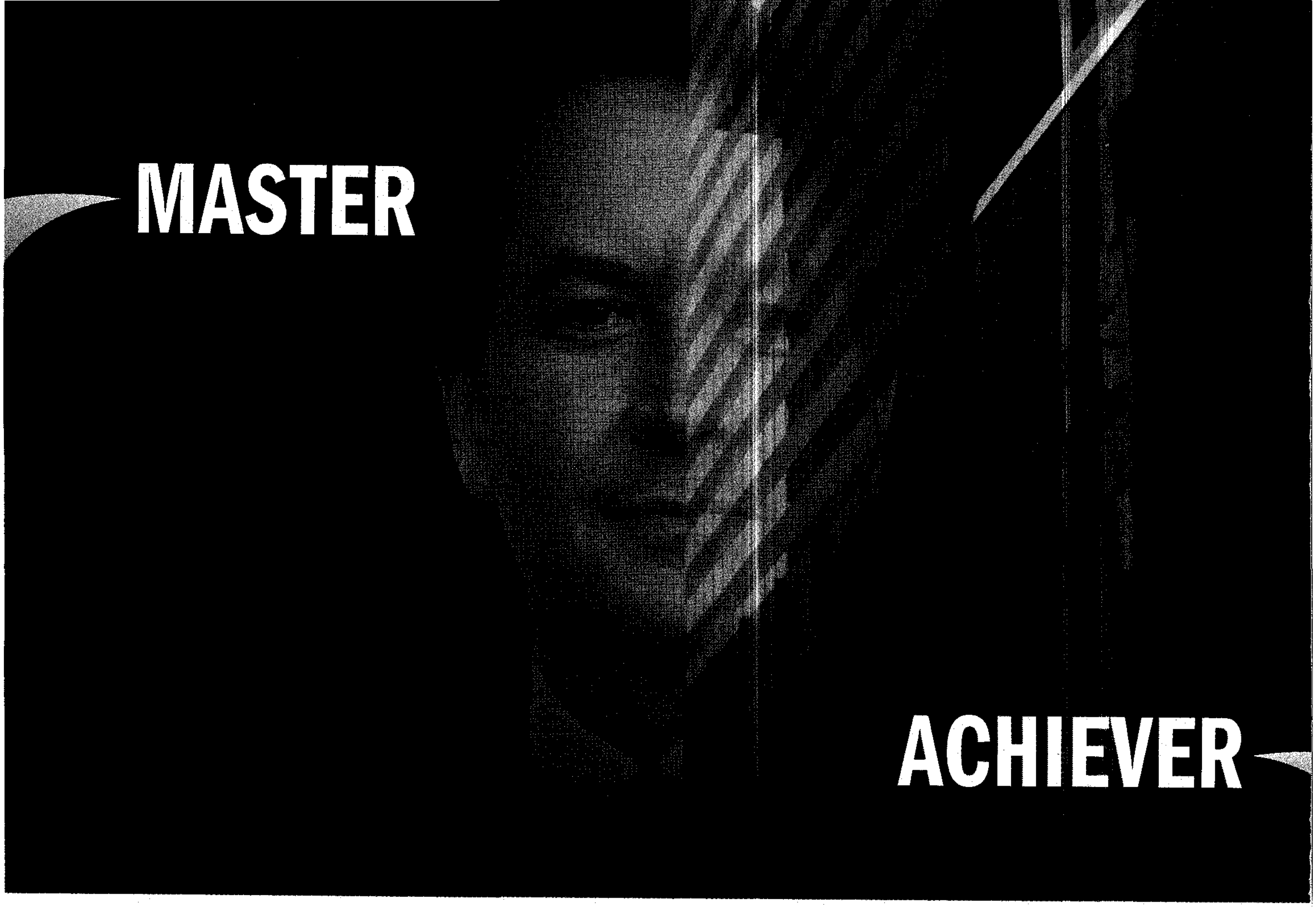


IN AN EYE-OPENING SERIES OF INDEPENDENTLY PRODUCED DOCUMENTARIES, PBS EXAMINES THE LINGERING SHOCKWAVES OF 9/11 ON AMERICA AND THE WORLD. DON'T MISS THIS MAJOR, 12-HOUR TELEVISION EVENT.

PBS

SUNDAY APRIL 15–FRIDAY APRIL 20 AT 9PM ET ON PBS

cpb WETA



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
A PRIVATE UNIVERSITY IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE
School of Continuing and
Professional Studies

NYU Master's Degrees.

To achieve the highest professional level in your chosen field, you should function as a critical thinker, and master the most advanced business practices. The Master's degrees from NYU's School of Continuing and Professional Studies provide focused in-depth learning in today's vital industries. Our programs wed rigorous academics with real-world experiences at one of the world's most respected universities. The faculty are industry experts in their fields, bringing unparalleled insight and understanding to their classrooms, while helping to form the base of a powerful professional network that will benefit you throughout your career. Find out more.

NYU's Career-Focused Master's Degrees:

- Construction Management
- Digital Imaging and Design
- Direct and Interactive Marketing
- Fundraising
- Global Affairs
- Graphic Communications Management and Technology
- Hospitality Industry Studies
- Human Resource Management and Development
- Management and Systems
- Public Relations and Corporate Communications
- Publishing
- Real Estate
- Sports Business
- Tourism and Travel Management

Information Session: Tuesday, April 17, 6-8 p.m.

American Management Association, 8th Floor, 1601 Broadway (at 48th St.)
Digital Imaging and Design session will be held at the NYU Midtown Center, 11 W. 42nd St., 10th Fl.
Please call to RSVP.

www.scps.nyu.edu/510 1-888-998-7204, ext.510 **That's why I go to NYU.**

New York University is an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution. ©2007 New York University School of Continuing and Professional Studies

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE

Shopping for a suitcase.

BY PATRICIA MARX

They say you can't take it with you, but why not? That's why we have luggage—not to mention suitcases on wheels, expandable pockets, and porters. If what they're really worked up about is the airline surcharge for bags that weigh more than fifty pounds, then suggest that they send the baggage ahead. (With Luggage Free, the minimum charge domestically is $110, with a $40 pick-up fee within forty miles of the airport; 800-361-6871.) I am currently in need of a suitcase. I have places to get to and only a single bag to my name—a smallish black upright from Costco (Kirkland Signature Executive twenty-two-inch Rolling Carry-On; $109.99) that looks like every other black upright made of Cordura nylon. I once tied a piece of fuzzy orange yarn to the handle to make it conspicuous and was deflated to discover my case circling on the carrousel next to a piece exactly like it, also adorned with orange yarn.

"Sixty to seventy per cent of the business is in black," Dan Bettinger, a salesclerk at Altman Luggage (135 Orchard Street), told me recently. According to Bettinger, red is on the way out, olive is a powerful runner-up, brown is on the rise, and the walnut-colored nylon tweed on Hartmann luggage is the longest continuously used fabric in the industry. Altman guarantees the best prices for luggage. Then again, luggage is one of those things, like bed linens and yesterday's bread, that you have to go out of your way to buy when they're *not* on sale. Altman also carries pen-and-pencil sets, perhaps because the store specializes in bar- and bat-mitzvah gifts that don't require batteries. I wonder, though, if the eighteen-year-old girl who was examining the futuristic aluminum Zero Halliburton computer cases ($255-$585) spoke for all teen-agers when she said, "I don't know anyone my age who sincerely cares about luggage." Perhaps luggage, along with anchovies and a good mortgage rate, can be appreciated only by grownups.

ULLA PUGGAARD

If the salespeople at T. Anthony (445 Park Avenue, at 56th Street) are to be believed, the desirable new luggage color is purple—although they officially call it blue. "I like to say it's the color of Liz Taylor's eyes," Jack Weiss, the company's director of retail, told me. It is a hue that looks stunning in stiff canvas trimmed with burgundy leather and made into a valise outfitted with brass feet instead of wheels ($1,250 for the thirty-one-inch Packing Case). But who, in this rolling age, I wondered aloud, would choose such a thing? Who would want to lift it? "It's the only thing men are still good for," a woman shopper who was admiring a beauty case in candy-apple-red canvas ($895) chimed in. (T. Anthony has been carrying the shade ever since Marilyn Monroe requested it.)

The worst trauma in the whole flying experience may come at the baggage carrousel.

There are, of course, exceptions to the rule that luggage is always discounted. For instance, nothing is ever marked down at the Goyard boutique at Barneys (the brand is also sold at Bergdorf Goodman). This French company, founded in 1853, is currently the trendiest manufacturer of leather goods around. Kind of a feat, when you consider that the goods are not made of leather. Goyard bags are constructed of a waterproofed cotton-linen-hemp fabric (it comes in ten colors) that resembles the oilcloth that kindergarten teachers used to put on the floor before the children finger-painted. The first time I saw someone carrying a Goyard tote, I took it for one of those attractive department-store shopping bags which you think you should save but end up throwing in the trash. Then I learned how much the things cost ($950). Suddenly, I developed a penchant for anything imprinted with the company's signature interlocking chevron pattern—the steamer trunks, the duffelbags, even the travel water bowls for pets (trunks, $5,000 and up; duffels, $2,000 to $2,700; pet bowls, $1,790).

If imitation is the highest form of coveting the original, then the most sought-after luggage appears to be Louis Vuitton (1 East 57th Street). The LV monogram was designed in 1896, by Georges Vuitton, Louis's son, who put the emblem on his leather goods to insure against counterfeiting (ha!). It is said—by the Vuitton people, at least—to be the earliest instance of someone sticking his name on a manufactured product. My favorite line is Damier Canvas, a checkerboard pattern with the teensiest "Louis Vuitton" discreetly advertised on a few of the squares. (The Pégase wheeled suitcase, 16.5 by 27.5 by 9.4 inches, is $2,740.) But if you're in the market for a leather birthday-cake box the company's artisans in Paris will stitch one up for you. Other custom orders over the years: a case for a rubber duckie, a baby-bottle holder in red leather, a humidor big enough for a thousand cigars, and a working shower made from a Vuitton steamer trunk.

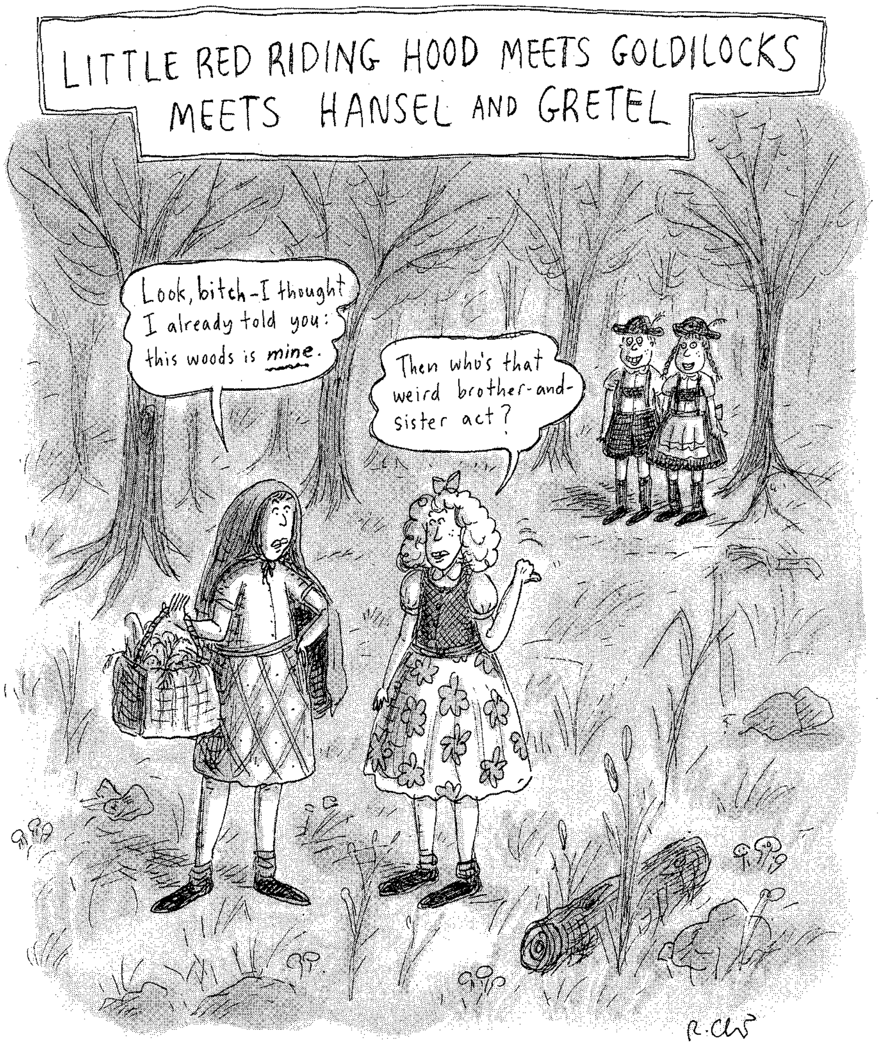
"On my book tour, the escorts were obviously unimpressed with my luggage, which hurts a lot," the novelist Jonathan Lethem told me recently, and I don't think he was being even a little bit facetious. But how impressive do you really want your luggage to be? Too nice and you will worry about entrusting it to airline baggage handlers. On the other hand, not nice enough and you will look as if your belongings had been packed up by the Unabomber, with duct tape and chewing gum.

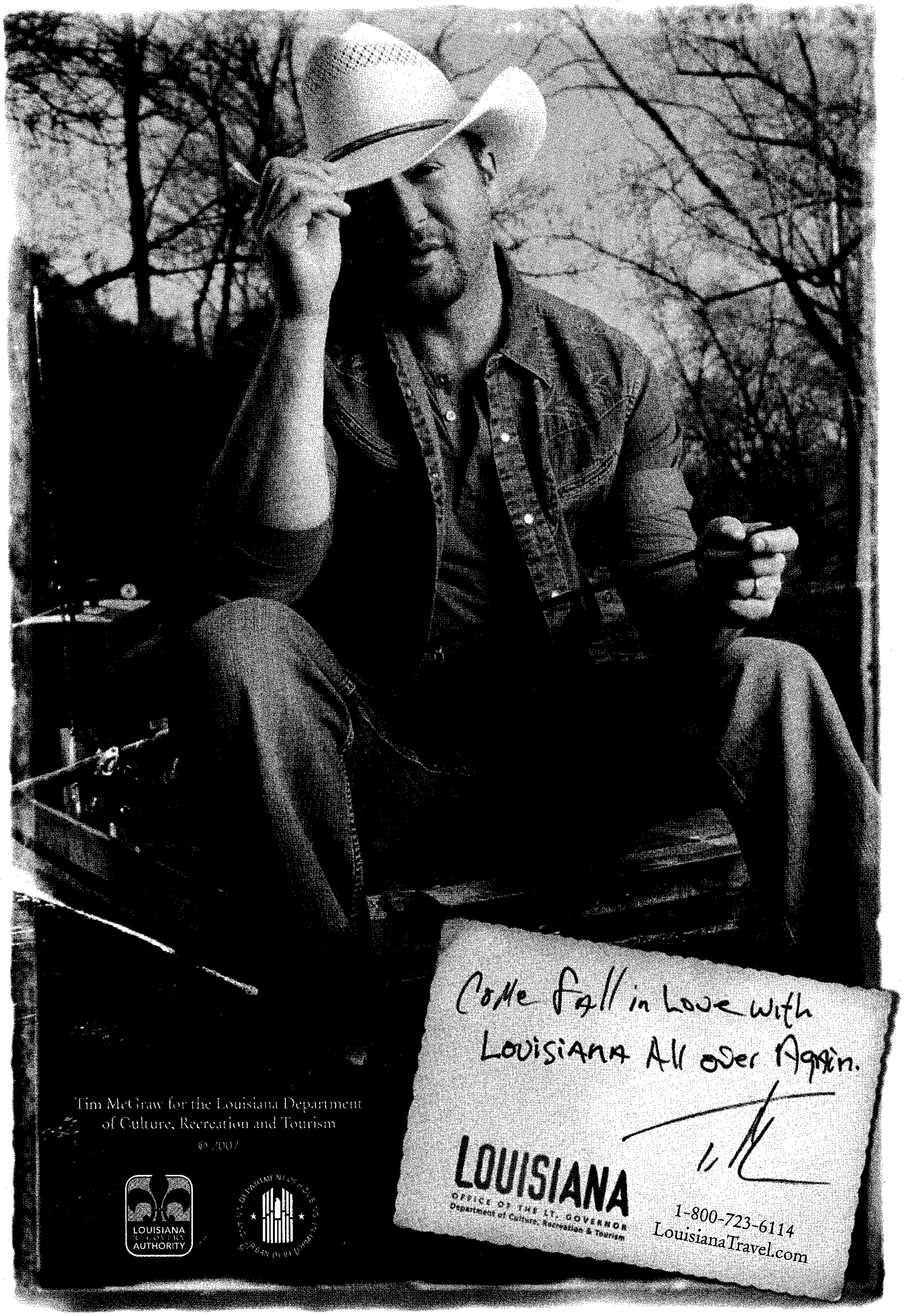
Tumi's modish smoke-and-orange-colored T3 Ducati Tour Backpack features a pocket for your motorcycle helmet ($250; Tumi has five stores in Manhattan), but, if you're looking for something truly impractical and you own a jet, consider Valextra. No, it is not a sedative. It is a line of sleek Italian luggage that has been lugged by Aristotle Onassis and Grace Kelly (or their flunkies), and whose materials include pristine matte deerskin and ostrich leg. Valextra's 24 Hour Bag, from 1954, has been exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art. The newest collection features a lot of pieces in we-dare-you-to-check-it white ($6,900 for the Small 55 Costa Suitcase, and, if you do fly commercial, you will still have to carry your toothpaste and deodorant in a plastic Ziploc bag).

The real trauma associated with flying, everybody knows, has nothing to do with air turbulence; it occurs at the baggage carrousel. You have, by this time, misrepresented yourself to your seatmates as the most interesting person on the airplane—perhaps you said that you were a war correspondent or a top heart surgeon or even Mary E. Peters, the Secretary of Transportation, doing a spot check on the aircraft—and now here you are, awaiting the arrival of Exhibit A, which will confirm or refute your claims. Add to this the anxiety that every traveller experiences after every flight: the interval of nail-biting watchfulness, during which you repeatedly ask yourself, Will it come down the belt, and, if it comes, will it come in one piece, and, if it comes in one piece, will someone have rifled through its contents? And do baggage handlers have a gigantic metal claw with which they scrape every tenth suitcase merely to keep us in our place?

If the adventure part of your travel extends past Baggage Claim Area B, you'll probably need special paraphernalia. The best backpack for carrying heavy loads, according to ConsumerSearch.com, is the Gregory Shasta (available at eBags.com; $242). The best scuba gear that doubles as a backpack, according to me, is anything made by Armor (Leisure Pro, 42 West 18th Street, all of it less than $200).

F. M. Allen, at 962 Madison Avenue (76th), a concern that caters to the safari-goer, carries an extensive selection of bush luggage in dark-brown leather (Mombasa Mail Bag; $485), khaki canvas (Large African Ranch bag; $225), and caramel-colored camel hide (Camel Odyssey; $825). And this is the place to shop for campaign furniture. The Roorkhee Chair, which can be put together and taken apart in a matter of minutes, is a copy of the one used by British Army officers in India during the nineteenth century ($750). Don't you hate it when the candles in the candlesticks you've brought along in your duffel get bent? F. M. Allen can sell you a pair of hundred-year-old Brighton buns, antique candle bases of Italian brass that screw together to form a pellet-shaped unit so that you can gad about the bush secure that your tapers will still be


LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD MEETS GOLDILOCKS MEETS HANSEL AND GRETEL
Look, bitch—I thought I already told you: this woods is mine.
Then who's that weird brother-and-sister act?


Come fall in Love with
Louisiana All over Again.
LOUISIANA
OFFICE OF THE LT. GOVERNOR
Department of Culture, Recreation & Tourism
1-800-723-6114
LouisianaTravel.com
LOUISIANA RECOVERY AUTHORITY

Tim McGraw for the Louisiana Department
of Culture, Recreation and Tourism
© 2007

THE NEW YORKER ONLINE
newyorker.com

THIS WEEK:

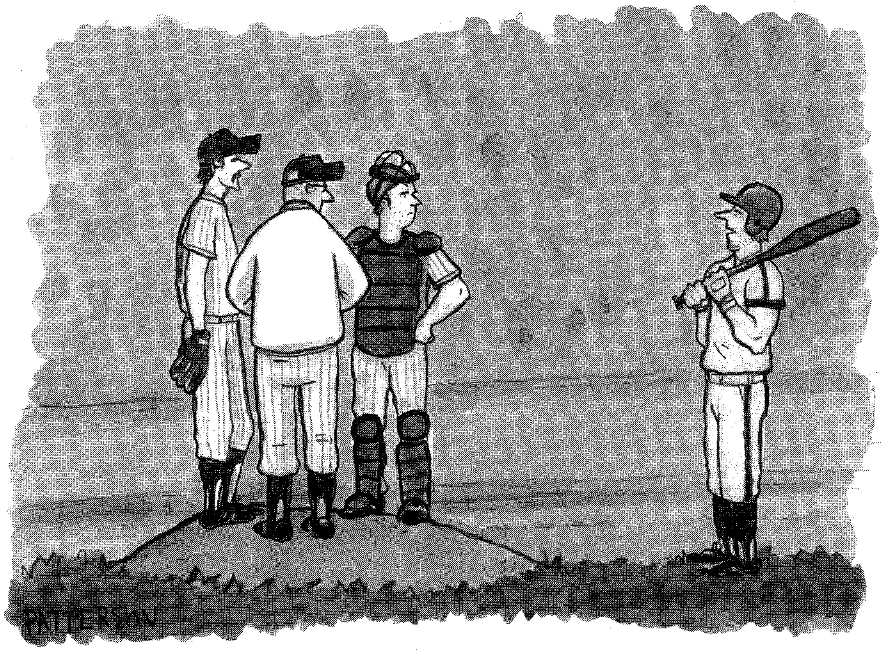
SLIDE SHOW:
Martin Schoeller visits the Pirahã tribe.

CONNECTIONS:
Alex Ross surveys the new-music scene.

PRIMARY SOURCES:
Video clips of parkour.

PLUS
Dan Baum's New Orleans Journal, the Cartoon Caption Contest, animated versions of New Yorker cartoons, and an archive of articles from the magazine as well as hundreds of past Web exclusives.

THE NEW YORKER'S AUDIO EDITION, AVAILABLE AT AUDIBLE.COM/NEWYORKER



"Want to know what I think?"

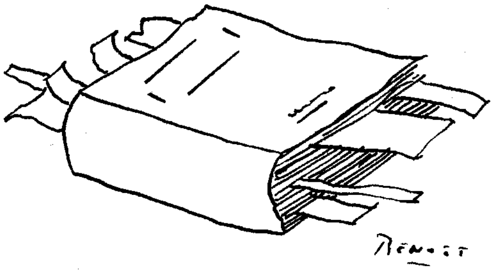
• •

intact at dinnertime ($2,500). If you need to get somewhere fast, the shiny aluminum ejection seat in the window can be yours for $38,000. (F. M. Allen bought eight from the R.A.F. in 2004, and there are only two left, so hurry.)

Remember when you could blithely board an airplane carrying matches, nail polish, knitting needles, hairspray, baseball bats and pool cues, strong magnets, and fertilizer? Not to mention a countless number of suitcases. Judy Garland apparently travelled with no fewer than twenty-six checkable items. And there was once a time when you could get away with crossing the border with farm animals and munitions. Napoleon did it; he also took a miniature library with him when he waged wars. I bet the Emperor would have loved the nine-ounce, half-inch-thick Sony Reader that holds up to eighty average-sized books (Sony.com; $349).

If Flight 001, a tiny shop in Greenwich Village that manages to be sleek and yet crammed with cool stuff, cannot take care of your more mundane travel needs, nobody can (96 Greenwich Avenue). The store's luggage selection is probably the hippest in the city, featuring hard-to-find brands like Hideo Wakamatsu (a twenty-inch high-gloss hard-case trolley in a leopard print is $210) and gear from Swiss Freitag made out of recycled eighteen-wheeler truck tarps (a traffic-light-green tote bag decorated with random letters and numbers is $175). I have my heart set on a suitcase or something from the new Yohji Yamamoto-designed line of Mandarina Duck luggage, clothes, and accessories, and some pieces that span all three categories—for instance, sculptural dresses with shoulder bags and pouches sewn right into the bodices ($800).

Flight 001 has everything you didn't know you had to have: nasal-sanitizing swabs that reduce the risk of infection for up to eight hours ($10), a survival kit packed with necessities like waterproof matches and a packet of dried soup ($12.50), and an ivory satin receptacle that attaches to the inside of a bra so that jewelry and money can be stashed securely and discreetly ($10). Not far from the inflatable neck pillows, bathroom emergency kits, and approved carry-on bottles there is a set of clear plastic vacuum-compression bags that promise to significantly reduce the volume of a stack of clothes—temporarily, one hopes ($15). Maybe I don't need a new suitcase after all. Maybe my little-engine-that-could Costco upright, with its sturdy wheels and ample pockets, can do the job, as long as my hundred-and-eighty-pound boyfriend agrees to sit on it while I zip the zipper. Another thing men are good for. ♦



THE NEW YORKER

Advance Word

Spend your time reading. Not looking for something to read.

Advance Word is a reader's service brought to you by the *New Yorker* Promotion Department and book publishers advertising in *The New Yorker*. As a member, you'll receive the latest news on our advertisers' books that interest you–and only the books that interest you.

Simply fill out our quick, confidential survey and you'll receive a fully customized e-mail update on new and forthcoming books each month. You'll also have an opportunity to receive free advance copies, previews of first chapters, and special discount offers.

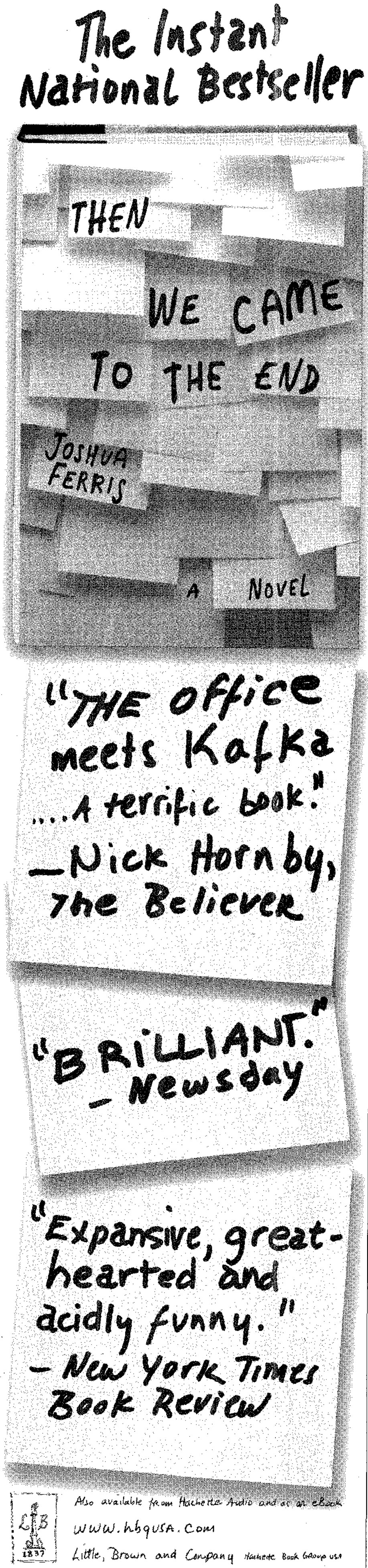
April Advance Word: Look for another opportunity to receive an advance copy before it's available in stores. Recent giveaways included "The Power of a Positive No," by William Ury, "What You Have Left," by Will Allison, and "Free Food for Millionaires," by Min Jin Lee.

Sign Up Today

It's Free. And It's All About You.

www.NewYorkerAdvanceWord.com

Illustration by Benoît van Innîs.



The Instant National Bestseller

THEN WE CAME TO THE END
JOSHUA FERRIS
A NOVEL

"THE office meets Kafka ... A terrific book!" _Nick Hornby, The Believer

"BRILLIANT." _Newsday

"Expansive, great-hearted and acidly funny." -New York Times Book Review

LB 1837
Also available from Hachette Audio and as an eBook
www.hbgusa.com
Little, Brown and Company Hachette Book Group USA

THE SPORTING SCENE

NO OBSTACLES

Navigating the world by leaps and bounds.

BY ALEC WILKINSON

Parkour, a made-up word, cousin to the French *parcours*, which means "route," is a quasi commando system of leaps, vaults, rolls, and landings designed to help a person avoid or surmount whatever lies in his path—a vocabulary, that is, to be employed in finding one's way among obstacles. Parkour goes over walls, not around them; it takes the stair rail, not the stairs. Spread mainly by videos on the Internet, it has been embraced in Europe and the United States by thrill seekers and martial-arts adepts, who regard it as part extreme sport—its founder would like to see it included in the Olympics—and part gruelling meditative pursuit. Movies like its daredevil qualities. A bracing parkour chase begins "Casino Royale," the recent James Bond movie. It includes jumps from the boom of one tower crane to that of another, but parkour's customary obstacles are walls, stairwells, fences, railings, and gaps between roofs—it is an urban rather than a pastoral pursuit. The movements are performed at a dead run. The more efficient and fluid the path they define, and the more difficult and harrowing the terrain they cross, the more elegant the performance is considered by the discipline's practitioners.

Parkour was created in Lisses, a medium prosperous suburb of Paris, in the early nineteen-nineties, by a reserved and restless teen-age boy named David Belle. His father, Raymond, who died in 1999, was an acrobat and a hero fireman. In 1969, he appeared in newspaper photographs hanging from a cable attached to a helicopter above Notre Dame. The night before, someone had hung a Vietcong flag on the cathedral's tower. Raymond was lowered like a spider on a thread, and he grabbed the flag. David Belle is now thirty-three. He has an older brother, Jeff, who is also a fireman; they have the same father but different mothers. (A third brother died a few years ago, of an overdose.) David was raised by his mother's father. On the few occasions when he tried to live with Raymond, their temperaments clashed. David's grandfather told him stories about Raymond that revolved around his exploits—"Spider-Man stories and Tarzan stories," David says—and left him wishing to emulate him. He wanted to be Spider-Man when he grew up.

David Belle invented parkour in France. It

MAGNOLIA PICTURES

The parkour scene in "Casino Royale" is performed by a childhood friend of Belle's named Sébastien Foucan, who has developed a parallel pursuit to parkour, called freerunning. Belle appears in two kinds of films, movies that show him performing parkour for its own sake, and movies and commercials in which he appears as an actor performing parkour. All of the films have the kind of vaudeville improbability of a video game. He leaps gaps between rooftops that it doesn't seem possible to cross. Or he jumps from a rooftop to one that is so much lower that he gets smaller and smaller, descending like a spike about to be driven into the ground. If parkour has a shrine, it is the climbing wall in Lisses, called the Dame du Lac, where Belle played as a teen-ager. The wall is about seventy-five feet high, and the films I like best show him fearlessly racing up and down it as if it had stairs. All are so steeped in risk that there are none I can watch without anxiety.

A young man who practices parkour is called a *traceur;* a woman is a *traceuse.* A *traceur*, Jeff Belle says, is someone "who traces David's footsteps, the way David traced our father's." Enthusiasts also say that a *traceur* is someone who goes fast. The video of Belle that *traceurs* seem to find most compelling, judging from how often they mention it, is one in which he crashes into a cement wall. I have found it on YouTube, using "David Belle fall" as the search term. Belle is attempting to leap over a double-wide ramp that leads to an underground parking garage. The ramp is enclosed by cinder-block walls, about three feet high. Belle arrives at a run from the left. He lowers his hands but they appear to miss the first wall entirely; he seems to be looking at where he means to land. Incredibly, while aloft, he turns, so that his shoulder, not his head, strikes the opposite wall. Ten feet beneath him, at the bottom of the ramp, a cameraman is lying on his back in order to shoot from below. Belle manages not to land on him. His first gesture is to see if the cameraman is all right. Then he begins walking briskly up the ramp. Toward the top, he turns and can be seen to be grinning.

spread mainly by videos on the Internet, and has been embraced in Europe and the United States by thrill-seekers and martial-arts adepts.

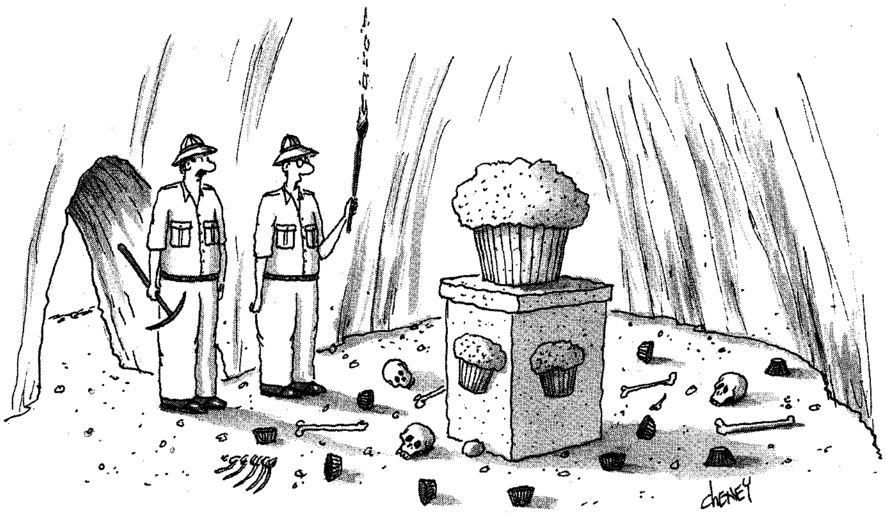
Parkour has no explicit glossary, but *traceurs* typically describe the fundamental maneuvers as the cat leap, the precision jump, the roll, and the wall run. There is also the tic-tac, in which a nearly horizontal *traceur* takes at least one step and sometimes several steps along a wall and launches himself from it; and the underbar, in which a *traceur* dives feet first through a gap between fence rails, like a letter going through a slot, then grabs the upper rail as his shoulders pass under it. In addition, there are several vaults, including the lazy vault, the reverse vault, the turn vault, the speed vault, the dash vault, and the kong or monkey vault, in which a *traceur* runs straight at a wall or a railing, plants his hands on top, and brings his feet through his hands. All these moves link to one another, so that a *traceur* might say that he went cat to cat, or that he tic-taced a wall or konged it, then did a roll and a wall leap. The intention is to become so adept that the movements recede in one's awareness and can be performed without reflection. Jazz musicians occasionally say that a novice needs to learn all about his instrument, then he needs to learn all about music, then he needs to forget everything and learn how to play, which is a paradigm that also fits parkour, especially because both activities at their most proficient are improvised. A jazz musician wants to be comfortable in any key. Similarly, a *traceur* wants to be sufficiently fluent so that he can cross any terrain in flight without compromise.

Parkour's most prominent disciple in America is Mark Toorock, who lives in Washington, D.C., and runs a Web site called American Parkour. Toorock is thirty-six. In 2002, a brokerage firm where he worked as a computer technician sent him to London. "Some guys in my office were talking about this 'nutter' who was jumping across rooftops in an ad on TV—David Belle," Toorock says. "I started looking for him on the Internet, and I found a French forum where he was mentioned. Back then, there weren't any parkour sites. I made an attempt to speak to the people in the forum, but they were less than interested in talking to anyone who spoke English, and they weren't polite about it. I found out later that they didn't really want parkour spread. It was theirs, or so they felt. It's a very narrowly defined discipline, and they didn't want it misunderstood."

A few weeks later, Toorock discovered a British Web site called Urban Freeflow, which had just started up. Toorock arranged to meet some of the people involved in a park, and they went around climbing walls and jumping over benches. After two years, Toorock was transferred back to the United States and ended up in Washington, where he began his Web site.

Toorock is a little old for parkour. He says that he concentrates on "stuff close to the ground, on speed and efficiency." At his apartment, he showed me a photograph of a parkour artifact—a sign posted in a park in Bethesda, Maryland, that reads, "No skateboards, bicycles, rollerblades, parkour type exercises or similar activities." "The only one in the world," he said. "So far as we know."

In 2005, Toorock organized a team of American *traceurs*—ten men and two women, who call themselves the Tribe—



"There's still so little we know about the muffin age."

• •

and when I asked him who among them was the most adept he said Ryan Ford, who is a sophomore at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Ford is five feet nine, and he weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds. His face is round, and his eyes are slightly slanted. He has Sioux and Navajo blood, and bristly dark-brown hair. Everyone in the Tribe has a nickname. Ford's is Demon, but, being earnest and unassuming, he's not very comfortable with it. He lives in an apartment in a rambling house with two roommates. We sat in the living room. Ford said that he discovered parkour on the Internet toward the end of his junior year in high school, in Golden, Colorado. He wanted to learn how to run up to a wall, plant his foot on it, and do a backflip. Looking for instructions, he found images of David Belle, among others. In the fall, he quit the football team, on which he was a wide receiver, to pursue parkour.

"I was always climbing rocks and trees, so parkour was already kind of in me," he said. "Pretty much everyone you talk to will tell you that parkour was always part of them." His parents were unhappy with it, though. "To them, it just looked like I was jumping off stuff recklessly for no reason," he said. "But I kept saying, 'It's not pointless, there's a whole philosophy to it.'"

I asked how he had learned.

"A key factor in parkour is gradualism," he said. "You can't find the highest thing to jump from in order to practice your rolls. You get down on the ground first and practice your rolls, then maybe you find something three feet high to launch yourself from. When you can do something correctly a hundred times out of a hundred, you increase your task. Maybe. If you feel confident. People wonder how David Belle can leap between buildings and fall thirty feet. He started low and built up the difficulty."

It was a warm day, and the windows were open. We heard a dog bark, and a woman tell it to stop. "Parkour is about repetition and practice," Ford went on. "To say that no one in the U.S. has reached David Belle's level doesn't mean that there aren't extremely skilled people doing parkour; it means that he's trained for years, and no one here has. When I see a skilled *traceur*, I admire the dedication and the mental strength. There are some people who just have superior physical ability, but there are no secret techniques in parkour. A lot of the things *traceurs* do aren't necessarily impressive physically, anyway. From a *traceur's* point of view, the task is often mental. Some people can master fear. Other people might have more determination and, in the end, accomplish more things. I see myself fuelled more by determination than by the ease of putting fear in the back of my mind. I overthink, and I don't have the craziness some people do, but I have the determination."

"How often do you practice?"

"I try to do something every day," he said. Then he frowned. "One thing we say is we do parkour, but a lot of the time we aren't; we're practicing for parkour. True parkour is hardly ever done. If I'm practicing a vault and I turn around and do it again, that's not parkour, because it's continuing a circle—it's not making a path. The videos on the Internet are spliced together, so that's not really parkour, either.

"My fantasy is to be walking late at night on the street in New York City and have some guys try to rob me, and I use parkour to get away from them, but I've never had to use parkour, so in a way I could say I've never really done parkour. I practice parkour not because I think I'm going to have to use it but because I see it as making me stronger physically and mentally, just the way people don't go into martial arts because they plan to fight someone—they keep fit or get discipline. Everyone's different, but the philosophy of parkour that drives me is that progression of ability, being better than I was the day before. There's a quote by Bruce Lee that's my motto: 'There are no limits. There are plateaus, but you must not stay there, you must go beyond them. A man must constantly exceed his level.' If you're not better than you were the day before, then what are you doing—what's the point?"

The next morning, I drove to Denver with Ford; his girlfriend, Kathryn Keller, who is brown-haired and petite and was a gymnast in high school but had to give it up when she hurt her back; and a tall, skinny high-school boy with freckles and a turban named Sat, whose full name is Sat Santokh Khalsa. Sat's American mother and father had converted to Sikhism, and when Sat was nine they sent him to a Sikh boarding school in India, called Miri Piri Academy. He had gone there for six years—he was now fifteen—and had just started Boulder High School. When he came home from India at the end of the school year, a friend had shown him a parkour video, and then he found Mark Toorock's Web site.

We drove downtown, to a small park called Skyline Park, outside a Westin hotel. Ford had invited several other *traceurs* to join us, and when we arrived one of them, a Russian named Nikita, was sitting beside a fountain that had been drained. Nikita was twenty. He

800.345.3362 ©2007 EILEEN FISHER™ INC.

EILEEN
FISHER

what if simplicity is all you need?

VISIT EILEENFISHER.COM FOR STORE LOCATIONS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had shaved his blond hair, and he had a small face, avid eyes, thin lips, and a sharp nose. He was six feet two and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds. He looked like a big spider. He said that he was from Belarus. "I grew up in a village," he said. "It was just five houses." In New York, where his father now lived, he had trained for two years to be an ultimate fighter. "We paid money to a manager to arrange the fights, and he left," he said. "After that, my trainer went into the movies." He shrugged off a backpack. "Two more days, and it will be one month I have done parkour."

The fountain in Skyline Park is a collection of reddish-brown concrete forms, squares and rectangles, stacked like children's blocks. It is about twenty feet tall. "We call this the Cat Fountain," Ford said, "because there's a lot of cat leaps here." There is a fountain in a park nearby, designed by the same architect, which is called Precision Fountain, Ford said, "because it has a lot of precision jumps." The Cat Fountain was set into the plaza, so that from the pavement to the blocks there was a gap several feet wide and a few feet deep, which would be filled by water in warmer weather. Making a run toward the gap, Sat made a cat leap to one of the blocks. He was so slight that it seemed as if he had been lifted into the air by a wire. Once he had grabbed the block, his feet slid against it as he pulled himself up. "The slips are part of the technique," Ford said. "It's controlled. When you first start, you rely more on the equipment to hold you in place, your sneakers, then you learn to use your strength."

Warming up, Nikita twisted from side to side, like a screw. Ford did a handstand but had difficulty maintaining it. "My handstands are not so good," he said. "I fall over, since I got hurt."

"What happened?"

"Separated my shoulder," he said.

"Where'd you do that?"

Ford walked about ten paces. "Right here," he said. "Kong vault over this eight-foot gap. I should have landed in that flower bed, but I clipped a foot and fell into the gap and hit the wall. At first, I thought I broke my collarbone. I also cut my head. I drove home using one arm."

Keller said, "He left a message on my answering machine: 'I got hurt pretty bad, so just call me back.'"

While we stood looking at the wall and the flower bed, another *traceur*, a high-school boy named Dan Mancini, came walking across the plaza. He was tall and thin, with brown hair, and wore a T-shirt and jeans. Ford clasped his hands above his head and stretched, then said, "Shall we hit some stuff on the fountain?" When Ford talks about people naturally gifted for parkour, one of the people he means is Nikita. We watched him pace off a ten-foot gap from the border to the fountain, then approach it at a run. The first time, he landed short of the wall, and the second time he cleared the gap but couldn't hold on to the wall and dropped to the bottom of the fountain.

"I did that once," Ford said. "Never again."

Nikita said that he wanted to try one more time.

"You should," Ford said. "I'll film it."

"You shouldn't tell me," Nikita said.

Ford got a video camera from his knapsack. He stood on a block beside the one Nikita was attempting to surmount and filmed Nikita as he came rushing forward, leaped into the air, and struck the block feet first, like a hawk, then grabbed the edge and pulled himself to the top. He stood on top of the block, jiggling his hands, and said, "Scary vault."

They grew tired of the fountain shortly and began hoisting themselves onto a railing a few feet above the ground and walking along it on all fours: a maneuver called a cat balance or a cat walk. The railing framed three sides of a rectangle. The longest section was about thirty feet. "Cat walking is very tiring," Ford said. "Your legs start to burn." Nikita went up one side of the railing and made the turn and passed us. "Your legs burning yet?" Ford asked. Nikita shook his head. He turned the second corner. "Now burning," he said.

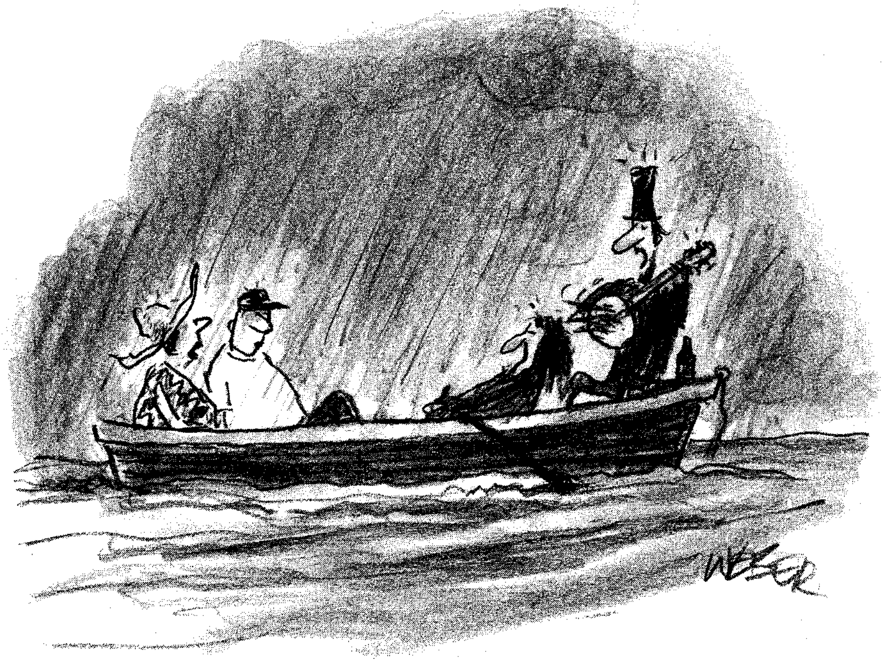
After Nikita got off the railing, he paced out a cat leap from the plaza, over a gap of about eight feet, to a block in the fountain.

"The last guy who did that hit his face," Ford said.

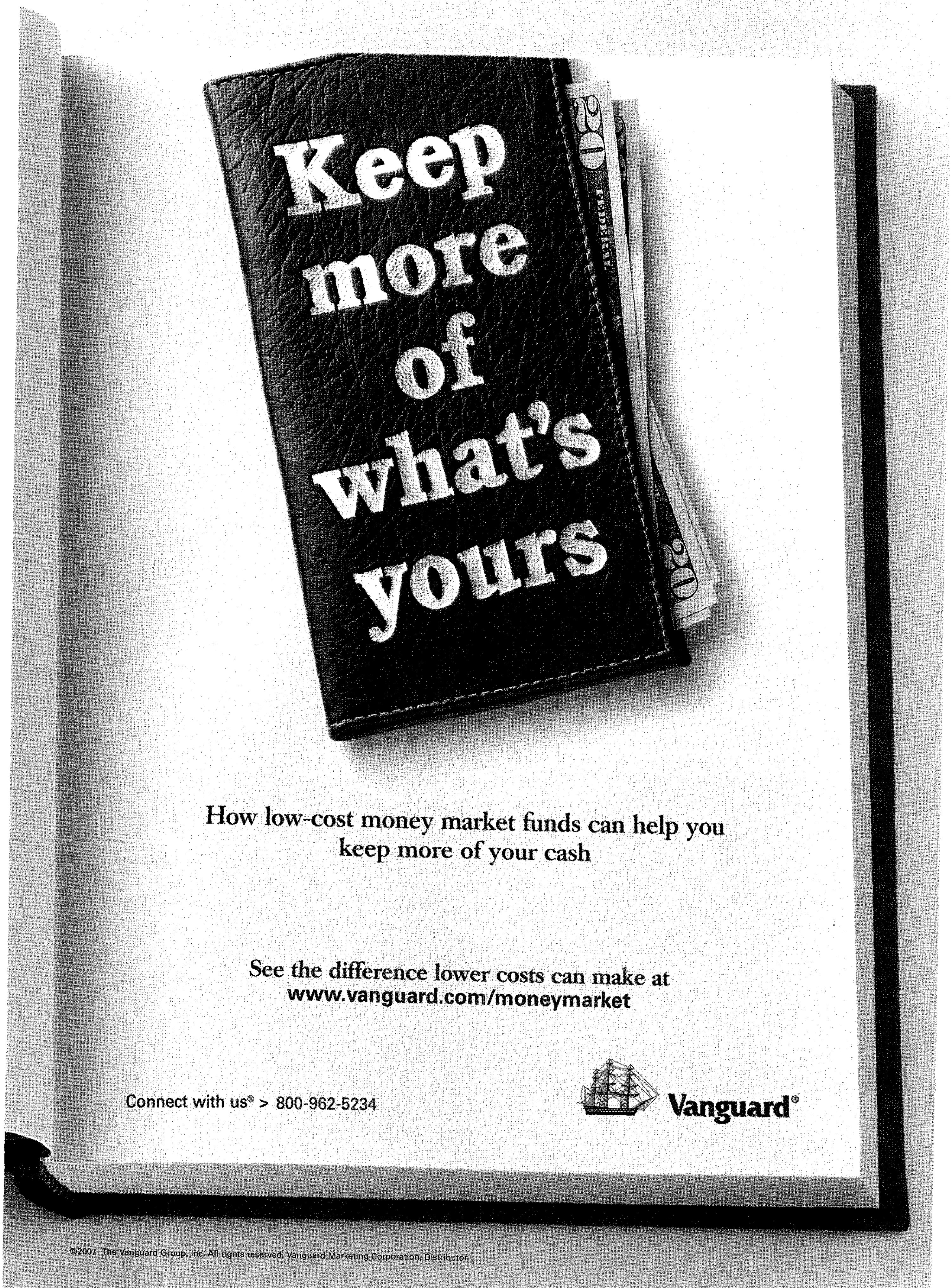
"Bit through his lip," one of the others said.

Nikita soared over the gap and held on to the block, and the others shook their heads. Ford said, "You guys want to move? I got another cat leap for you."

We crossed the street to a ramp that led to an underground garage. The boys leaned over the walls on either side of the ramp and looked down soberly. At the deep end, the drop to the pavement



"Let's make this our last celebrity cruise."



How low-cost money market funds can help you keep more of your cash

See the difference lower costs can make at
www.vanguard.com/moneymarket

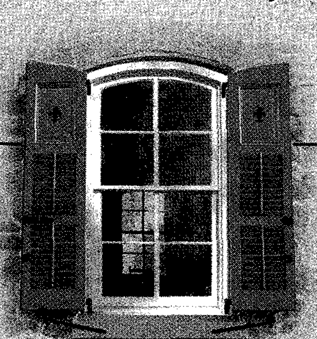
Connect with us® > 800-962-5234

Vanguard®

©2007 The Vanguard Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Vanguard Marketing Corporation, Distributor.

EXTERIOR SHUTTERS & SHUTTER HARDWARE

The neighbors
MAY BEGIN DRIVING
a bit more slowly.



Historically accurate, custom hand-crafted cedar shutters and hand-forged period hardware from Timberlane®. Call today for a complimentary catalog.

800.250.2221 EXT. 1490
TIMBERLANE.COM/1490

THEATERMANIA
Up-to-date reviews, news and tickets
Broadway • Off-Broadway • Nationwide
Over 750,000 members enjoy
our theater discounts and special offers.
JOIN FOR FREE and you may win tickets to a hit show!
visit **www.TheaterMania.com**

LONDON CALLING
sterling charm bracelet

WHAT'S YOUR TRIP?
SO-CHARMED .COM
by jodi bloom

COUNTRY WALKERS®
Walk the World
Active walking tours, small group tours, exceptional guides
FREE catalog • 800.464.9255 • www.countrywalkers.com
A First Choice Expeditions Company

Do gooder.
Reach more people, raise more.
firstgiving www.firstgiving.com
ONLINE FUNDRAISING FOR EVERYBODY

was about fifteen feet, and the distance across about twelve.

"This is the smallest parking-garage ramp in Denver," one of them said.

"Yeah, we scouted it," another said.

"Those French guys do it at the deepest part."

"Yeah, but in France the cars are smaller, so it's as deep but not as wide."

They walked to the head of the ramp in a little pack. A few of them climbed up on the wall around the ramp and made tentative standing jumps to the pavement, landing at the far wall and grabbing the edge of it with their fingers, but no one wanted to try it for real. Embedded in the wall were pieces of gravel, making it rough to the touch. Nikita stood on a rail several inches above the wall, wobbling, as if on a branch. Through a window of the hotel, about ten floors up, a man watched him. Nikita bent his knees, thrust his arms forward, and leaped, his path making a little arc in the air. His fingers grasped the wall, but he landed hard and banged his shin. He lifted his pants leg to see if he'd cut himself. Then he said, "Let's get out of here," and everyone followed him across the street. His hands were scraped and bleeding. On a Velcro strap around his chest he had a zippered wallet from which he took some tape and wrapped his fingers.

After crossing several streets, we came to an apartment building and a concrete parking garage that was four floors tall. Between the levels, running nearly the length of each wall, were broad openings like slits. Each was about a foot tall. Using them, the boys began climbing. One said, "Is this, like, the Asian place where the lady yelled at us to get out?"

A door at the top of a flight of stairs in the apartment building opened and a small, black-haired woman stepped out. "What are you doing climbing here?" she yelled. "Are you supposed to be up there? Get off. The stairs are for going up and down." She glared at them, and one by one they sheepishly climbed down. We took the stairs to the roof, which was connected to a walkway leading to a row of stores, all of them closed—it was Sunday. By one of the stores were two sulky girls and a boy dressed in black clothes.

"Are you guys some kind of youth group?" one of the girls asked.

"No, this is just us using the buildings to keep fit," someone said.

"Oh, I understand," the girl said. "That's cool."

"She does *not* understand," Kathryn said.

"Oh, my God," the other girl said. "It's like Spider-Man."

I turned and saw Nikita climbing a drain pipe to the roof of one of the stores. While I was writing "Spider-Man" in my notebook, his shadow as he leaped from one roof to another passed over the page.

Jeff Belle has an office in Paris, where he handles fire-department business. To speak with him, I brought a translator, Susan Chace, an American novelist who lives in Paris. Belle, who is forty-five, is small and wiry. He has a round face, a sharp chin, dark eyes, and black, cropped hair with flecks of gray. He was wearing a fireman's uniform, a dark-blue garment like a jumpsuit. The legs ended just above the tops of his black combat boots. Over the uniform, he wore a long coat that had "Pompier de Paris" written on the back. We met at his office, then he took us to an empty, low-ceilinged room with a bar and an espresso machine and some tables stacked on top of each other. On the wall were photographs of firefighters.

Jeff said that David was a restless boy. "He was always exercising in front of the TV," he said. "He still takes whatever's next to him, maybe a big book, and starts lifting it. He can't sit still. He lives with it." The brothers did not see much of each other until David, at fourteen, moved to Lisses to live with his mother. Then Jeff, who was already a fireman, began to look after him. He would show him how to climb ropes and perform gymnastic maneuvers, and David would go off and do it his own way. Now and then, David would go to the climbing wall in Lisses with his father and show him things he had taught himself, and Raymond, thinking that he was being encouraging, would say, "I could do that when I was nine."

Through Jeff, David was exposed to the methods of Georges Hébert, a French sports theorist, whose motto was "Be strong to be useful." Hébert believed that modern conveniences such as elevators were debilitating. He thought that Africans he had met while travelling were healthier and stronger than Europeans, and that the proportions of the bodies he saw in Greek and Roman statues were ideal. The philosophies and the exercises he developed, which are part of a French fireman's training, were also meant to cultivate courage and discipline. Inspired by Hébert, a Swiss architect developed an obstacle course called a parcours. "David took Hébert's ideas and said, 'I will adapt it to what I need,'" Jeff said. "Instead of stopping at a reasonable point, he just kept going."

David was briefly a fireman recruit, until he hurt his wrist. While he was recuperating, he started thinking things over and saw that the life of a fireman had too many rules, and not enough action, and he decided to join the Marines, but he didn't find the same values among them, the "traditional values." He left the Marines and went to India, where he stayed for six months. When he came back to Paris, he was twenty-four, and he didn't know what to do with himself.

"He came to see me at my house," Jeff said, "and he told me he didn't know where his life was going. He was only interested in parkour. You could be a super policeman or a firefighter using it, but you can't earn your living, because there's no championship. I said, 'Maybe if we film what you're doing.'"

It was 1997, and Jeff was involved in planning an annual ceremony in which recruits perform firefighting drills. He decided that David should put on a show. He told him to get a group together, so that he wouldn't look insignificant by himself. David collected two of his cousins and some other kids from the neighborhood, including Sébastien Foucan, with whom he ran around doing parkour. Jeff choreographed a routine for them. They dressed as ninjas and called themselves the Yamakasi. "It means 'strong spirit' in the language of Zaire," Jeff said, "but it sounded Asian." During the show, David climbed a tower and did a handstand at the top. He also scaled a fireman's ladder and did a backflip from it. After the demonstration, David began getting invitations to perform.

Jeff is proud of David, but worries about him. "This was a kid who refused any kind of system, who just wanted to live his life," he says. "If he's surrounded by the right people, he can do what he wants. Ordinary life really upsets him, though, because this world the rest of us live in is not where he finds his pleasure. He's easily disturbed by ordinary things. But he's also asking, 'Why am I doing this parkour?' All his family who did this physical stuff were doing it for a reason, but he's asking, 'Why am I doing this, what does it mean?'" Jeff added, "He's simple in his purposes. He doesn't like talking very much. He's someone who is looking for his way." I asked what sort of routines David observed in his training. Jeff shook his head. "He's still eating Big Macs and drinking Coke," Jeff said. "He likes chicken sandwiches. He trains when it comes to him. He's usually sleeping in the morning. He's really a night guy."

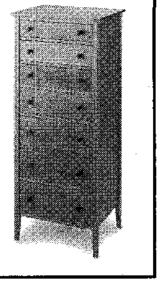
We arranged to meet with David the following day, in Lisses, where he was staying with his mother. When David is in France, he lives either with her or with Jeff. "He doesn't really have a lot of money," Jeff said, "although people think that he does." He added that David was very easy to live with. "We don't know about the inside of his head, but outside he's very neat. His room is always in perfect shape."

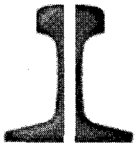
The next day, I took a taxi with Susan Chace to Lisses, about half an hour south of Paris. When we were under way, the driver asked why we were going there. Chace said, "To see David Belle." The driver nodded. Chace asked if he knew who Belle was, and the driver said, "Of course. *Il est unique*." We left the highway and, following Jeff's directions, went around a rotary and came to a collection of low, flat-roofed, two-story buildings, like shoeboxes, painted light brown. We stopped in front of Belle's building. Chace knocked, the door opened, and the driver said, "That's him!" Belle had his chin tucked slightly, like a man looking out from under the brim of a hat. He had dark hair cut short like a pelt and a thin, asymmetrical face, with a sharp chin and

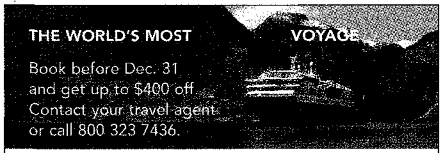
THE AMAZING
AERON
- 1-Year money back guarantee
- FREE Shipping in the Continental U.S.
- We Will NOT Be Undersold!

PRICES START AT
$749
Exclusive TrueBlack
Only at Sit4Less.com
Sit4Less.com EXCLUSIVE
Fully loaded Aerons® starting at
Only $949
Sit4Less.com
Right Chair, Right Price, Right Now!
Call Us Today At 877-490-LESS

HO CHI MINH CITY
HANOI &
SINGAPORE
10 NIGHTS & AIR
FROM $1,839
SINGAPORE AIRLINES
Essence of Indochina
EssenceOfIndochina.com


Maine Made Furniture
Shaker & Traditional
Custom Built
CHILTON
866-883-3366
www.chiltons.com


MTA RAIL
BOOKENDS
A PIECE OF NEW YORK
WWW.RAILBOOKENDS.COM


THE WORLD'S MOST VOYAGE
Book before Dec. 31
and get up to $400 off.
Contact your travel agent
or call 800 323 7436.
NORWEGIAN COASTAL VOYAGE

THE PARKER GRILL
BOAT MOUNTS
20,000 BTU's
STAINLESS STEEL
PARKER
(800) 214 4757
parker-grill.com

a hook nose. He was wearing a red fleece top and jeans. As I paid the driver, Jeff Belle drove up behind us. We went into the apartment. The kitchen was by the door, and there was a living room beyond it with a circular stairway leading up. In the living room was David's girlfriend, Dorine Sane. David had his fleece top zipped to his chin—he had a sore throat—and he seemed subdued. He had just come back from three weeks in the Czech Republic, where he was making "Babylon AD," which stars Vin Diesel, and is based on a French science-fiction novel. David plays the head of an Internet gang that does parkour, and he choreographed scenes for ten actors.

Jeff and David spoke for a few moments, and then Chace said that David was going to rest, while Jeff took us to the Dame du Lac. Outside, we crossed a parking lot, then took an asphalt path through a park. Several hundred yards off, the Dame du Lac rose up against the side of a small lake. It was the color of sandstone and had the shape of an arch. "David was afraid of it in the beginning," Jeff said. "Now he walks on it like it was solid ground." The *lac* turned out to be made of concrete. As we walked along the edge, ducks paddled away from us. For some time now, a fence has enclosed the wall, but it was easy to climb around it. The wall was slightly concave, and the top was intersected by a horizontal slab, which had roughly the dimensions of a king-size mattress and was curled up at one edge. Here and there on the face of the wall were footholds and handholds in the form of slots the size of bricks. On one side was a rectangular box, open at one end, like a cave, which is called the cabana. Below, sticking straight out from the wall and about fifteen feet tall, was a form in the shape, more or less, of a hammer. Jeff said that the first maneuver David had done was a backflip from the cabana to the hammer. About twenty feet from the ground was a sign saying, "Escalade Interdite." On it were signatures. "The kids climb up and sign their names," Jeff said. "David also went barefoot on it." He pointed at the top. "And at night sometimes he slept up there."

For a few minutes, my mind screened images of David in videos I had seen—running up and down the wall, doing a hair-raising handstand at the top—then we began walking back toward the apartment. We passed a low building with picture windows—a nursery school—and Jeff said that when David and his friends were young "they jumped over the bushes beside it to the roof. That was their first trick." While we were looking at a stairwell that appears as a prop in videos for a series of David's cat leaps, Jeff's cell phone rang, and it was David saying he was ready to talk.

When we got back to the apartment, David sat on a couch with Dorine, and I sat next to them. Jeff made coffee. For the most part, David sat quite still, like a machine at rest. The only part of him in motion was his right hand, which moved from Dorine's hand, to her knee, to her lap, and so on. I asked how he knew whether a movement was too dangerous. "It's just intuitive," he said, shrugging. "My body just knows if I can do something or not. It's sort of an animal thing. In athletics, they have rules—you have to

THE UNITED STATES

The rusting, decomposing hulk of the United States
is moored across Columbus Boulevard from Ikea,
rearing weirdly over the old municipal pier
on the mostly derelict docks in Philadelphia.

I'd forgotten how immense it is: I can't imagine
which of the hundreds of portholes looked in
on the four-man cabin five flights down
I shared that first time I ran away to France.

We were told we were the fastest thing afloat,
and we surely were; even from the tiny deck
where passengers from tourist were allowed
our wake boiled ever vaster out behind.

That such a monster could be lifted by mere waves
and in the storm that hit us halfway across
tossed left and right until we vomited
seemed a violation of some natural law.

At Le Havre we were out of scale with everything;
when a swarm of tiny tugs nudged like piglets
at the teat the towering mass of us in place,
all the continent of Europe looked small.

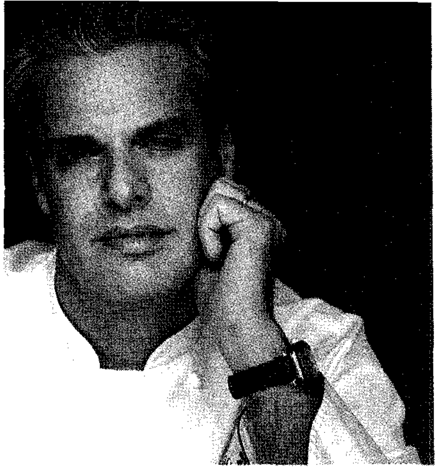
Now, behind its ravelling chain-link fence,
the ship's a somnolent carcass, cables lashed
like lilliputian leashes to its prow, its pocking,
once pure paint discoloring to blood.

Upstream, the shells of long-abandoned factories
crouch for miles beneath the interstate;
the other way the bridge named after Whitman
hums with traffic toward the suburbs past his grave;

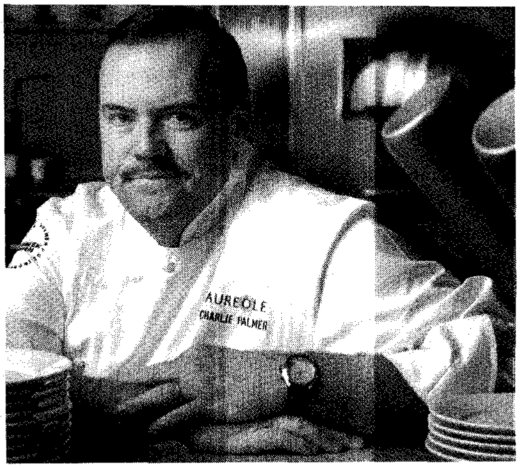
and "America's mighty flagship" waits here,
to be auctioned, I suppose, stripped of anything
it might still have of worth, and towed away
and torched to pieces on a beach in Bangladesh.

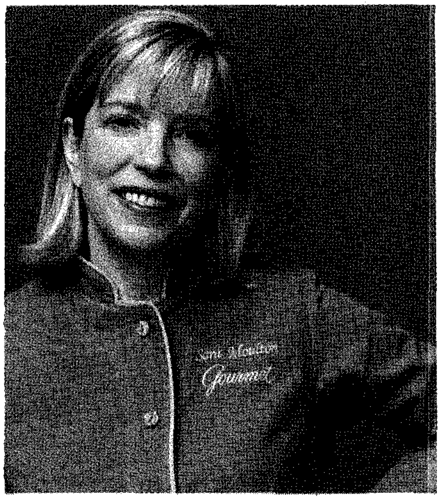
—*C. K. Williams*

ADVERTISEMENT



THE *Gourmet* FIFTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE





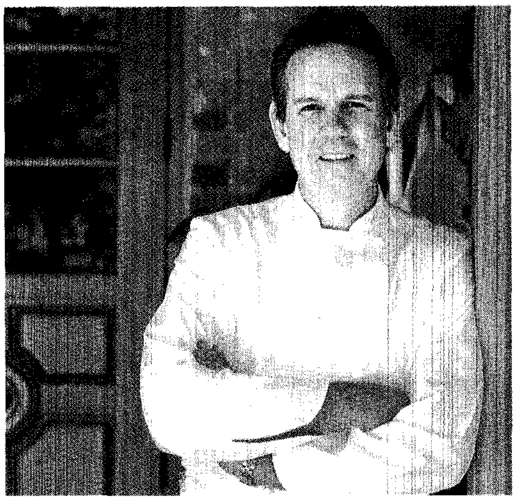


PHOTO OF RUTH REICHL: BRIGITTE LACOMBE

ALL ACCESS. ALL WEEKEND.

ALL YOU'LL BE TALKING ABOUT ALL YEAR LONG.

Be a part of culinary history! For the fifth annual Gourmet Institute, the epicurean world's top talents will come together under one roof for a very special weekend of insider-only seminars, cooking demonstrations, tastings and more. Get an exclusive sneak peek into the world of *Gourmet* with A-list guest chefs including Grant Achatz, Thomas Keller, Gray Kunz, Masaharu Morimoto, Charlie Palmer, Michel Richard, Eric Ripert and Marcus Samuelsson—as well as *Gourmet* editors and a host of notable culinary personalities.

OCTOBER 19-21, 2007 · NEW YORK CITY

SPONSORS INCLUDE: All-Clad · Chateau St Jean
Cuisinart · Electrolux ICON™ · FIJI Water · Grey Goose Vodka
Haagen-Dazs® · Irish Dairy Board · Moët & Chandon
Post Selects Cereals · Princess Cruises · The French
Culinary Institute · Tommy Bahama Rum · Tourism Ireland

Pre-order your "Chefs of The Gourmet Institute" 2008 calendar today. It's this year's culinary must-have, presented by Moët & Chandon. Visit GourmetInstitute.com.

VISIT GOURMETINSTITUTE.COM OR CALL 1.888.308.6133

BEGINNING MAY 1 TO PURCHASE TICKETS AND FOR THE COMPLETE WEEKEND SCHEDULE take your distance and stop and jump, everything has a procedure—but I never did it that way. I don't take a risk, though, that I know I can't do. I like life too much."

He said that parkour hadn't changed much, since he started it, but his intention had become more specific. "When I was younger, I was playing, the way kids play at parkour, but now I ask the question 'Is this going to be useful for me to get to the other side?' The movement is simple. I don't do anything special, because I want to get to the other side. What I'm interested in for parkour is the utilitarian thing of getting to the other end, whether as a task or a challenge, but in film they like a little entertainment, so I do that, too, but it's not what I'm interested in.

"You always have to get through the first obstacle that says, 'I can't do it,' whether in your mind or for real, and be able to adapt to anything that's put in your path. It's a method for learning how to move in the world. For finding the liberty men used to have."

I asked David why he had gone to India, and he said that he had friends there.

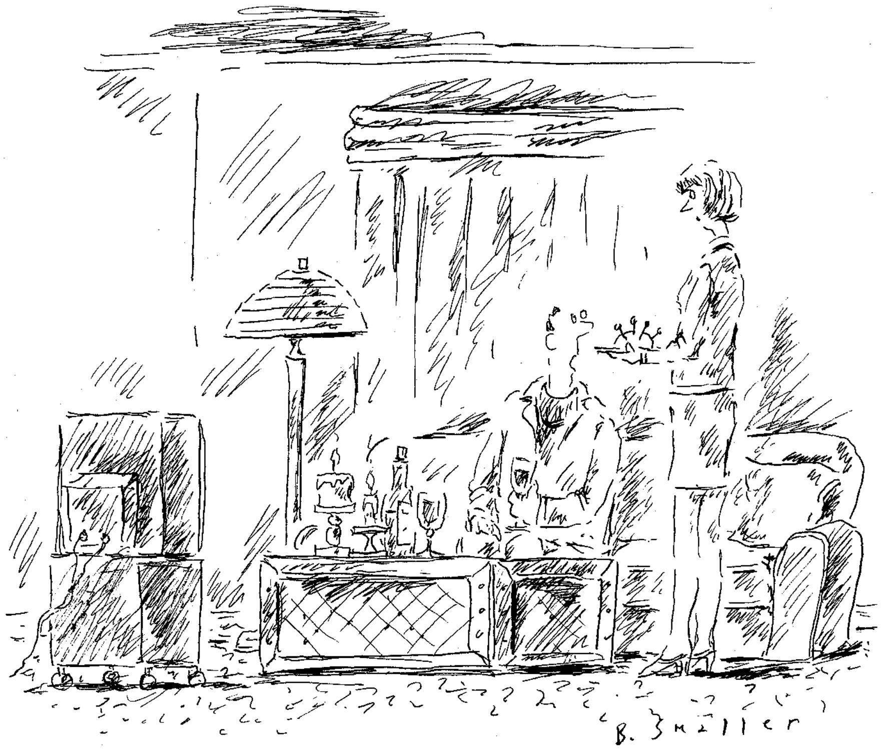
"How did you pass the time?"

"I just kept training," he said. "I was training in the trees." Jeff handed me a scrapbook with a photograph of David leaping from the limb of one tree to another. He was stretched flat out, horizontal to the ground, like Superman.

"I was at a waterfall one day," David went on, "and there were huge trees all around, and in the trees were monkeys. There were fences and barriers around them, so they couldn't get out, but I went around the barriers and played with the monkeys. After that, I watched them all the time, learning how they climbed. All the techniques in parkour are from watching the monkeys."

He then showed us, on a computer, a documentary called "Warriors of the Monkey God." It was about a tribe of monkeys who live on the rooftops of Jodhpur. The people regard the monkeys as holy. We watched them leaping from rooftop to rooftop and through the trees. The scene that made David smile was one in which numbers of them leaped onto, then off, a piece of corrugated tin that was loosely attached as a roof to some stakes. Their landings made the tin shake. Some of the monkeys were leaping from the ground, turning on their sides in the air, landing on the stakes and shoving off from them—a tic-tac.

Watching the movie, which was about forty-five minutes long, took only about fifteen minutes, because David kept advancing it to scenes of the monkeys in flight, looking exactly like *traceurs*. When it was finished, he said that after coming home he had just continued perfecting what he had learned from the monkeys. He had plans, he said, to make a movie with them.


B. Smaller

"I happen to think the blue light of the TV screen is very romantic."

I asked about the fall on the Internet, the one that the American *traceurs* always talk about. David gave a little smile. "I was a bit tired," he said. "It was the end of the day. I was just doing stuff with a bunch of kids. I fall all the time—I fall like the monkeys—but it never shows up on film, because they just want the spectacular stuff."

I thought of Nikita with his bleeding hands and said, "You never wear gloves?"

He said that he wanted to be able to feel the surfaces he was grabbing. He held his palms out for me to feel, and they were as hard and slick as linoleum.

I told him that I had been to see people do parkour in Colorado, and that they had imagined themselves as preparing to use it for an escape, and he said, "That's good. If you're really thinking about how to defend yourself, how to be useful, then that's a very different mind-set from just doing things to look good."

Last fall, David said, he had discussions with Sam Raimi, the director of "Spider-Man," about playing the role of Spider-Man's double, but he decided he wasn't interested. "That was a childhood dream, to be in a Spider-Man costume," he said. "Now I'd rather appear on a poster with my own name, not as a character, saying, 'This is me performing.'" He was planning to tour the world doing parkour, he said. A French film company partly owned by the director Luc Besson paid his expenses to perform last winter in Madagascar, and David had also given exhibitions in Italy, Germany, and Portugal.

He yawned and rubbed his throat, and I took it as a sign that he was at the end of his interest in talking. I thanked him and stood up. We shook hands. He seemed to think for a moment, then he said, "I'm still learning. I'm not sure of anything yet, I'm just trying to be as complete as I can."

I nodded.

"What I do is not really something that can be explained," he said. "It can just be practiced." Then he went to call us a taxi. ♦

CHRYSLER
INSPIRATION COMES STANDARD

ENOUGH TECHNOLOGY TO BE GEEKY.
ENOUGH STYLE TO AVOID IT.

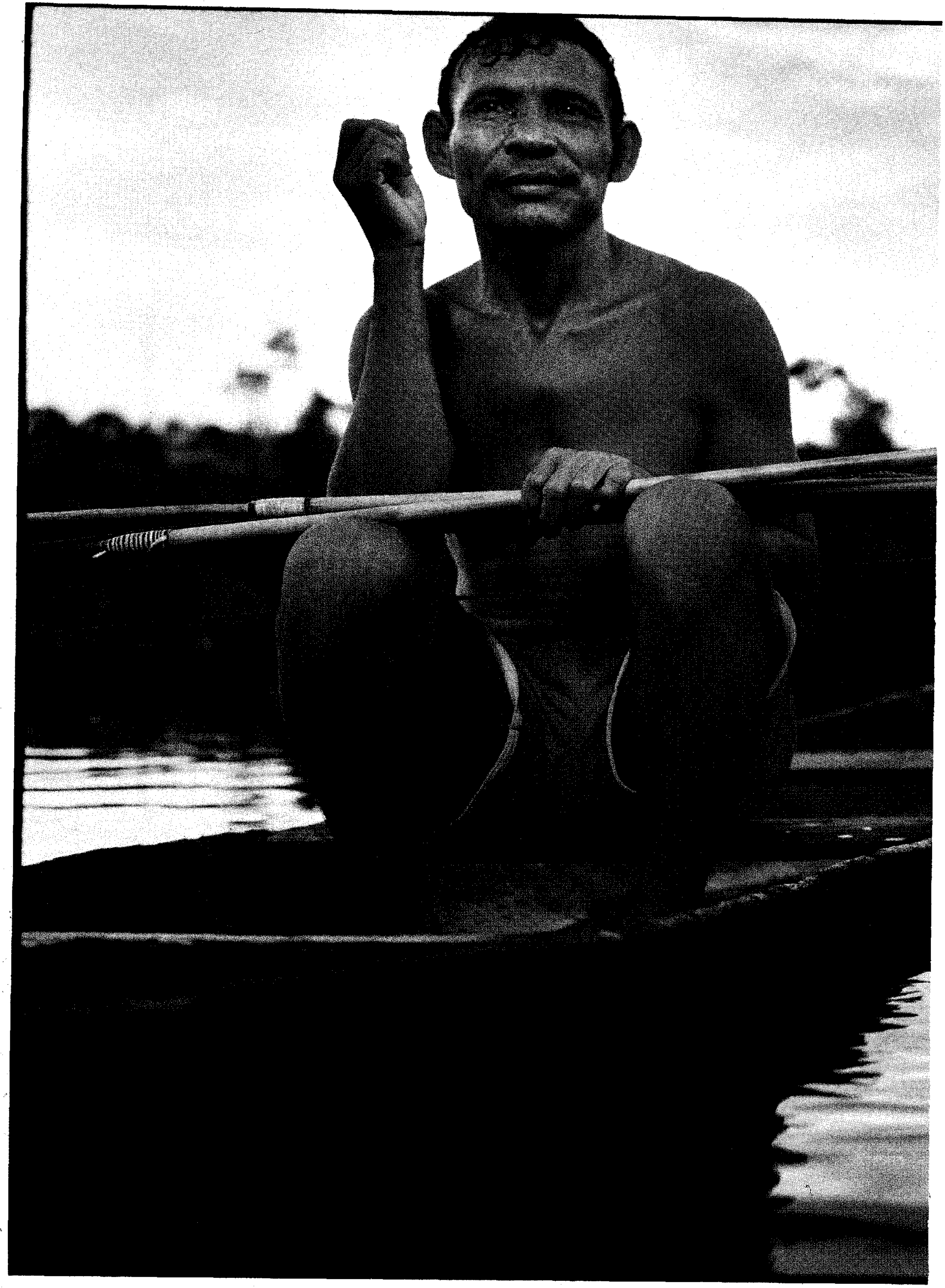
THE ALL-NEW 2007 CHRYSLER SEBRING ➤ 3.5-liter High Output engine* ➤ 18" chrome-clad wheels* ➤ Dual chrome exhaust tips* ➤ Voice-activated MyGIG™ Multimedia Infotainment System featuring a 20-gigabyte hard drive for storing digital music files and pictures*† ➤ GPS Navigation System* ➤ Heated/cooled cup holder* ➤ Heated front seats* ➤ Air filtration system* ➤ CHRYSLER.COM, 1.800.CHRYSLER ➤ **Starting at $18,995.‡**

‡**Sebring as shown, $28,965.** MSRPs exclude tax. *Available. †MyGIG in-dash design DVD capability is not available in all states. See your dealer for details. §Star ratings are part of the U.S. Department of Transportation's SaferCar.gov program (www.safercar.gov).

★★★★★ FIVE-STAR | HIGHEST GOVERNMENT§ FRONT-IMPACT CRASH RATING

Chrysler Financial

BUCKLE UP

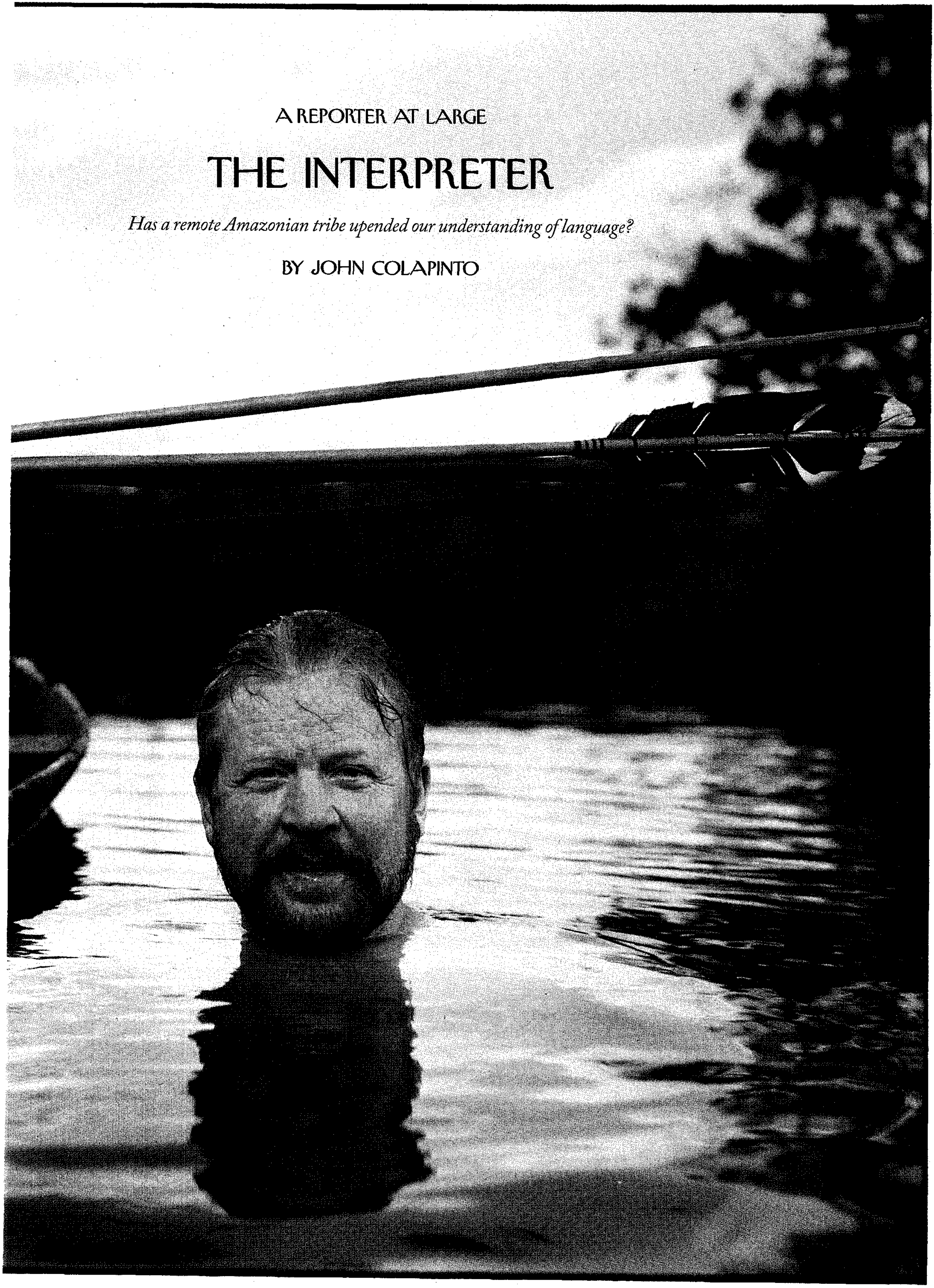


A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE INTERPRETER

Has a remote Amazonian tribe upended our understanding of language?

BY JOHN COLAPINTO



One morning last July, in the rain forest of northwestern Brazil, Dan Everett, an American linguistics professor, and I stepped from the pontoon of a Cessna floatplane onto the beach bordering the Maici River, a narrow, sharply meandering tributary of the Amazon. On the bank above us were some thirty people—short, dark-skinned men, women, and children—some clutching bows and arrows, others with infants on their hips. The people, members of a hunter-gatherer tribe called the Pirahã, responded to the sight of Everett—a solidly built man of fifty-five with a red beard and the booming voice of a former evangelical minister—with a greeting that sounded like a profusion of exotic songbirds, a melodic chattering scarcely discernible, to the uninitiated, as human speech. Unrelated to any other extant tongue, and based on just eight consonants and three vowels, Pirahã has one of the simplest sound systems known. Yet it possesses such a complex array of tones, stresses, and syllable lengths that its speakers can dispense with their vowels and consonants altogether and sing, hum, or whistle conversations. It is a language so confounding to non-natives that until Everett and his wife, Keren, arrived among the Pirahã, as Christian missionaries, in the nineteen-seventies, no outsider had succeeded in mastering it. Everett eventually abandoned Christianity, but he and Keren have spent the past thirty years, on and off, living with the tribe, and in that time they have learned Pirahã as no other Westerners have.

"*Xaói hi gáísai xigíaihiabisaoaxái ti xabiíhai hiatíihi xigío hoíhi*," Everett said in the tongue's choppy staccato, introducing me as someone who would be "staying for a short time" in the village. The men and women answered in an echoing chorus, "*Xaói hi goó kaisigíaihí xapagáiso*."

Everett turned to me. "They want to know what you're called in 'crooked head.' "

"Crooked head" is the tribe's term for any language that is not Pirahã, and it is a clear pejorative. The Pirahã consider all forms of human discourse other than their own to be laughably inferior, and they are unique among Amazonian peoples in remaining monolingual. They playfully tossed my name back and forth among themselves, altering it slightly with each reiteration, until it became an unrecognizable syllable. They never uttered it again, but instead gave me a lilting Pirahã name: Kaaxáoi, that of a Pirahã man, from a village downriver, whom they thought I resembled. "That's completely consistent with my main thesis about the tribe," Everett told me later. "They reject everything from outside their world. They just don't want it, and it's been that way since the day the Brazilians first found them in this jungle in the seventeen-hundreds."

Everett, who this past fall became the chairman of the Department of Languages, Literature, and Cultures at Illinois State University, has been publishing academic books and papers on the Pirahã (pronounced pee-da-HAN) for more than twenty-five years. But his work remained relatively obscure until early in 2005, when he posted on his Web site an article titled "Cultural Constraints on Grammar and Cognition in Pirahã," which was published that fall in the journal *Cultural Anthropology*. The article described the extreme simplicity of the tribe's living conditions and culture. The Pirahã, Everett wrote, have no numbers, no fixed color terms, no perfect tense, no deep memory, no tradition of art or drawing, and no words for "all," "each," "every," "most," or "few"—terms of quantification believed by some linguists to be among the common building blocks of human cognition. Everett's most explosive claim, however, was that Pirahã displays no evidence of recursion, a linguistic operation that consists of inserting one phrase inside another of the same type, as when a speaker combines discrete thoughts ("the man is walking down the street," "the man is wearing a top hat") into a single sentence ("The man who is wearing a top hat is walking down the street"). Noam Chomsky, the influential linguistic theorist, has recently revised his theory of universal grammar, arguing that recursion is the cornerstone of all languages, and is possible because of a uniquely human cognitive ability.

Steven Pinker, the Harvard cognitive scientist, calls Everett's paper "a bomb thrown into the party." For months, it was the subject of passionate debate on social-science blogs and Listservs. Everett, once a devotee of Chomskyan linguistics, insists not only that Pirahã is a "severe counterexample" to the theory of universal grammar but also that it is not an isolated case. "I think one of the reasons that we haven't found other groups like this," Everett said, "is because we've been told, basically, that it's not possible." Some scholars were taken aback by Everett's depiction of the Pirahã as a people of seemingly unparalleled linguistic and cultural primitivism. "I have to wonder whether he's some Borgesian fantasist, or some Margaret Mead being stitched up by the locals," one reader wrote in an e-mail to the editors of a popular linguistics blog.

I had my own doubts about Everett's portrayal of the Pirahã shortly after I arrived in the village. We were still unpacking when a Pirahã boy, who appeared to be about eleven years old, ran out from the trees beside the river. Grinning, he showed off a surprisingly accurate replica of the floatplane we had just landed in. Carved from balsa wood, the model was four feet long and had a tapering fuselage, wings, and pontoons, as well as propellers, which were affixed with small pieces of wire so that the boy could spin the blades with his finger. I asked Everett whether the model contradicted his claim that the Pirahã do not make art. Everett barely glanced up. "They make them every time a plane arrives," he said. "They don't keep them around when there aren't any planes. It's a chain reaction, and someone else will do it, but then eventually it will peter out." Sure enough, I later saw the model lying broken and dirty in the weeds beside the river. No one made another one during the six days I spent in the village.

In the wake of the controversy that greeted his paper, Everett encouraged scholars to come to the Amazon and observe the Pirahã for themselves. The first person to take him up on the offer was a forty-three-year-old American evolutionary biologist named Tecumseh Fitch, who in 2002 co-authored an important paper with Chomsky and Marc Hauser, an evolutionary psychologist and biologist at Harvard, on recursion. Fitch and his cousin Bill, a sommelier based in

Dan Everett believes that Pirahã undermines Noam Chomsky's idea of a universal grammar. Photographs by Martin Schoeller.

Paris, were due to arrive by floatplane in the Pirahã village a couple of hours after Everett and I did. As the plane landed on the water, the Pirahã, who had gathered at the river, began to cheer. The two men stepped from the cockpit, Fitch toting a laptop computer into which he had programmed a week's worth of linguistic experiments that he intended to perform on the Pirahã. They were quickly surrounded by curious tribe members. The Fitch cousins, having travelled widely together to remote parts of the world, believed that they knew how to establish an instant rapport with indigenous peoples. They brought their cupped hands to their mouths and blew loon calls back and forth. The Pirahã looked on stone-faced. Then Bill began to make a loud popping sound by snapping a finger of one hand against the opposite palm. The Pirahã remained impassive. The cousins shrugged sheepishly and abandoned their efforts.

"Usually you can hook people really easily by doing these funny little things," Fitch said later. "But the Pirahã kids weren't buying it, and neither were their parents." Everett snorted. "It's not part of their culture," he said. "So they're not interested."

A few weeks earlier, I had called Fitch in Scotland, where he is a professor at the University of St. Andrews. "I'm seeing this as an exploratory fact-finding trip," he told me. "I want to see with my own eyes how much of this stuff that Dan is saying seems to check out."

"No, I've never been to the Hamptons, but I have been in hellish traffic."

Everett is known among linguistics experts for orneriness and an impatience with academic decorum. He was born into a working-class family in Holtville, a town on the California-Mexico border, where his hard-drinking father, Leonard, worked variously as a bartender, a cowboy, and a mechanic. "I don't think we had a book in the house," Everett said. "To my dad, people who taught at colleges and people who wore ties were 'sissies'—all of them. I suppose some of that is still in me." Everett's chief exposure to intellectual life was through his mother, a waitress, who died of a brain aneurysm when Everett was eleven. She brought home Reader's Digest condensed books and a set of medical encyclopedias, which Everett attempted to memorize. In high school, he saw the movie "My Fair Lady" and thought about becoming a linguist, because, he later wrote, Henry Higgins's work "attracted me intellectually, and because it looked like phoneticians could get rich."

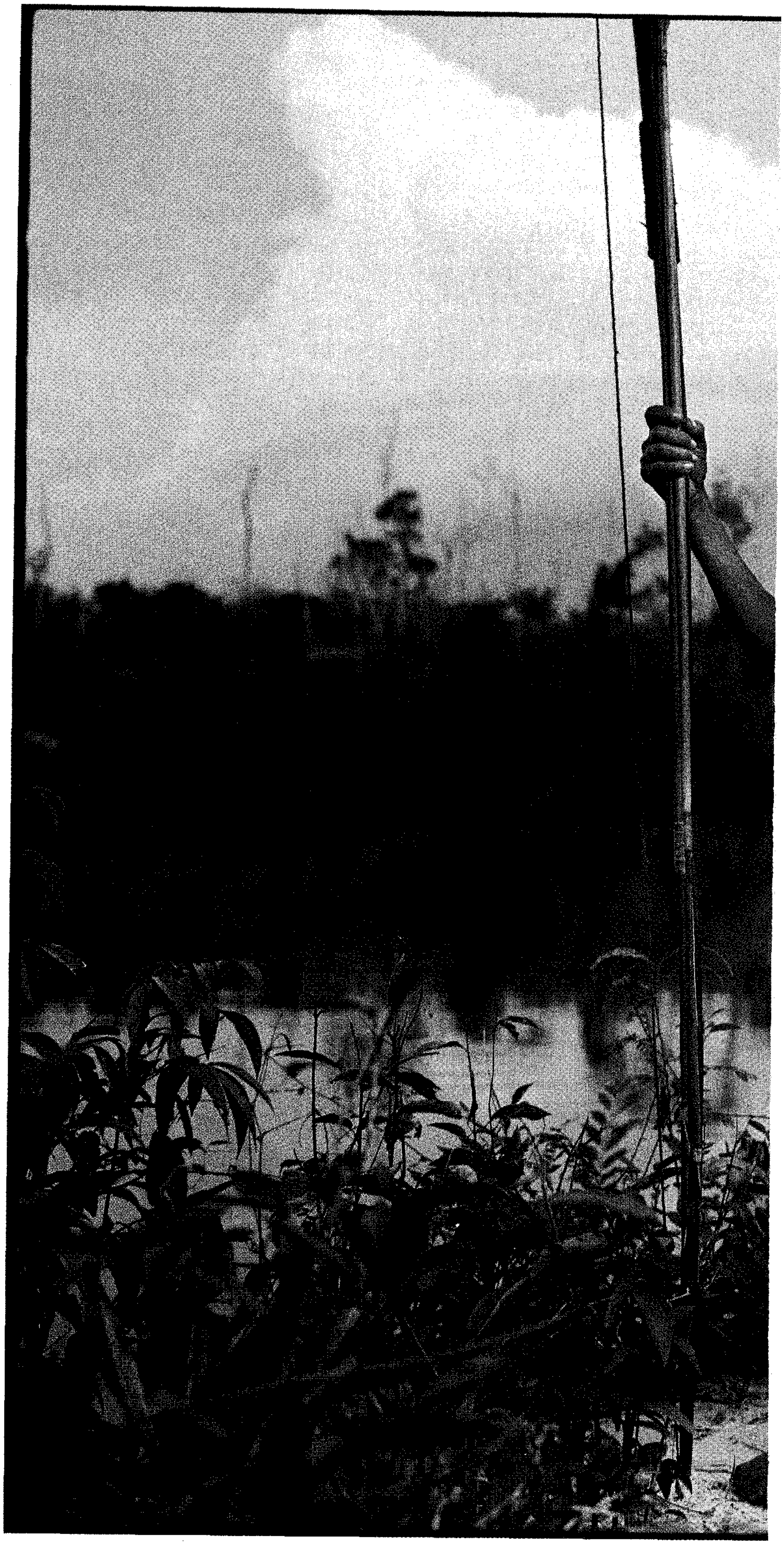
As a teen-ager, Everett played the guitar in rock bands (his keyboardist later became an early member of Iron Butterfly) and smoked pot and dropped acid, until the summer of 1968, when he met Keren Graham, another student at El Capitan High School, in Lakeside. The daughter of Christian missionaries, Keren was brought up among the Satere people in northeastern Brazil. She invited Everett to church and brought him home to meet her family. "They were loving and caring and had all these groovy experiences in the Amazon," Everett said. "They supported me and told me how great I was. This was just not what I was used to." On October 4, 1968, at the age of seventeen, he became a born-again Christian. "I felt that my life had changed completely, that I had stepped from darkness into light—all the expressions you hear." He stopped using drugs, and when he and Keren were eighteen they married. A year later, the first of their three children was born, and they began preparing to become missionaries.

In 1976, after graduating with a degree in Foreign Missions from the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Everett enrolled with Keren in the Summer Institute of Linguistics, known as S.I.L., an international evangelical organization that seeks to spread God's Word by translating the Bible into the languages of preliterate societies. They were sent to Chiapas, Mexico, where Keren stayed in a hut in the jungle with the couple's children—by this time, there were three—while Everett underwent gruelling field training. He endured fifty-mile hikes and survived for several days deep in the jungle with only matches, water, a rope, a machete, and a flashlight.

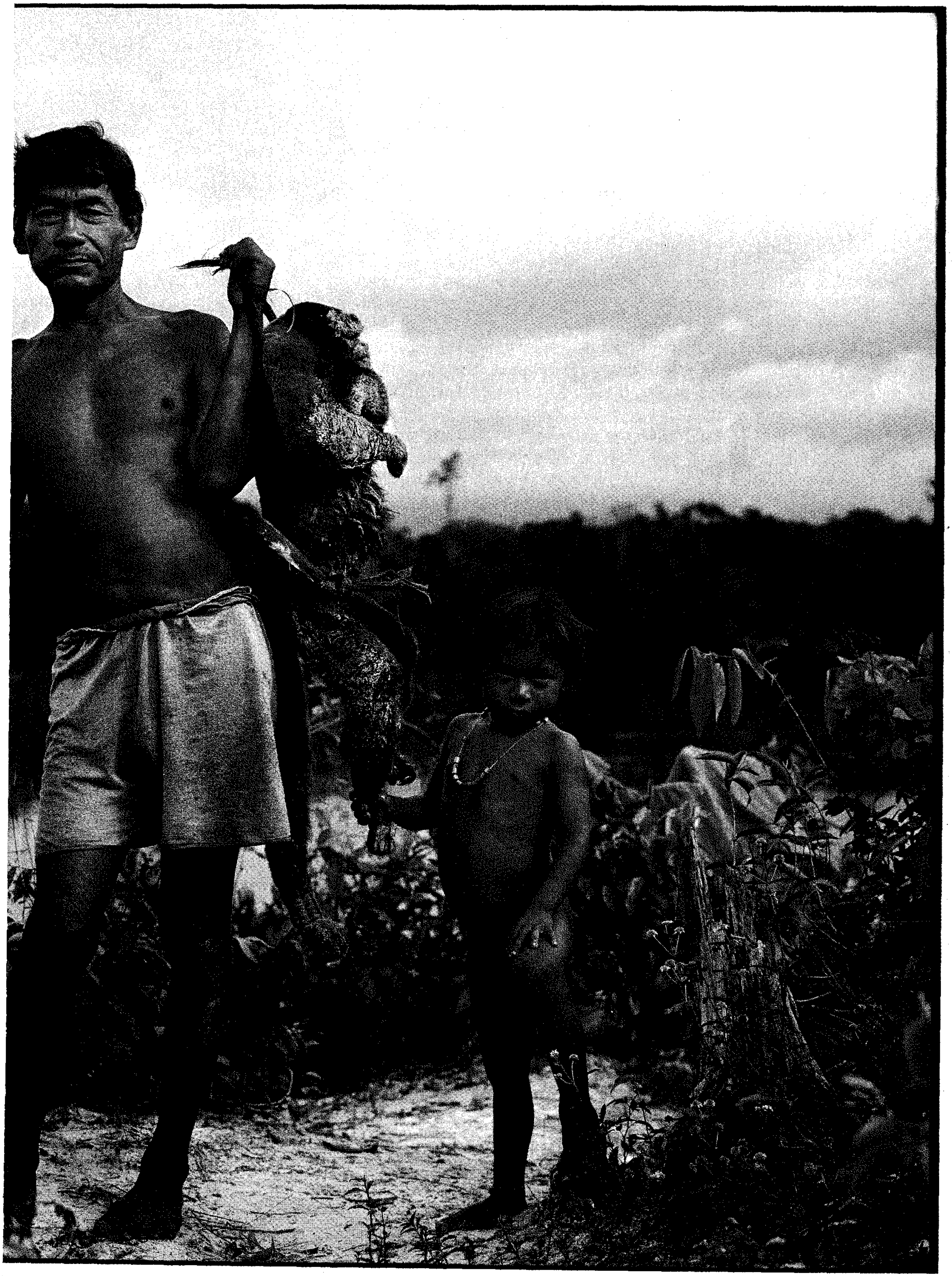
The couple were given lessons in translation techniques, for which Everett proved to have a gift. His friend Peter Gordon, a linguist at Columbia University who has published a paper on the absence of numbers in Pirahã, says that Everett regularly impresses academic audiences with a demonstration in which he picks from among the crowd a speaker of a language that he has never heard. "Within about twenty minutes, he can tell you the basic structure of the language and how its grammar works," Gordon said. "He has incredible breadth of knowledge, is really, really smart, knows stuff inside out." Everett's talents were obvious to the faculty at S.I.L., who for twenty years had been trying to make progress in Pirahã, with little success. In October, 1977, at S.I.L.'s invitation, Everett, Keren, and their three small children moved to Brazil, first to a city called Belém, to learn Portuguese, and then, a year later, to a Pirahã village at the mouth of the Maici River. "At that time, we didn't know that Pirahã was linguistically so hard," Keren told me.

There are about three hundred and fifty Pirahã spread out in small villages along the Maici and Marmelos Rivers. The village that I visited with Everett was typical: seven huts made by propping palm-frond roofs on top of four sticks. The huts had dirt floors and no walls or furniture, except for a raised platform of thin branches to sleep on. These fragile dwellings, in which a family of three or four might live, lined a path that wound through low brush and grass near the riverbank. The people keep few possessions in their huts—pots and pans, a machete, a knife—and make no tools other than scraping implements (used for making arrowheads), loosely woven palm-leaf bags, and wood bows and arrows. Their only ornaments are simple necklaces made from seeds, teeth, feathers, beads, and soda-can pull-tabs, which they often get from traders who barter with the Pirahã for Brazil nuts, wood, and *sorva* (a rubbery sap used to make chewing gum), and which the tribe members wear to ward off evil spirits.

Unlike other hunter-gatherer tribes of the Amazon, the Pirahã have resisted efforts by missionaries and government agencies to teach them farming. They maintain tiny, weed-infested patches of ground a few steps into the forest, where they cultivate scraggly manioc plants. "The stuff that's growing in this village was either planted by somebody else or it's what grows when you spit the seed out," Everett said to me one morning as we walked through the village. Subsisting almost entirely on fish and game, which they catch and hunt daily, the Pirahã have ignored lessons in preserving meats by salting or smoking, and they produce only enough manioc flour to last a few days. (The Kawahiv, another Amazonian



Kaaxáoi and a child with a monkey they have hunted. Unlike other Amazon tribes, the Pirahã



ave resisted efforts by missionaries and government agencies to teach them farming, and subsist almost entirely on fish and game.

tribe that Everett has studied, make enough to last for months.) One of their few concessions to modernity is their dress: the adult men wear T-shirts and shorts that they get from traders; the women wear plain cotton dresses that they sew themselves.

"For the first several years I was here, I was disappointed that I hadn't gone to a 'colorful' group of people," Everett told me. "I thought of the people in the Xingu, who paint themselves and use the lip plates and have the festivals. But then I realized that this is the most intense culture that I could ever have hoped to experience. This is a culture that's invisible to the naked eye, but that is incredibly powerful, the most powerful culture of the Amazon. Nobody has resisted change like this in the history of the Amazon, and maybe of the world."

According to the best guess of archeologists, the Pirahã arrived in the Amazon between ten thousand and forty thousand years ago, after bands of *Homo sapiens* from Eurasia migrated to the Americas over the Bering Strait. The Pirahã were once part of a larger Indian group called the Mura, but had split from the main tribe by the time the Brazilians first encountered the Mura, in 1714. The Mura went on to learn Portuguese and to adopt Brazilian ways, and their language is believed to be extinct. The Pirahã, however, retreated deep into the jungle. In 1921, the anthropologist Curt Nimuendajú spent time among the Pirahã and noted that they showed "little interest in the advantages of civilization" and displayed "almost no signs of permanent contact with civilized people."

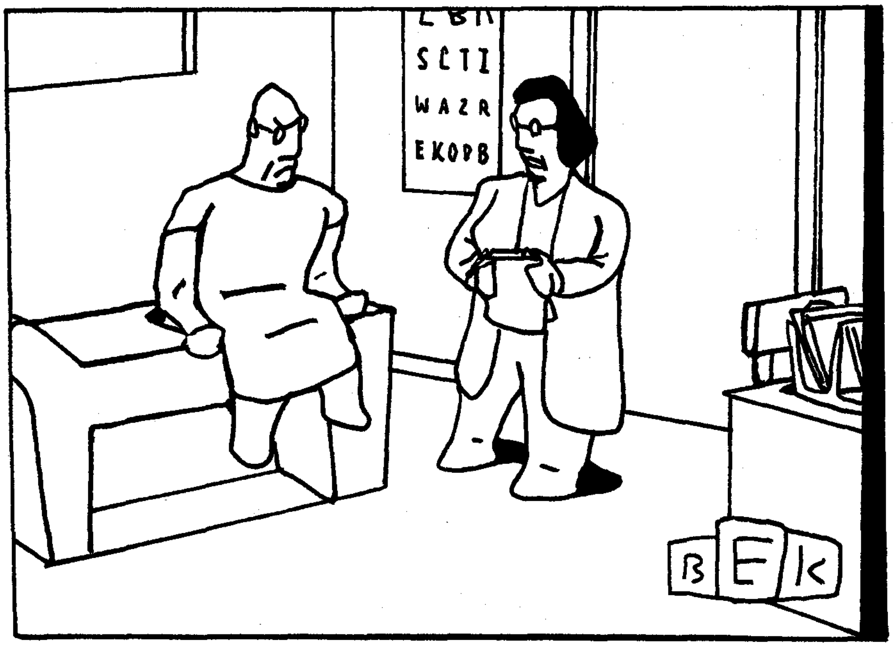
S.I.L. first made contact with the Pirahã nearly fifty years ago, when a missionary couple, Arlo and Vi Heinrichs, joined a settlement on the Marmelos. The Heinrichses stayed for six and a half years, struggling to become proficient in the language. The phonemes (the sounds from which words are constructed) were exceedingly difficult, featuring nasal whines and sharp intakes of breath, and sounds made by popping or flapping the lips. Individual words were hard to learn, since the Pirahã habitually whittle nouns down to single syllables. Also confounding was the tonal nature of the language: the meanings of words depend on changes in pitch. (The words for "friend" and "enemy" differ only in the pitch of a single syllable.) The Heinrichses' task was further complicated because Pirahã, like a few other Amazonian tongues, has male and female versions: the women use one fewer consonant than the men do.

"We struggled even getting to the place where we felt comfortable with the beginning of a grammar," Heinrichs told me. It was two years before he attempted to translate a Bible story; he chose the Prodigal Son from the Book of Luke. Heinrichs read his halting translation to a Pirahã male. "He kind of nodded and said, in his way, 'That's interesting,'" Heinrichs recalled. "But there was no spiritual understanding—it had no emotional impact. It was just a story." After suffering repeated bouts of malaria, the couple were reassigned by S.I.L. to administrative jobs in the city of Brasília, and in 1967 they were replaced with Steve Sheldon and his wife, Linda.

Sheldon earned a master's degree in linguistics during the time he spent with the tribe, and he was frustrated that Pirahã refused to conform to expected patterns—as he and his wife complained in workshops with S.I.L. consultants. "We would say, 'It just doesn't seem that there's any way that it does X, Y, or Z,'" Sheldon recalled. "And the standard answer—since this typically doesn't happen in languages—was 'Well, it must be there, just look a little harder.'" Sheldon's anxiety over his slow progress was acute. He began many mornings by getting sick to his stomach. In 1977, after spending ten years with the Pirahã, he was promoted to director of S.I.L. in Brazil and asked the Everetts to take his place in the jungle.

Everett and his wife were welcomed by the villagers, but it was months before they could conduct a simple conversation in Pirahã. "There are very few places in the world where you have to learn a language with no language in common," Everett told me. "It's called a monolingual field situation." He had been trained in the technique by his teacher at S.I.L., the late Kenneth L. Pike, a legendary field linguist and the chairman of the linguistics department at the University of Michigan. Pike, who created a method of language analysis called tagmemics, taught Everett to start with common nouns. "You find out the word for 'stick,'" Everett said. "Then you try to get the expression for 'two sticks,' and for 'one stick drops to the ground,' 'two sticks drop to the ground.' You have to act everything out, to get some basic notion of how the clause structure works—where the subject, verb, and object go."

The process is difficult, as I learned early in my visit with the Pirahã. One morning, while applying bug repellent, I was watched by an older Pirahã man,



"Would you describe the pain everyone else causes you as dull and throbbing or sharp like a knife?"

who asked Everett what I was doing. Eager to communicate with him in sign language, I pressed together the thumb and index finger of my right hand and weaved them through the air while making a buzzing sound with my mouth. Then I brought my fingers to my forearm and slapped the spot where my fingers had alighted. The man looked puzzled and said to Everett, "He hit himself." I tried again—this time making a more insistent buzzing. The man said to Everett, "A plane landed on his arm." When Everett explained to him what I was doing, the man studied me with a look of pitying contempt, then turned away. Everett laughed. "You were trying to tell him something about your general state—that bugs bother you," he said. "They never talk that way, and they could never understand it. Bugs are a part of life."

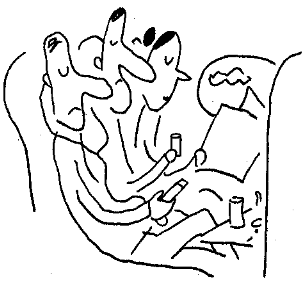
"O.K.," I said. "But I'm surprised he didn't know I was imitating an insect."

"Think of how cultural that is," Everett said. "The movement of your hand. The sound. Even the way we represent animals is cultural."

Everett had to bridge many such cultural gaps in order to gain more than a superficial grasp of the language. "I went into the jungle, helped them make fields, went fishing with them," he said. "You cannot become one of them, but you've got to do as much as you can to feel and absorb the language." The tribe, he maintains, has no collective memory that extends back more than one or two generations, and no original creation myths. Marco Antonio Gonçalves, an anthropologist at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro, spent eighteen months with the Pirahã in the nineteen-eighties and wrote a dissertation on the tribe's beliefs. Gonçalves, who spoke limited Pirahã, agrees that the tribe has no creation myths but argues that few Amazonian tribes do. When pressed about what existed before the Pirahã and the forest, Everett says, the tribespeople invariably answer, "It has always been this way."

Everett also learned that the Pirahã have no fixed words for colors, and instead use descriptive phrases that change from one moment to the next. "So if you show them a red cup, they're likely to say, 'This looks like blood,'" Everett said. "Or they could say, 'This is like *vrvcum*'—a local berry that they use to extract a red dye."

By the end of their first year, Dan Everett had a working knowledge of Pirahã. Keren tutored herself by strapping a cassette recorder around her waist and listening to audiotapes while she performed domestic tasks. (The Everetts lived in a thatch hut that was slightly larger and more sophisticated than the huts of the Pirahã; it had walls and a storage room that could be locked.)



During the family's second year in the Amazon, Keren and the Everetts' eldest child, Shannon, contracted malaria, and Keren lapsed into a coma. Everett borrowed a boat from river traders and trekked through the jungle for days to get her to a hospital. As soon as she was discharged, Everett returned to the village. (Keren recuperated in Belém for several months before joining him.) "Christians who believe in the Bible believe that it is their job to bring others the joy of salvation," Everett said. "Even if they're murdered, beaten to death, imprisoned—that's what you do for God."

Until Everett arrived in the Amazon, his training in linguistics had been limited to field techniques. "I wanted as little formal linguistic theory as I could get by with," he told me. "I wanted the basic linguistic training to do a translation of the New Testament." This changed when S.I.L. lost its contract with the Brazilian government to work in the Amazon. S.I.L. urged the Everetts to enroll as graduate students at the State University of Campinas (UNICAMP), in the state of São Paulo, since the government would give them permission to continue living on tribal lands only if they could show that they were linguists intent on recording an endangered language. At UNICAMP, in the fall of 1978, Everett discovered Chomsky's theories. "For me, it was another conversion experience," he said.

In the late fifties, when Chomsky, then a young professor at M.I.T., first began to attract notice, behaviorism dominated the social sciences. According to B. F. Skinner, children learn words and grammar by being praised for correct usage, much as lab animals learn to push a lever that supplies them with food. In 1959, in a demolishing review of Skinner's book "Verbal Behavior," Chomsky wrote that the ability of children to create grammatical sentences that they have never heard before proves that learning to speak does not depend on imitation, instruction, or rewards. As he put it in his book "Reflections on Language" (1975), "To come to know a human language would be an extraordinary intellectual achievement for a creature not specifically designed to accomplish this task."

Chomsky hypothesized that a specific faculty for language is encoded in the human brain at birth. He described it as a "language organ," which is equipped with an immutable set of rules—a universal grammar—that is shared by all languages, regardless of how different they appear to be. The language organ, Chomsky said, cannot be dissected in the way that a liver or a heart can, but it can be described through detailed analyses of the abstract structures underlying language. "By studying the properties of natural languages, their structure, organization, and use," Chomsky wrote, "we may hope to gain some understanding of the specific characteristics of human intelligence. We may hope to learn something about human nature."

Beginning in the nineteen-fifties, Chomskyans at universities around the world engaged in formal analyses of language, breaking sentences down into ever more complex tree diagrams that showed branching noun, verb, and prepositional phrases, and also "X-bars," "transformations," "movements," and "deep structures"—Chomsky's terms for some of the elements that constitute the organizing principles of all language. "I'd been doing linguistics at a fairly low level of rigor," Everett said. "As soon as you started reading Chomsky's stuff, and the people most closely associated with Chomsky, you realized this is a totally different level—this is actually something that looks like science." Everett conceived his Ph.D. dissertation at UNICAMP as a strict Chomskyan analysis of Pirahã. Dividing his time between São Paulo and the Pirahã village, where he collected data, Everett completed his thesis in 1983. Written in Portuguese and later published as a book in Brazil, "The Pirahã Language and the Theory of Syntax" was a highly technical discussion replete with Chomskyan tree diagrams. However, Everett says that he was aware that Pirahã contained many linguistic anomalies that he could not fit into Chomsky's paradigm. "I knew I was leaving out a lot of stuff," Everett told me. "But these gaps were unexplainable to me."

The dissertation earned Everett a fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies, and a grant from the National Science Foundation to spend the 1984-85 academic year as a visiting fellow at M.I.T. Everett occupied an office next to Chomsky's; he found the famed professor brilliant but withering. "Whenever you try out a theory on someone, there's always some question that you hope they won't ask," Everett said. "That was always the first thing Chomsky would ask."

In 1988, Everett was hired by the University of Pittsburgh. By then, Chomsky's system of rules had reached a state of complexity that even Chomsky found too baroque, and he had begun to formulate a simpler model for the principles underlying all languages. Everett faithfully kept abreast of these developments. "Chomsky sent me all the papers that he was working on," he said. "I was like many of the scholars, in that I made regular pilgrimages to sit in Chomsky's classes to collect the handouts and to figure out exactly where the theory was today." At the same time, Everett says that he was increasingly troubled by the idiosyncrasies of Pirahã. "None of it was addressed by Chomskyan linguistics," he told me. "Chomsky's theory only allows you to talk about properties that obtain of tree structures."

In the early nineties, Everett began to reread the work of linguists who had preceded Chomsky, including that of Edward Sapir, an influential Prussian-born scholar who died in 1939. A student of the anthropologist Franz Boas, Sapir had taught at Yale and studied the languages of dozens of tribes in the Americas. Sapir was fascinated by the role of culture in shaping languages, and although he anticipated Chomsky's preoccupation with linguistic universals, he was more interested in the variations that made each language unique. In his 1921 book, "Language," Sapir stated that language is an acquired skill, which "varies as all creative effort varies—not as consciously, perhaps, but nonetheless as truly as do the religions, the beliefs, the customs, and the arts of different peoples." Chomsky, however, believed that culture played little role in the study of language, and that going to far-flung places to record the arcane babel of near-extinct tongues was a pointless exercise. Chomsky's view had prevailed. Everett began to wonder if this was an entirely good thing.

"When I went back and read the stuff Sapir wrote in the twenties, I just realized, hey, this really is a tradition that we lost," Everett said. "People believe they've actually studied a language when they have given it a Chomskyan formalism. And you may have given us absolutely no insight whatsoever into that language as a separate language."

Everett began to question the first principle of Chomskyan linguistics: that infants could not learn language if the principles of grammar had not been preinstalled in the brain. Babies are bathed in language from the moment they acquire the capacity to hear in the womb, Everett reasoned, and parents and caregivers expend great energy teaching children how to say words and assemble them into sentences—a process that lasts years. Was it really true that language, as Chomsky asserted, simply "grows like any other body organ"? Everett did not deny the existence of a biological endowment for language—humans couldn't talk if they did not possess the requisite neurological architecture to do so. But, convinced that culture plays a far greater role than Chomsky's theory accounted for, he decided that he needed to "take a radical reëxamination of my whole approach to the problem."

In 1998, after nine years as the chairman of the linguistics department at the University of Pittsburgh, Everett became embroiled in a dispute with the new dean of the arts and sciences faculty. Keren was completing a master's in linguistics at the university and was being paid to work as a teaching assistant in Everett's department. Everett was accused of making improper payments to Keren totalling some two thousand dollars, and he was subjected to an audit. He was exonerated, but the allegation of misconduct infuriated him. Keren urged him to quit his job so that they could return to the jungle and resume their work as missionaries among the Pirahã.

It had been more than a decade since Everett had done any concerted missionary work—a reflection of his waning religious faith. "As I read more and I got into philosophy and met a lot of friends who weren't Christians, it became difficult for me to sustain the belief structure in the supernatural," he said. But he was inclined to return to the Amazon, partly because he hoped to rekindle his faith, and partly because he was disillusioned with the theory that had been the foundation of his intellectual life for two decades. "I couldn't buy Chomsky's world view any longer," Everett told me, "and I began to feel that academics was a hollow and insignificant way to spend one's life."

In the fall of 1999, Everett quit his job, and on the banks of the Maici River he and Keren built a two-room, eight-by-eight-metre, bug- and snake-proof house from fourteen tons of ironwood that he had shipped in by boat. Everett equipped the house with a gas stove, a generator-driven freezer, a water-filtration system, a TV, and a DVD player. "After twenty years of living like a Pirahã, I'd had it with roughing it," he said. He threw himself into missionary work, translating the Book of Luke into Pirahã and reading it to tribe members. His zeal soon dissipated, however. Convinced that the Pirahã assigned no spiritual meaning to the Bible, Everett finally admitted that he did not, either. He declared himself an atheist, and spent his time tending house and studying linguistics. In 2000, on a trip to Porto Velho, a town about two hundred miles from the village, he found a month-old e-mail from a colleague at the University of Manchester, inviting him to spend a year as a research professor at the school. In 2002, Everett was hired to a full-time position, and he and Keren moved to England. Three years later, he and Keren separated; she returned to Brazil, where she divides her time between the Pirahã village and an apartment in Porto Velho. He moved back to the United States last fall to begin the new job at Illinois State. Today, Everett says that his three years in the jungle were hardly time wasted.

"This new beginning with the Pirahã really was quite liberating," he told me. "Free from Chomskyan constraints, I was able to imagine new relationships between grammar and culture."

It is a matter of some vexation to Everett that the first article on the Pirahã to attract significant attention was written not by him but by his friend (and former colleague at the University of Pittsburgh) Peter Gordon, now at Columbia, who in 2004 published a paper in *Science* on the Pirahã's understanding of numbers. Gordon had visited the tribe with Everett in the early nineties, after Everett told him about the Pirahã's limited "one," "two," and "many" counting system. Other tribes, in Australia, the South Sea Islands, Africa, and the Amazon, have a "one-two-many" numerical system, but with an important difference: they are able to learn to count in another language. The Pirahã have never been able to do this, despite concerted efforts by the Everetts to teach them to count to ten in Portuguese.

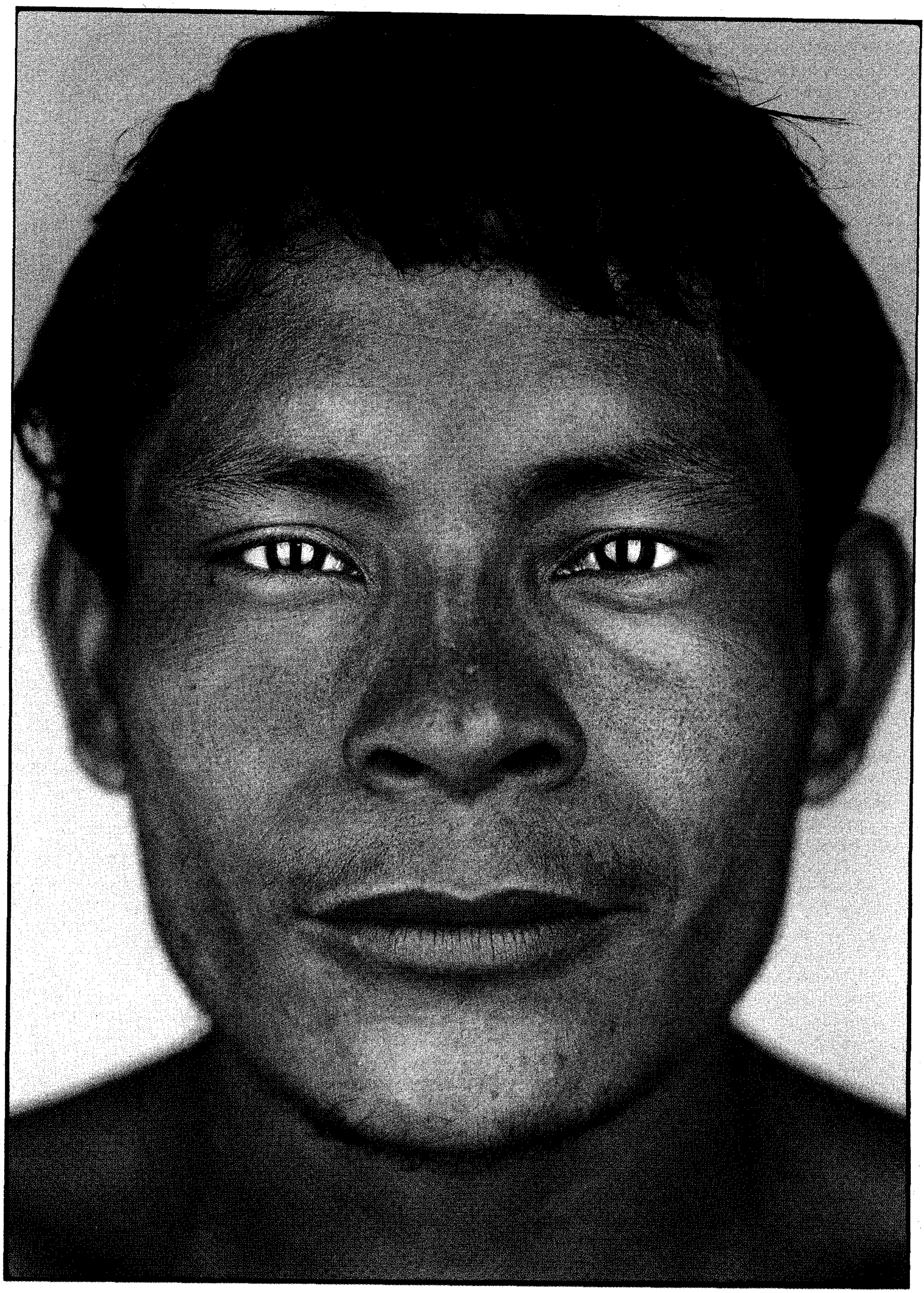
During a two-month stay with the Pirahã in 1992, Gordon ran several experiments with tribe members. In one, he sat across from a Pirahã subject and placed in front of himself an array of objects—nuts, AA batteries—and had the Pirahã match the array. The Pirahã could perform the task accurately when the array consisted of two or three items, but their performance with larger groupings was, Gordon later wrote, "remarkably poor." Gordon also showed subjects nuts, placed them in a can, and withdrew them one at a time. Each time he removed a nut, he asked the subject whether there were any left in the can. The Pirahã answered correctly only with quantities of three or fewer. Through these and other tests, Gordon concluded that Everett was right: the people could not perform tasks involving quantities greater than three. Gordon ruled out mass retardation. Though the Pirahã do not allow marriage outside their tribe, they have long kept their gene pool refreshed by permitting women to sleep with outsiders. "Besides," Gordon said, "if there was some kind of Appalachian inbreeding or retardation going on, you'd see it in hairlines, facial features, motor ability. It bleeds over. They don't show any of that."

"What? I filed our taxes online and now I'm celebrating."

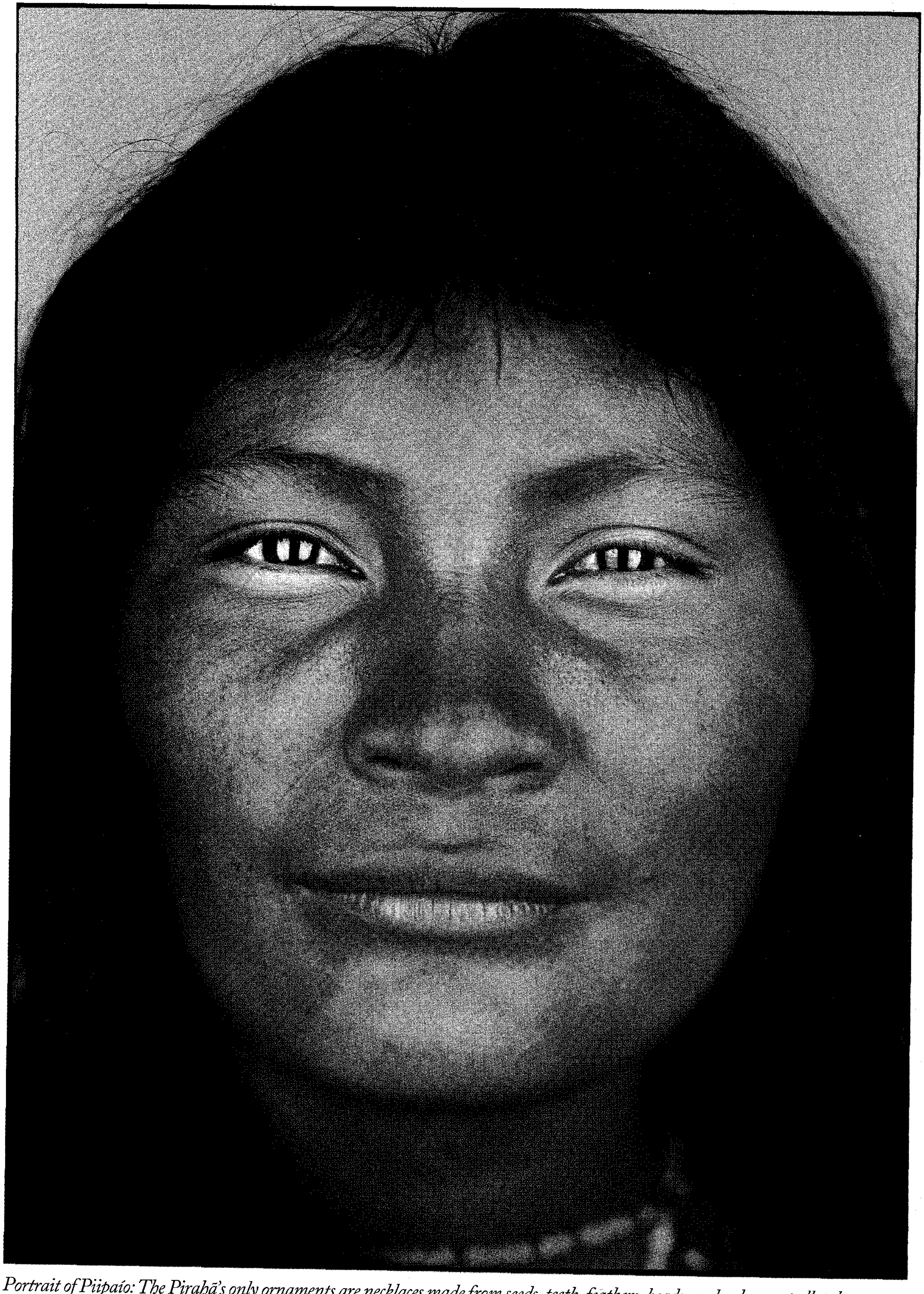
Gordon surmised that the Pirahã provided support for a controversial hypothesis advanced early in the last century by Benjamin Lee Whorf, a student of Sapir's. Whorf argued that the words in our vocabulary determine how we think. Since the Pirahã do not have words for numbers above two, Gordon wrote, they have a limited ability to work with quantities greater than that. "It's language affecting thought," Gordon told me. His paper, "Numerical Cognition Without Words: Evidence from Amazonia," was enthusiastically taken up by a coterie of "neo-Whorfian" linguists around the world.

Everett did not share this enthusiasm; in the ten years since he had introduced Gordon to the tribe, he had determined that the Pirahã have no fixed numbers. The word that he had long taken to mean "one" (*hoi,* on a falling tone) is used by the Pirahã to refer, more generally, to "a small size or amount," and the word for "two" (*hoi,* on a rising tone) is often used to mean "a somewhat larger size or amount." Everett says that his earlier confusion arose over what's known as the translation fallacy: the conviction that a word in one language is identical to a word in another, simply because, in some instances, they overlap in meaning. Gordon had mentioned the elastic boundaries of the words for "one" and "two" in his paper, but in Everett's opinion he had failed to explore the significance of the phenomenon. (Gordon disagrees, and for a brief period the two did not speak.)

Shortly after Gordon's article appeared, Everett began outlining a paper correcting what he believed were Gordon's errors. Its scope grew as Everett concluded that the Pirahã's lack of numerals was part of a larger constellation of "gaps." Over the course of three weeks, Everett wrote what would become his *Cultural Anthropology* article, twenty-five thousand words in which he advanced a novel explanation for the many mysteries that had bedevilled him. Inspired by Sapir's cultural approach to language, he hypothesized that the tribe embodies a living-in-the-present ethos so powerful that it has affected every aspect of the



Portrait of Xopí: The Pirahã, Everett says, have no numbers, no fixed terms for colors, and no words for left and right.



Portrait of Piipaío: The Pirahã's only ornaments are necklaces made from seeds, teeth, feathers, beads, and soda-can pull-tabs.

Gahan Wilson

"I'm sorry—I had no idea you tumbled off!"

people's lives. Committed to an existence in which only observable experience is real, the Pirahã do not think, or speak, in abstractions—and thus do not use color terms, quantifiers, numbers, or myths. Everett pointed to the word *xibipío* as a clue to how the Pirahã perceive reality solely according to what exists within the boundaries of their direct experience—which Everett defined as anything that they can see and hear, or that someone living has seen and heard. "When someone walks around a bend in the river, the Pirahã say that the person has not simply gone away but *xibipío*—'gone out of experience,'" Everett said. "They use the same phrase when a candle flame flickers. The light 'goes in and out of experience.'"

To Everett, the Pirahã's unswerving dedication to empirical reality—he called it the "immediacy-of-experience principle"—explained their resistance to Christianity, since the Pirahã had always reacted to stories about Christ by asking, "Have you met this man?" Told that Christ died two thousand years ago, the Pirahã would react much as they did to my using bug repellent. It explained their failure to build up food stocks, since this required planning for a future that did not yet exist; it explained the failure of the boys' model airplanes to foster a tradition of sculpture-making, since the models expressed only the momentary burst of excitement that accompanied the sight of an actual plane. It explained the Pirahã's lack of original stories about how they came into being, since this was a conundrum buried in a past outside the experience of parents and grandparents.

Everett was convinced that the Pirahã's immediacy-of-experience principle went further still, "extending its tentacles," as he put it, "deep into their core grammar," to that feature that Chomsky claimed was present in all languages: recursion. Chomsky and other experts use the term to describe how we construct even the simplest utterances. "The girl jumped on the bed" is composed of a noun phrase ("the girl"), a verb ("jumped"), and a prepositional phrase ("on the bed"). In theory, as Chomsky has stressed, one could continue to insert chunks of language inside other chunks ad infinitum, thereby creating a never-ending sentence ("The man who is wearing a top hat that is slightly crushed around the brim although still perfectly elegant is walking down the street that was recently resurfaced by a crew of construction workers who tended to take coffee breaks that were a little too long while eating a hot dog that was . . ."). Or one could create sentences of never-ending variety. The capacity to generate unlimited meaning by placing one thought inside another is the crux of Chomsky's theory—what he calls, quoting the early-nineteenth-century German linguist Wilhelm von Humboldt, "the infinite use of finite means."

According to Everett, however, the Pirahã do not use recursion to insert phrases one inside another. Instead, they state thoughts in discrete units. When I asked Everett if the Pirahã could say, in their language, "I saw the dog that was down by the river get bitten by a snake," he said, "No. They would have to say, 'I saw the dog. The dog was at the beach. A snake bit the dog.'" Everett explained that because the Pirahã accept as real only that which they observe, their speech consists only of direct assertions ("The dog was at the beach"), and he maintains that embedded clauses ("that was down by the river") are not assertions but supporting, quantifying, or qualifying information—in other words, abstractions.

In his article, Everett argued that recursion is primarily a cognitive, not a linguistic, trait. He cited an influential 1962 article, "The Architecture of Complexity," by Herbert Simon, a Nobel Prize-winning economist, cognitive psychologist, and computer scientist, who asserted that embedding entities within like entities (in a recursive tree structure of the type central to Chomskyan linguistics) is simply how people naturally organize information. "Microsoft Word is organized by tree structures," Everett said. "You open up one folder and that splits into two other things, and that splits into two others. That's a tree structure. Simon argues that this is essential to the way humans organize information and is found in all human intelligence systems. If Simon is correct, there doesn't need to be any specific linguistic principle for this because it's just general cognition." Or, as Everett sometimes likes to put it: "The ability to put thoughts inside other thoughts is just the way humans are, because we're smarter than other species." Everett says that the Pirahã have this cognitive trait but that it is absent from their syntax because of cultural constraints.

Some scholars believe that Everett's claim that the Pirahã do not use recursion is tantamount to calling them stupid. Stephen Levinson, the neo-Whorfian director of the Language and Cognition Group at the Max Planck Institute for Psycholinguistics, in the Netherlands, excoriated Everett in print for "having made the Pirahã sound like the mindless bearers of an almost subhumanly simple culture." Anna Wierzbicka, a linguist at the Australian National University, was also troubled by the paper, and told me, "I think from the point of view of—I don't know—human solidarity, human rights, and so on, it's really very important to know that it's a question that many people don't dare to raise, whether we have the same cognitive abilities or not, we humans."

Everett dismissed such criticisms, since he expressly states in the article that the unusual aspects of the Pirahã are not a result of mental deficiency. A Pirahã child removed from the jungle at birth and brought up in any city in the world, he said, would have no trouble learning the local tongue. Moreover, Everett pointed out, the Pirahã are supremely gifted in all the ways necessary to insure their continued survival in the jungle: they know the usefulness and location of all important plants in their area; they understand the behavior of local animals and how to catch and avoid them; and they can walk into the jungle naked, with no tools or weapons, and walk out three days later with baskets of fruit, nuts, and small game. "They can out-survive anybody, any other Indian in this region," he said. "They're very intelligent people. It never would occur to me that saying they lack things that Levinson or Wierzbicka predict they should have is calling them mindless idiots."

For Everett, the most important reaction to the article was Chomsky's. In an e-mail to Everett last April, Chomsky rejected Everett's arguments that the Pirahã's lack of recursion is a strong counterexample to his theory of universal grammar, writing, "UG is the true theory of the genetic component that underlies acquisition and use of language." He added that there is "no coherent alternative to UG." Chomsky declined to be interviewed for this article, but referred me to "Pirahã Exceptionality: A Reassessment," a paper that was co-authored by David Pesetsky, a colleague of Chomsky's at M.I.T.; Andrew Nevins, a linguist at Harvard; and Cilene Rodrigues, a linguist at UNICAMP. In the paper, which was posted last month on the Web site LingBuzz, a repository of articles on Chomskyan generative grammar, the authors used data from Everett's 1983 Ph.D. dissertation, as well as from a paper that he published on Pirahã in 1986, to refute his recent claims about the language's unusual features—including the assertion that the Pirahã do not use recursion. The authors conceded that, even in these early works, Everett had noted the absence of certain recursive structures in Pirahã. (The tribe, Everett wrote in the early eighties, does not embed possessives inside one another, as English speakers do when they say, "Tom's uncle's car's windshield . . ."). Nevertheless, they argued, Everett's early data suggested that the Pirahã's speech did contain recursive operations.

The fact that Everett had collected the data twenty-five years ago, when he was a devotee of Chomsky's theory, was irrelevant, Pesetsky told me in an e-mail. At any rate, Pesetsky wrote, he and his co-authors detected "no sign of a particularly Chomskyan perspective" in the descriptive portions of Everett's early writings, adding, "For the most part, those works are about facts, and the categorizing of facts."

Everett, who two weeks ago posted a response to Pesetsky and his co-authors on LingBuzz, says that Chomsky's theory necessarily colored his data-gathering and analysis. "'Descriptive work' apart from theory does not exist," he told me. "We ask the questions that our theories tell us to ask." In his response on LingBuzz, Everett addressed his critics' arguments point by point and disputed the contention that his early work was more reliable than his current research as a guide to Pirahã. "I would find the opposite troubling—i.e., that a researcher never changed their mind or found errors in their earlier work," he wrote. He added, "There are alternatives to Universal Grammar, and the fact that NPR"—Nevins, Pesetsky, and Rodrigues—"insist on characterizing the issue as though there were no alternatives, although typical, is either ignorant or purposely misleading."

In a comment on Everett's paper published in *Cultural Anthropology*, Michael Tomasello, the director of the Department of Developmental and Comparative Psychology at the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology, in Leipzig, endorsed Everett's conclusions that culture can shape core grammar. Because the Pirahã "talk about different things [than we do], different things get grammaticalized," he wrote, adding that "universal grammar was a good try, and it really was not so implausible at the time it was proposed, but since then we have learned a lot about many different languages, and they simply do not fit one universal cookie cutter."

Steven Pinker, the Harvard cognitive scientist, who wrote admiringly about some of Chomsky's ideas in his 1994 best-seller, "The Language Instinct," told me, "There's a lot of strange stuff going on in the Chomskyan program. He's a guru, he makes pronouncements that his disciples accept on faith and that he doesn't feel compelled to defend in the conventional scientific manner. Some of them become accepted within his circle as God's truth without really being properly evaluated, and, surprisingly for someone who talks about universal grammar, he hasn't actually done the spadework of seeing how it works in some weird little language that they speak in New Guinea."

Pinker says that his own doubts about the "Chomskyan program" increased in 2002, when Marc Hauser, Chomsky, and Tecumseh Fitch published their paper on recursion in *Science*. The authors wrote that the distinctive feature of the human faculty of language, narrowly defined, is recursion. Dogs, starlings, whales, porpoises, and chimpanzees all use vocally generated sounds to communicate with other members of their species, but none do so recursively, and thus none can produce complex utterances of infinitely varied meaning. "Recursion had always been an important part of Chomsky's theory," Pinker said. "But in Chomsky Mark II, or Mark III, or Mark VII, he all of a sudden said that the only thing unique to language is recursion. It's not just that it's the universal that has to be there; it's the magic ingredient that makes language possible."

In early 2005, Pinker and Ray Jackendoff, a linguistics professor at Tufts University, published a critique of Hauser, Chomsky, and Fitch's paper in the journal *Cognition*. "In my paper with Ray, we argue that if you just magically inject recursion into a chimpanzee you're not going to get a human who can put words together into phrases, label concepts with words, name things that happened decades ago or that may or may not happen decades in the future," Pinker said. "There's more to language than recursion." Pinker and Jackendoff, in a reference to Everett's research, cited Pirahã as an example of a language that has "phonology, morphology, syntax, and sentences," but no recursion. Pinker, however, was quick to tell me that the absence of recursion in one of the more than six thousand known languages is not enough to disprove Chomsky's ideas. "If you had something that was present in five thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of the languages, and someone found one language that didn't have it—well, I think there may be some anthropologists who would say, 'This shows that there's no universals, that anything can happen,'" he said. "But, more likely, you'd say, 'Well, what's going on with that weird language?'"

Contemporary linguists have generally avoided speculation about how humans acquired language in the first place. Chomsky himself has long demonstrated a lack of interest in language origins and expressed doubt about Darwinian explanations. "It is perfectly safe to attribute this development to 'natural selection,'" Chomsky has written, "so long as we realize that there is no substance to this assertion, that it amounts to nothing more than a belief that there is some naturalistic explanation for these phenomena." Moreover, Chomsky's theory of universal grammar, which was widely understood to portray language as a complex system that arose fully formed in the brain, discouraged inquiry into how language developed. "This totally slams the door on the question," Brent Berlin, a cognitive anthropologist at the University of Georgia, told me. "It acts as if, in some inexplicable way, almost mysteriously, language is hermetically sealed from the conditions of life of the people who use it to communicate. But this is not some kind of an abstract, beautiful, mathematical, symbolic system that is not related to real life."

Berlin believes that Pirahã may provide a snapshot of language at an earlier stage of syntactic development. "That's what Dan's work suggests," Berlin said of Everett's paper. "The plausible scenarios that we can imagine are ones that would suggest that early language looks something like the kind of thing that Pirahã looks like now."

Tecumseh Fitch, a tall, patrician man with long, pointed sideburns and a boyishly enthusiastic manner, owes his unusual first name to his ancestor, the Civil War general William Tecumseh Sherman. Fitch attended Brown University and earned a Ph.D. there. As a biologist with a special interest in animal communication, Fitch discovered that red deer possess a descended larynx, an anatomical feature that scientists had previously believed was unique to human beings and central to the development of speech. (The descended larynx has since been found in koalas, lions, tigers, jaguars, and leopards.) Fitch, eager to understand how humans acquired language, turned to linguistics and was surprised to learn that Chomsky had written little about the question. But in 1999 Fitch happened to read an interview that Chomsky had given to *Spare Change News*, a newspaper for the homeless in Cambridge. "I read it and all the stuff he said about evolution was almost more than he's ever said in any published thing—and here it is in *Spare Change!*" Fitch said. "And he just made a few points that made me realize what he'd been getting at in a more enigmatic fashion in some of his previous comments." Fitch invited Chomsky to speak to a class that he was co-teaching at Harvard on the evolution of language. Afterward, they talked for several hours. A few months later, Chomsky agreed to collaborate with Fitch and Hauser on a paper that would attempt to pinpoint the features of language which are unique to humans and which allowed *Homo sapiens* to develop language. The authors compared animal and human communication, eliminating the aspects of vocalization that are shared by both, and concluded that one operation alone distinguished human speech: recursion. In the course of working on the article, Fitch grew sympathetic to Chomsky's ideas and became an articulate defender of the theory of universal grammar.

When Fitch and Everett met in Porto Velho in July, two days before heading into the jungle, they seemed, by tacit agreement, to be avoiding talk of Chomsky. But, on the eve of our departure, while we were sitting by the pool at the Hotel Vila Rica, Everett mentioned two professors who, he said, were "among the three most arrogant people I've met."

"Who's the third?" Fitch asked.

"Noam," Everett said.

"No!" Fitch cried. "Given his status in science, Chomsky is the least arrogant man, the humblest great man, I've ever met."

Everett was having none of it. "Noam Chomsky thinks of himself as Aristotle!" he declared. "He has dug a hole for linguistics that it will take decades for the discipline to climb out of!"

The men argued for the next two hours, though by the time they parted for the night civility had been restored, and the détente was still holding when they met in the Pirahã village the next day and agreed to begin experiments the following morning.

At sunrise, a group of some twenty Pirahã gathered outside Everett's house. They were to be paid for their work as experimental subjects—with tobacco, cloth, farina, and machetes. "And, believe me," Everett said, "that's the only reason they're here. They have no interest in what we're doing. They're hunter-gatherers, and they see us just like fruit trees to gather from."

Fitch went out with Everett into the thick heat, carrying his laptop. The two men, trailed by the Pirahã, followed a narrow path through the low underbrush to Everett's office, a small hut, raised off the ground on four-foot-high stilts, at the edge of the jungle. Fitch placed his computer on the desk and launched a program that he had spent several weeks writing in preparation for this trip.

Fitch's experiments were based on the so-called Chomsky hierarchy, a system for classifying types of grammar, ranked in ascending order of complexity. To test the Pirahã's ability to learn one of the simplest types of grammar, Fitch had written a program in which grammatically correct constructions were represented by a male voice uttering one nonsense syllable (*mi* or *doh* or *ga*, for instance), followed by a female voice uttering a different nonsense syllable (*lee* or *ta* or *gee*). Correct constructions would cause an animated monkey head at the bottom of the computer screen to float to a corner at the top of the screen after briefly disappearing; incorrect constructions (anytime one male syllable was followed by another male syllable or more than one female syllable) would make the monkey head float to the opposite corner. Fitch set up a small digital movie camera behind the laptop to film the Pirahã's eye movements. In the few seconds' delay before the monkey head floated to either corner of the screen, Fitch hoped that he would be able to determine, from the direction of the subjects' unconscious glances, if they were learning the grammar. The experiment, using different stimuli, had been conducted with undergraduates and monkeys, all of whom passed the test. Fitch told me that he had little doubt that the Pirahã would pass. "My expectation coming in here is that they're going to act just like my Harvard undergrads," he said. "They're going to do exactly what every other human has done and they're going to get this basic pattern. The Pirahã are humans—humans can do this."

Fitch called for the first subject.

Everett stepped outside the hut and spoke to a short muscular man with a bowl-shaped haircut and heavily calloused bare feet. The man entered the hut and sat down at the computer, which promptly crashed. Fitch rebooted. It crashed again.

"It's the humidity," Everett said.

Fitch finally got the computer working, but then the video camera seized up.

"Goddam Chomskyan," Everett said. "Can't even run an experiment."

Eventually, Fitch got all the equipment running smoothly and started the experiment. It quickly became obvious that the Pirahã man was simply watching the floating monkey head and wasn't responding to the audio cues.

"It didn't look like he was doing premonitory looking," Fitch said. "Maybe ask him to point to where he thinks the monkey is going to go."

"They don't point," Everett said. Nor, he added, do they have words for right and left. Instead, they give directions in absolute terms, telling others to head "upriver" or "downriver," or "to the forest" or "away from the forest." Everett told the man to say whether the monkey was going upriver or downriver. The man said something in reply.

"What did he say?" Fitch asked.

"He said, 'Monkeys go to the jungle.'"

Fitch grimaced in frustration. "Well, he's not guessing with his eyes," he said. "Is there another way he can indicate?"

Everett again told the man to say whether the monkey was going upriver or down. The man made a noise of assent. Fitch resumed the experiment, but the man simply waited until the monkey moved. He followed it with his eyes, laughed admiringly when it came to a stop, then announced whether it had gone upriver or down.

After several minutes of this, Fitch said, on a rising note of panic, "If they fail in the recursion one—it's not recursion; I've got to stop saying that. I mean embedding. Because, I mean, if he can't get *this*—"

"This is typical Pirahã," Everett said soothingly. "This is new stuff, and they don't do new stuff."

"But when they're hunting they must have those skills of visual anticipation," Fitch said.

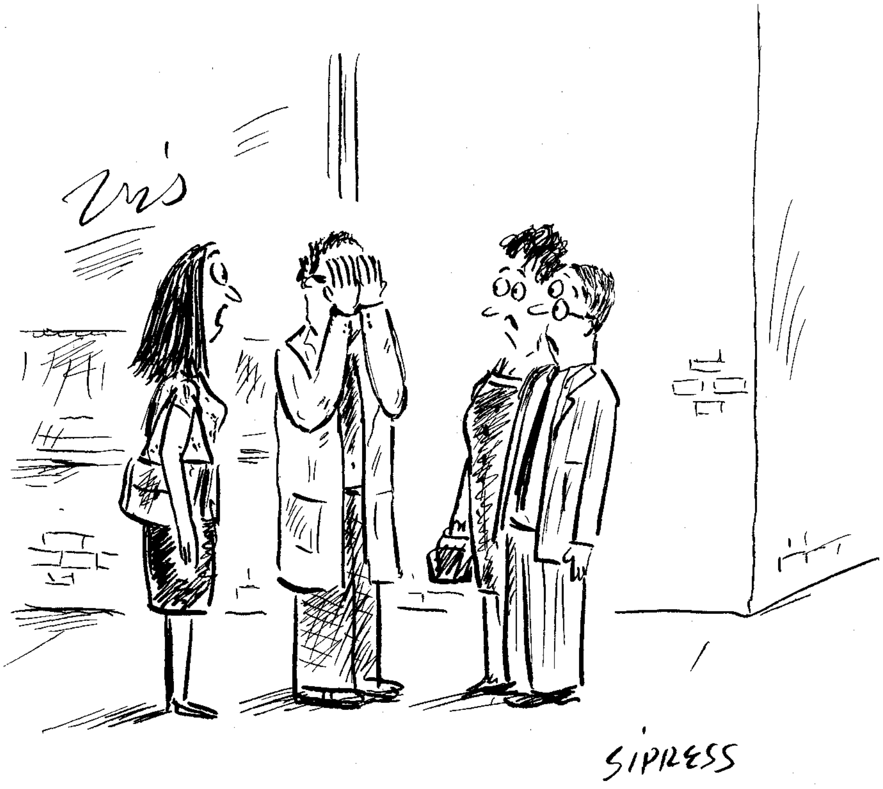
"Yeah," Everett said dryly. "But this is not a real monkey." He pointed at the grinning animated head bobbing on the screen.

"Fuck!" Fitch said. "If I'd had a joystick for him to *hunt* the monkey!" He paced a little, then said, "The crazy thing is that this is already more realistic than the experiments Aslin did with babies."

"Look," Everett said, "the cognitive issue here is the cultural impediment to doing new things. He doesn't know there's a pattern to recognize."

Everett dismissed the man and asked another Pirahã to come into the hut. A young man appeared, wearing a green-and-yellow 2002 Brazilian World Cup shirt, and sat at the computer. Everett told him to say whether the monkey was going to go upriver or downriver.

Fitch ran the experiment. The man



"It's too late, Roger—they've seen us."

smiled and pointed with his chin whenever the monkey head came to rest.

"The other idea," Fitch said, "is if we got a bunch of the kids, and whoever points first gets a lollipop."

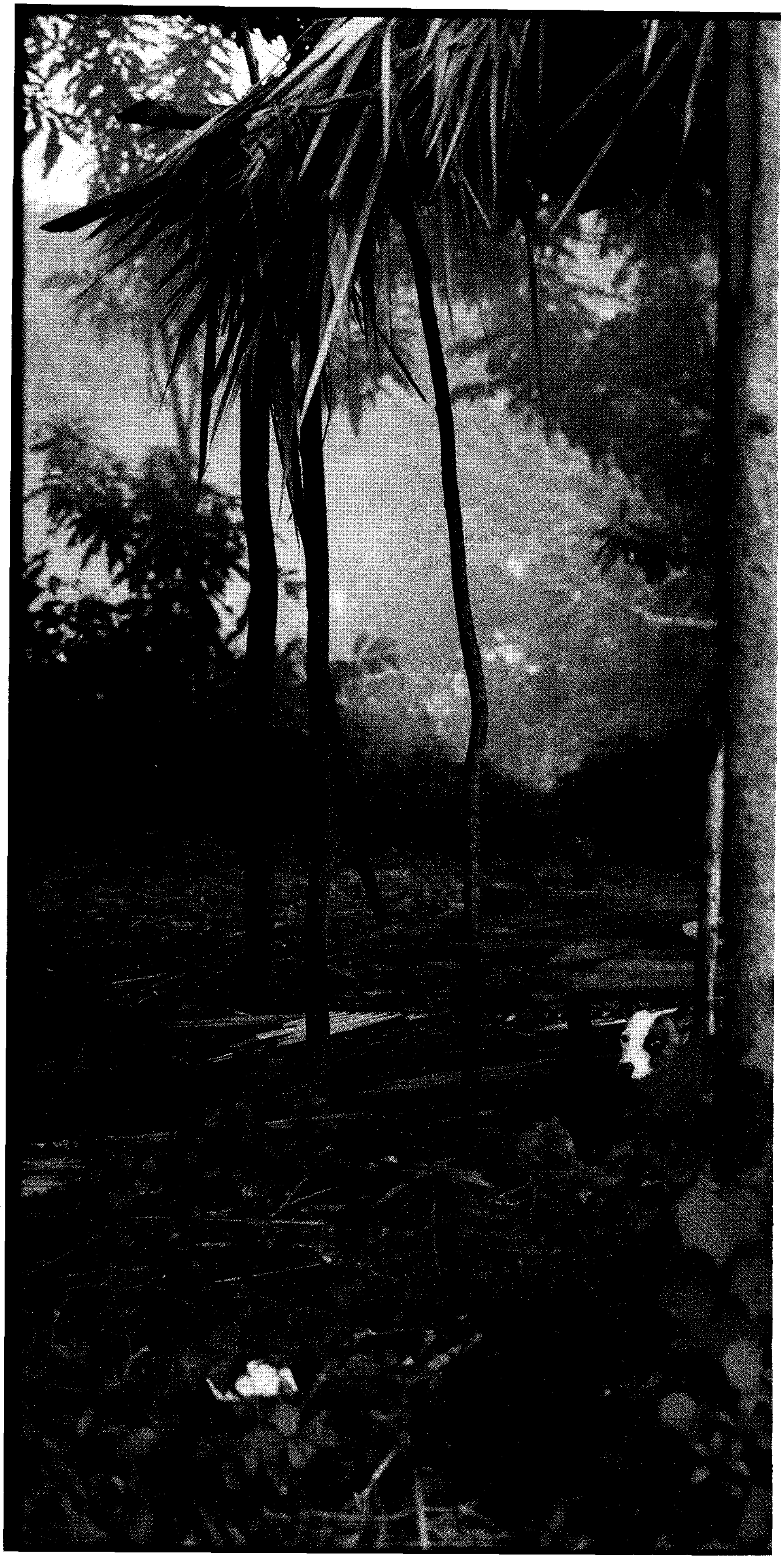
"That's got an element of competition that they won't go for," Everett said.

The computer crashed. Convinced that there was a glitch in the software, Fitch picked up the machine and carried it back to the main house to make repairs.

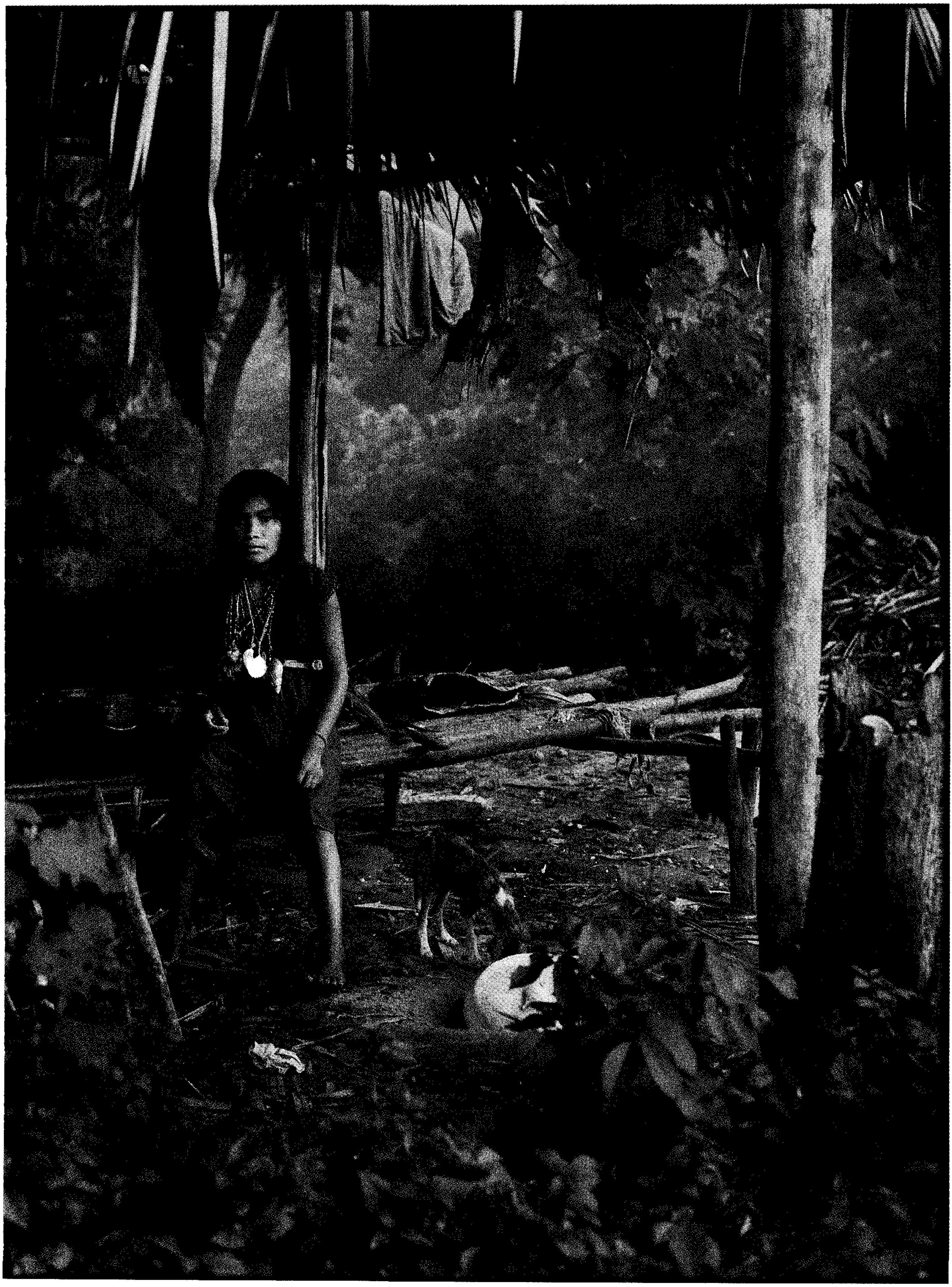
"This is typical of fieldwork in the Amazon, which is why most people don't do it," Everett said. "But the problem here is not cognitive; it's cultural." He gestured toward the Pirahã man at the table. "Just because we're sitting in the same room doesn't mean we're sitting in the same century."

By the next morning, Fitch had debugged his software, but other difficulties persisted. One subject, a man in blue nylon running shorts, ignored instructions to listen to the syllables and asked questions about the monkey head: "Is that rubber?" "Does this monkey have a spouse?" "Is it a man?" Another man fell asleep mid-trial (the villagers had been up all night riotously talking and laughing—a common occurrence for a people who do not live by the clock). Meanwhile, efforts to get subjects to focus were hampered by the other tribe members, who had collected outside the hut and held loud conversations that were audible through the screened windows.

Steve Sheldon, Everett's predecessor in the Pirahã village, had told me of the challenges he faced in the late sixties when he did research on behalf of Brent Berlin and Paul Kay (an anthropologist and linguist at the University of California at Berkeley), who were collecting data about colors from indigenous peoples. Sheldon had concluded that the Pirahã tribe has fixed color terms—a view duly enshrined in Berlin and Kay's book "Basic Color Terms: Their Universality and Evolution" (1969). Only later did Sheldon realize that his data were unreliable. Told to question tribe members in isolation, Sheldon had been unable to do so because the tribe refused to be split up; members had eavesdropped on Sheldon's interviews and collaborated on answers. "Their attitude was 'Who cares what the color is?'" Sheldon told me. "But we'll give him something because that's what



Piipaío in a hut: Pirahã huts typically have dirt floors and no walls or furniture, except for



aised platform of thin branches to sleep on. The Pirahã keep very few possessions in their huts—pots and pans, a machete, a knife.

"As you can see, Henderson has no brain."

he wants.'" (Today, Sheldon endorses Everett's claim that the tribe has no fixed color terms.)

Sheldon said that the Pirahã's obstructionist approach to researchers is a defensive gesture. "They have been made fun of by outsiders because they do things differently," Sheldon told me. "With researchers who don't speak their language, they make fun, giving really bad information, totally wrong information sometimes."

On the third day, Fitch had figured out that he was being hindered by some of the same problems that Sheldon had faced. That morning, he tacked up bedsheets over the window screens and demanded that the tribe remain at a distance from the hut. (Several yards away, Fitch's cousin, Bill, entertained the group by playing Charlie Parker tunes on his iPod.) Immediately, the testing went better. One Pirahã man seemed to make anticipatory eye movements, although it was difficult to tell, because his eyes were hard to make out under the puffy lids, a feature typical of the men's faces. Fitch tried the experiment on a young woman with large, dark irises, but it was not clear that her few correct glances were anything but coincidental. "Lot of random looks," Everett muttered. "It's not obvious that they're getting it either way," Fitch said.

On the fourth day, Fitch seemed to hit pay dirt. The subject was a girl of perhaps sixteen. Focussed, alert, and calm, she seemed to grasp the grammar, her eyes moving to the correct corner of the screen in advance of the monkey's head. Fitch was delighted, and perhaps relieved; before coming to the Amazon, he had told me that the failure of a Pirahã to perform this task would be tantamount to "discovering a Sasquatch."

Fitch decided to test the girl on a higher level of the Chomsky hierarchy, a "phrase-structure grammar." He had devised a program in which correct constructions consisted of any number of male syllables followed by an equal number of female syllables. Hauser, Chomsky, and Fitch, in their 2002 paper, had stated that a phrase-structure grammar, which makes greater demands on memory and pattern recognition, represents the minimum foundation necessary for human language.

Fitch performed several practice trials with the girl to teach her the grammar. Then he and Everett stepped back to watch. "If this is working," Fitch said, "we could try to get N.S.F. money. This could be big—even for psychology."

At the mention of psychology—a discipline that often emphasizes the influence of environment on behavior and thus is at a remove from Chomsky's naturism—Everett laughed. "Now he's beginning to see it my way!" he said.

The girl gazed at the screen and listened as the HAL-like computer voices flatly intoned the meaningless syllables. Fitch peered at the camera's viewfinder screen, trying to discern whether the girl's eye movements indicated that she understood the grammar. It was impossible to say. Fitch would have to take the footage back to Scotland, where it would be vetted by an impartial post-doc volunteer, who would "score" the images on a time line carefully synchronized to the soundtrack of the spoken syllables, so that Fitch could say without a doubt whether the subject's eyes had anticipated the monkey head, or merely followed it. (Last week, Fitch said that the data "look promising," but he declined to elaborate, pending publication of his results.)

That evening, Everett invited the Pirahã to come to his home to watch a movie: Peter Jackson's remake of "King Kong." (Everett had discovered that the tribe loves movies that feature animals.) After nightfall, to the grinding sound of the generator, a crowd of thirty or so Pirahã assembled on benches and on the wooden floor of Everett's "Indian room," a screened-off section of his house where he confines the Pirahã, owing to their tendency to spit on the floor. Everett had made popcorn, which he distributed in a large bowl. Then he started the movie, clicking ahead to the scene in which Naomi Watts, reprising Fay Wray's role, is offered as a sacrifice by the tribal people of an unspecified South Seas island. The Pirahã shouted with delight, fear, laughter, and surprise—and when Kong himself arrived, smashing through the palm trees, pandemonium ensued. Small children, who had been sitting close to the screen, jumped up and scurried into their mothers' laps; the adults laughed and yelled at the screen.

If Fitch's experiments were inconclusive on the subject of whether Chomsky's universal grammar applied to the Pirahã, Jackson's movie left no question about the universality of Hollywood film grammar. As Kong battled raptors and Watts dodged giant insects, the Pirahã offered a running commentary, which Everett translated: "Now he's going to fall!" "He's tired!" "She's running!" "Look. A centipede!" Nor were the Pirahã in any doubt about what was being communicated in the long, lingering looks that passed between gorilla and girl. "She is his spouse," one Pirahã said. Yet in their reaction to the movie Everett also saw proof of his theory about the tribe. "They're not generalizing about the character of giant apes," he pointed out. "They're reacting to the immediate action on the screen with direct assertions about what they see."

In Fitch's final two days of experiments, he failed to find another subject as promising as the sixteen-year-old girl. But he was satisfied with what he had been able to accomplish in six days in the jungle. "I think Dan's is an interesting and valid additional approach to add to the arsenal," Fitch told me after we had flown back to Porto Velho and were sitting beside the pool at the Hotel Vila Rica. "I think you need to look at something as complex as language from lots of different angles, and I think the angle he's arguing is interesting and deserves more work, more research. But as far as the Pirahã disproving universal grammar? I don't think anything I could have seen out there would have convinced me that that was ever anything other than just the wrong way to frame the problem."

On my final night in Brazil, I met Keren Everett, in the gloomy lobby of the hotel. At fifty-five, she is an ageless, elfin woman with large dark eyes and waist-length hair pulled back from her face. She is trained in formal linguistics, but her primary interest in the Pirahã remains missionary. In keeping with the tenets of S.I.L., she does not proselytize or actively attempt to convert them; it is enough, S.I.L. believes, to translate the Bible into the tribal tongue. Keren insists that she does not know the language well yet. "I still haven't cracked it," she said, adding that she thought she was "beginning to feel it for the first time, after twenty-five years."

The key to learning the language is the tribe's singing, Keren said: the way that the group can drop consonants and vowels altogether and communicate purely by variations in pitch, stress, and rhythm—what linguists call "prosody." I was reminded of an evening in the village when I had heard someone singing a clutch of haunting notes on a rising, then falling scale. The voice repeated the pattern over and over, without variation, for more than half an hour. I crept up to the edge of one of the Pirahã huts and saw that it was a woman, winding raw cotton onto a spool, and intoning this extraordinary series of notes that sounded like a muted horn. A toddler played at her feet. I asked Everett about this, and he said something vague about how tribe members "sing their dreams." But when I described the scene to Keren she grew animated and explained that this is how the Pirahã teach their children to speak. The toddler was absorbing the lesson in prosody through endless repetition—an example, one might argue, of Edward Sapir's cultural theory of language acquisition at work.

"This language uses prosody much more than any other language I know of," Keren told me. "It's not the kind of thing that you can write, and capture, and go back to; you have to watch, and you have to feel it. It's like someone singing a song. You want to watch and listen and try to sing along with them. So I started doing that, and I began noticing things that I never transcribed, and things I never picked up when I listened to a tape of them, and part of it was the performance. So at that point I said, 'Put the tape recorders and notebooks away, focus on the person, watch them.' They give a lot of things using prosody that you never would have found otherwise. This has never been documented in any language I know." Aspects of Pirahã that had long confounded Keren became clear, she said. "I realized, Oh! That's what the subject-verb looks like, that's what the pieces of the clause and the time phrase and the object and the other phrases feel like. That was the beginning of a breakthrough for me. I won't say that I've broken it until I can creatively use the verbal structure—and I can't do it yet."

Keren says that Everett's frustration at realizing that they would have to "start all over again" with the language ultimately led to his decision to leave the Amazon in 2002 and return to academia. "He was diligent and he was trying to use his perspective and his training, and I watched the last year that we were together in the village—he just was, like, 'This is it. I'm out of here.' That was the year I started singing, and he said, 'Damn it if I'm going to learn to sing this language!' And he was out. It's torment. It is tormenting when you have a good mind and you can't crack it. I said, 'I don't care, we're missing something. We've got to look at it from a different perspective.'" Keren shook her head. "Pirahã has just always been out there defying every linguist that's gone out there, because you can't start at the segment level and go on. You're not going to find out anything, because they really can communicate without the syllables."

Later that day, when Everett drove me to the airport in Porto Velho, I told him about my conversation with Keren. He sighed. "Keren has made tremendous progress, and I'm sure she knows more about musical speech than I do at this point," he said. "There's probably several areas of Pirahã where her factual knowledge exceeds mine. But it's not all the prosody. That's the thing." Keren's perspective on Pirahã derives from her missionary impulses, he said. "It would be impossible for her to believe that we know the language, because that would mean that the Word of God doesn't work."

Everett pulled into the airport parking lot. It was clear that talking about Keren caused him considerable pain. He did not want our conversation to end on a quarrel with her. He reminded me that his disagreement is with Chomsky.

"A lot of people's view of Chomsky is of the person in the lead on the jungle path," Everett had told me in the Pirahã village. "And if anybody's likely to find the way home it's him. So they want to stay as close behind him as possible. Other people say, 'Fuck that, I'm going to get on the river and take my canoe.'" ♦

FICTION

THE STOLEN PIGEONS

BY MARGUERITE DURAS

The old Bousque woman always arrived precipitously, as if she were short on time.

From Bugues, you could see her head rising in the distance, above the hedge of medlar trees that separated our land from that of her children. A narrow path crossed through this hedge, and at the opening was a little hill that she ascended and descended as nimbly as a young woman. Then she continued along a row of artichoke plants, her head bowed, always at that dramatic pace. It was as if she couldn't slow down without falling.

Her body was bent at the waist, thanks to the long winter afternoons she spent leaning over her fire, and her thin arms slid back and forth like the pendulums of a clock; they seemed too long now, even though they'd succumbed to the same shrinkage as the rest of her body. The poor old Bousque woman. She had become so small, at the end of her life, that she was barely taller than the artichoke plants.

Every time we saw her, we said, "Look, here comes the old Bousque woman."

And every time we were surprised, as if the event were surprising for its very regularity.

Well before she arrived, she'd call out a friendly word with what little voice she had left, which was shrill and rasping. And we'd respond at the top of our lungs, as if she were deaf.

We never left off work in order to speak or listen to her—she simply came over to us and quite naturally began to help with whatever we were doing, all while talking away, telling some story.

Sometimes, however, she'd take me aside and murmur to me what she didn't dare say out loud: "Tell me, when do you think you'll be leaving?"

Because she liked us very much, she lived in fear that we would leave the area before she died. We had returned from far away, so far away that she didn't even know exactly where, but she did know that a warm wind now blew through the pines of Bugues, comforting her old bones and giving her, at her advanced age, which was well past seventy-five, her fill of fantasy and intrigue, as well as her only real opportunity to go beyond the village. The friends of her youth were all more or less invalids now and were happier without her company. It has to be said that the old Bousque woman, as old as she was, had not become pious with age, an unusual state of affairs in this part of the country. You saw her only at Midnight Mass, because she liked nighttime, as well as celebrations, and as much as you liked her you couldn't help disapproving a little. She was the first person in the entire area to venture our way, to create a bond with people like us, who had come back to Bugues after so many years of abandonment.

Despite her incredible ignorance, her mind was still sharp, and filled with a pure form of curiosity. People were a little afraid of her, as one is afraid of those whose vision is clear and who retain everything, as one is afraid of life, with its inspirations, its unfathomable poetry. Which is why people chose to call her a gossip, when she was really a fantasist. My mother had more respect for her than for anyone else around.

For us children, she came with the evening, which carried us back to the house, but she was also the old woman we locked our doors against, protecting ourselves from a night that she seemed to bewitch. Only her eyes were still intensely alive, in a face slashed with wrinkles, each one lined with a deep black furrow. Still, that extraordinary face was the only thing about her that was old, and it seemed that she'd never die—she had adapted so well to the years. But something awful did happen to her; it was the kind of story that she herself would surely have enjoyed telling, if it hadn't nailed her down forever.

It was at this fountain that her daughter-in-law, Jeanne Bousque, quenched her thirst.

Jeanne hadn't had, so to speak, a real childhood. Hers had been spent in a feverish wait for some power of her own; her marriage had given her back neither those lost years nor her joy. Still, she ruled in her house, and because she had been for so long unable to exert her authority over her own family, she now exerted it beyond all reason over the family of her husband. There were only four of them—the old woman, Jeanne, her husband, Louis, and their son, Jean—and the victory was a little hollow, to tell the truth. But what did that matter! So long as in the eyes of the village she was now viewed as the mistress of the house.

You should have seen her toying with the old Bousque woman as if she were a child! The old woman was much too clever to get angry about it, since she knew that her son would never dare to side with her over his wife; nor would her grandson—he was only fourteen and had other things on his mind. So she cheerfully accepted her role in the household. But it was precisely her good mood, which nothing could subdue, that wounded the vanity of her daughter-in-law; it was as if the old woman were the only one who could make Jeanne question her own standing.

From year to year, Jeanne's tone with the old woman became sharper. She looked at her with wild eyes, her face eaten away by who knows what despair.

If you had seen that little old woman, so lovable, so easy to take, you could never have imagined anyone hating her in that way!

But if you asked the daughter-in-law for news of her she'd say, with a hypocritical sigh, "Well, of course, she's getting old. Haven't you noticed, she's becoming dirty? She who was once so neat, I hear?" Or: "When Jean is older, we'll give him the upstairs bedroom." She'd point up at the old Bousque woman's room, which she never visited.

Despite all this, in the eyes of others in the village, the old Bousque woman remained the mistress of the house. Even though she had already passed all of her property on to her children, and was perfectly content to be fed and allowed to stay in her little room.

One March day, as soon as she had finished her housework, Jeanne Bousque headed off toward the Pelgrin property, on the high plateau above the village.

Normally, she took this route only on Sundays, on her way to Mass. So we were surprised to catch sight of her there on a weekday; plus, she was walking fast and barely greeting those she passed, for fear of being delayed along the way. She picked her way through the alfalfa and took the road that ran through the village. Then she began to climb the hill, following the path that snaked between the vines. She arrived at the property line that dominated the landscape at around eleven o'clock. Her face was red from the wind, and she was panting a little, having hurried through the long ascent.

"Well, what kind wind has blown you our way, Mme. Bousque?"

NINO MIGLIORI, "THE HANDS SPEAK" (1956)/KEITH DE LELLIS GALLERY

Once everyone began referring to her mother-in-law as “the old Bousque woman,” this one had become Mme. Bousque—because she was respected in the area, but also because she came from another village.

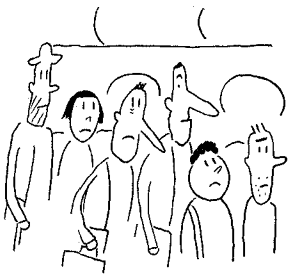
She didn’t immediately answer the question. If, when she embarked on this errand, the words and sentences had been whirling around in her head, they had got themselves in order en route. And now she had it down—her story—commendably, having prepared it along the way. She wanted to make the most of it!

Where was she going? She was carrying her seed as far as possible, in order to plant it in the most fertile spot—on the Pelgrins’ high plateau, from which the bit of gossip would be carried, like the wind, to at least three neighboring villages. Ah! She had good aim, Mme. Bousque—she knew her neighbors!

“You know my cousins from Algeria . . .”

Her haste and fatigue had left her so breathless that she had to begin again.

“You know my cousins from Algeria, the ones who are supposed to arrive tonight? Imagine this: Last night, before going to bed, I prepared a pair of my best-looking, fattest pigeons—only the best for them! So I cook the birds, I put them away in the pantry, and I go to bed. In the middle of the night, I hear a noise downstairs. I give Louis a nudge, and we go down together. I even told him to bring his gun—you never know, you know, with all those railway workers going through here at night. . . .”



The two Pelgrins were all ears. Their pupils burned like coals.

“What do I see?” the Bousque woman continued. “I thought I was dreaming! Louis and I were speechless, paralyzed. The old woman! It was terrifying! Sitting on her stool, she was devouring my pigeons, with both hands, like this. . . . I barely recognized her, she looked so different. After a long time, she turned around. She froze when she saw us—I thought for a moment she might be in shock. But then she pulled herself together and ran out of the room—ran! She is spry, that old woman, you know. She took the stairs four at a time and locked herself up in her room.”

“My goodness!” the Pelgrin woman said. “But she’s kept her wits about her for so long—who would have imagined such a thing!”

But he—M. Pelgrin—spoke seriously, as the situation required. “So it’s all over for her, the old Bousque woman. She has lost it, just like that.”

“It’s not as if I were depriving her of anything,” the mischief-maker said. “But, one day or another, age will get you. Some old people talk all day; others become misers. This one, her madness will be to steal food and stuff herself when she’s not even hungry. Well, it’s not so bad—it could have been a lot worse for us.”

The old Bousque woman stayed in her room for several days. To those who were surprised not to see her around, Jeanne Bousque said, laughing, “Oh! With that pair of pigeons, she has eaten enough for two days, the poor old thing. . . . Well, it’s not that I begrudge her the food.”

She said this loudly enough for her words to reach all the way up to the old woman’s attic room. . . .

The old Bousque woman was ashamed.

What had come over her? It was true that old age had finally got her, as her daughter-in-law said. The excessive appetite for pigeons that had overcome her suddenly, and the way she had devoured them, like an animal—she was doomed, for sure, and everyone knew it, everyone in Bugues, the village, the whole world knew it. . . .

What a delicious thing it would have been for that little old woman to die just then. What a deliverance not to have to think anymore. But, unfortunately . . .

For two days and two nights, she stupidly watched the sky, the clouds that passed before her, running the way the children of the village would doubtless run after her from now on. She watched, without seeing it, the enormous mid-March moon.

Sitting at the center of her room, more hunched over than ever, she didn’t even dare to move her head, for fear of setting off the laughter that followed each of her movements and worried her ears. . . .

According to her daughter-in-law, she tried to steal one more time, but everything was locked up that night—can you imagine! Then, the following day, depleted, the old woman resigned herself to coming downstairs; she took advantage of a moment when the house was empty, in the middle of the afternoon, like an animal whose hunger has forced it out of its hole.

She humbly took her seat by the fire and stayed there. And, because from that day on she didn’t speak, nobody spoke to her, either; her son didn’t bother to wish her a good evening when he came back from the fields, and her grandson soon stopped kissing her when he got home from school, because she was no longer clean.

My mother, tactfully, allowed the old woman to die without trying to see her again, but she was the only one to do so. No one else in the village could resist the pleasure of getting at least one more look at her. Fortunately, all she could see now was her fire. . . .

She had become so gray, gray like her old companion; she was covered in ash—there was ash in the folds of her dress, in her hair, in all the wrinkles of her old skin.

Whenever someone came to the Bousque house and made it as far as the kitchen, which was big and bright, her daughter-in-law always apologized for the corner where the old woman sat, which she could never manage to clean.

“And if you could see her room,” she sighed. “A real sty.”

Jeanne had to wait until the fall to clean the place; the old Bousque woman took eight long months to die, eight months of beautiful spring and summer; you’d almost have believed that she was doing it on purpose. But, in the end, that long wait only increased the delight that Jeanne Bousque experienced when she could finally put all of her mother-in-law’s rags in a pile in the middle of the courtyard and light them on fire, a big fire that spread smoke through the whole village and which she stirred from time to time with a long poker. ♦

(Translated, from the French, by Deborah Treisman.)

Frommer's. Making the trip since 1957.

Frommer's Italy 2007
Thailand
New Zealand
Belize
South Africa
India
New Orleans 2007
Mexico 2007
Boston 2007
Brazil
Greece
Europe
EUROPE ON 5 DOLLARS A DAY
Italy 2007
Maui 2007
Las Vegas 2007
Ireland 2007
Costa Rica 2007
Paris 2007
Caribbean 2007
Spain 2007
Alaska 2007
London 2007
Hawaii 2007
New York City 2007
ITALY
LONDON
HAWAII
NEW YORK CITY

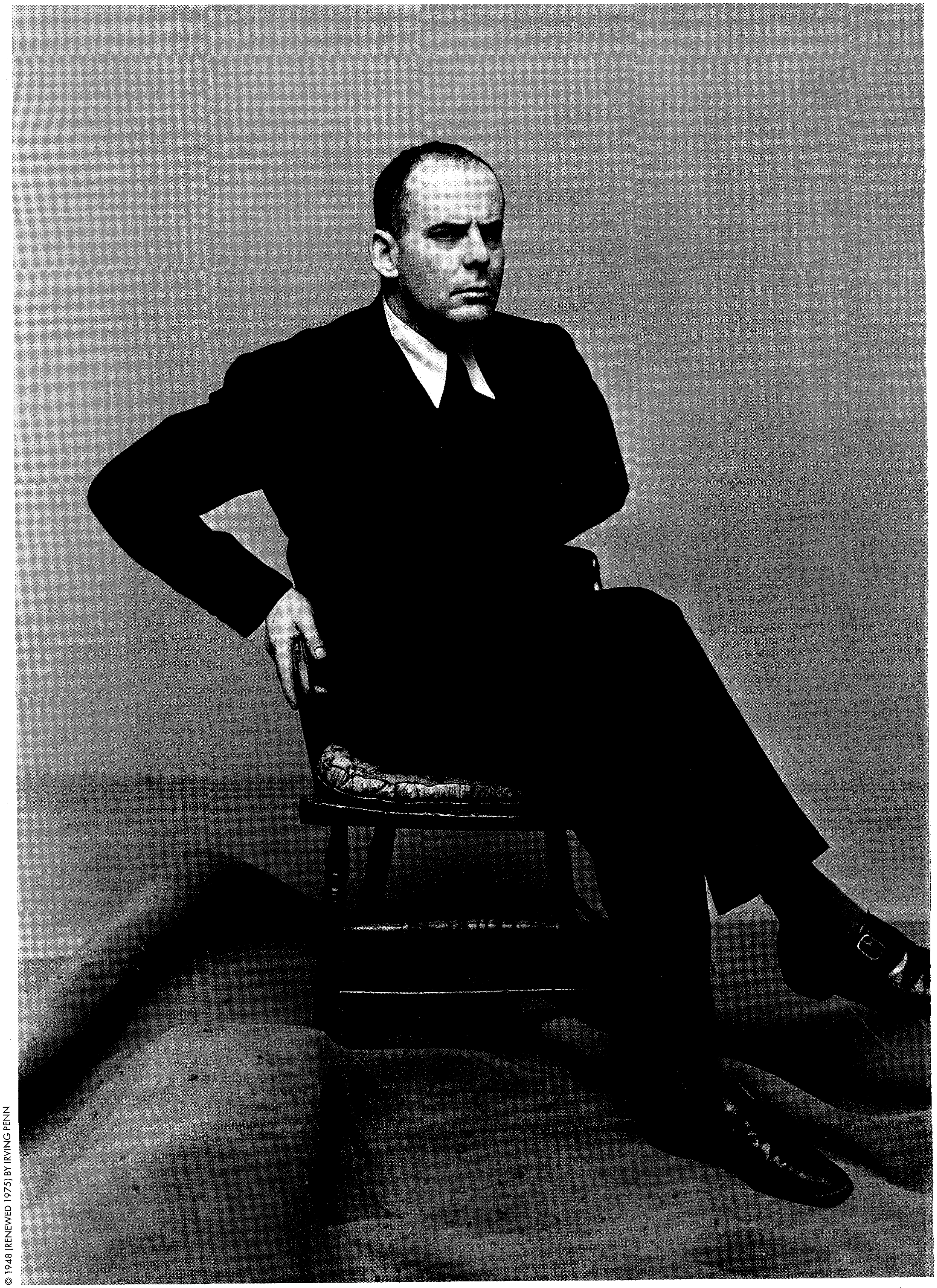
BICENTENNIAL
1807
WILEY
2007
BICENTENNIAL

Frommer's. Travel experts for fifty years.

For travel deals, news, and podcasts, visit Frommers.com

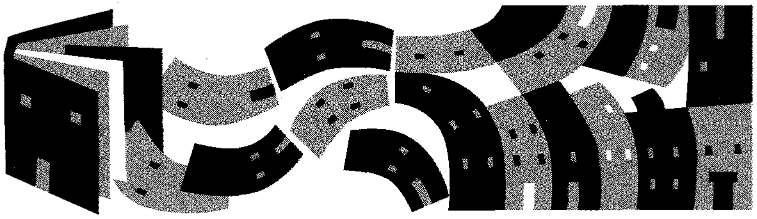
Frommer's is a registered trademark of Arthur Frommer, used by Wiley under exclusive license.

Frommer's®
50
YEARS



© 1948 (RENEWED 1975) BY IRVING PENN

THE CRITICS



BOOKS

PRINCE OF THE CITY

The life of Lincoln Kirstein.

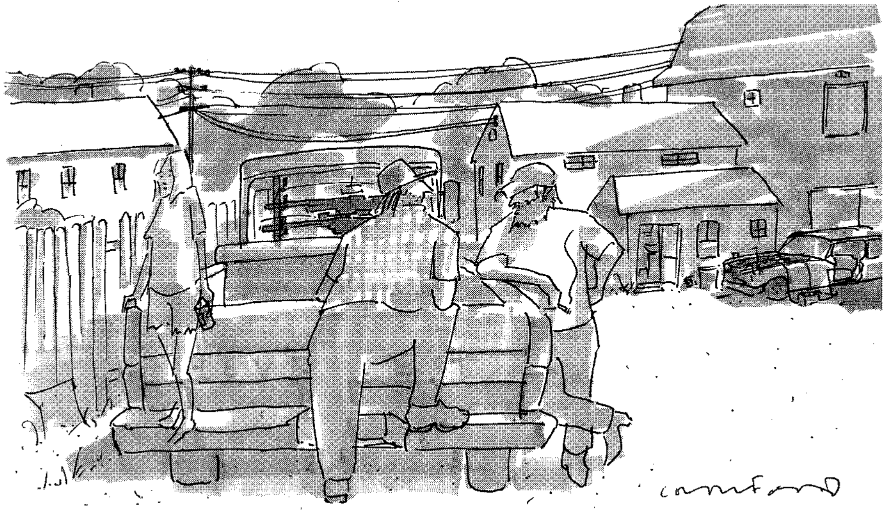
BY CLAUDIA ROTH PIERPONT

"A world wholly, profoundly dedicated to the realization of the unreal": this was the Bayreuth Festival in 1924, as it impressed a seventeen-year-old aspiring artist named Lincoln Kirstein. It was the Wagner shrine's first opera season since the war had forced it to close, a decade earlier; Kirstein's mother, Rose, had eagerly bought tickets for herself and her two sons, and they set out from Boston for a summer of cultural touring. The younger of the boys, George, found his mother's interests dull; but Lincoln was in his element—he was discovering that he had an element—his passion for music and theatre indulged as never before. The family's arrival in Bayreuth, however, was disturbing: they were turned away from their hotel, and sent to lodge instead with a local "co-religionist"; public anti-Semitism came as a shock, no matter how accustomed they were to the private kind. Still, even this ordeal could not efface Lincoln's pleasure in the old, outmoded opera productions, which seemed to reflect the composer's exact wishes, and convinced the young aesthete that such devotional work was "the aim of my life." Although brute reality won out when, at the conclusion of "Die Meistersinger," the crowd rose and, stirred to a patriotic fury, roared out "Deutschland Über Alles," this demonstration appears only to have confirmed Kirstein's dedication to the construction of a full-scale unreal world—magic, music, color, genius—far superior to the world in which he lived.

But what sort of unreality would it be? He had so many choices, so many talents and interests. Although Kirstein was a terrible student, and had all but flunked out of a couple of prep schools, he had a good hand for drawing and a strong desire to paint. ("I know I must be a painter first of all," he pledged in 1927, after a visit to the Prado.) But he was also "deeply addicted" to ballet, and he had literary ambitions that were nearly as pressing: while a freshman at Harvard—he was admitted on his third attempt—he started a magazine, *Hound & Horn*, that drew support from Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, and he went on to write criticism, poetry, at least one "moral tragedy," and a novel. In his junior year, he helped start the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art, which was a forerunner of the Museum of Modern Art, where he signed on as an adviser in 1930, when he was not quite twenty-three. Three years later, he brought the young Russian choreographer George Balanchine to America, and together, in due course, they founded both the School of American Ballet and its attendant company, New York City Ballet. In the nineteen-fifties, he played

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN

Kirstein in New York in 1948: he was a familiar presence at New York City Ballet, where his appearance was almost as iconic as that of the dancers onstage.



"Deer season is year-round, Dale, if you drive."

• •

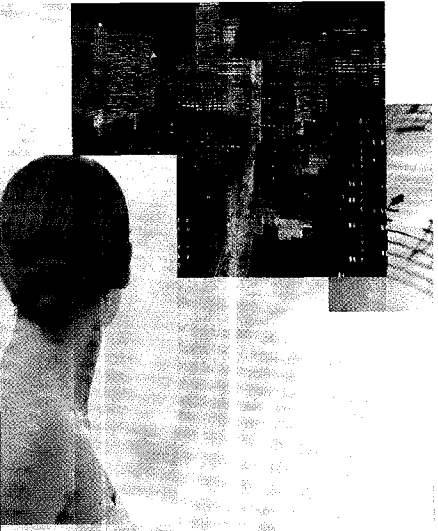
an important role in the American Shakespeare Festival. And at one time or another he paid the bills for all of these magnificently unreal (and extremely expensive) worlds. Kirstein was never rich enough simply to write the checks himself, however, and education—teaching people who *were* rich enough, while also preparing future members of a newly enlightened American audience—was among the most essential of his lifelong tasks. His bibliography amounts to hundreds of works on painting, photography, literature, drama, film, and dance. The sheer breadth of Kirstein's endeavor—so unthinkable in the present age of specialization—has made him appear to many people to be the last historical example of the Renaissance man.

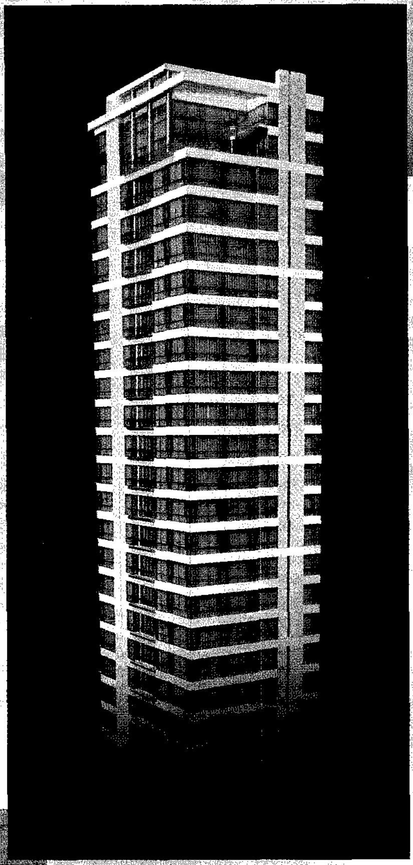
Martin Duberman's new biography, "The Worlds of Lincoln Kirstein" (Knopf; $37.50), is a necessarily intrepid work. It is the first book entirely devoted to this prodigious life and career—Kirstein died in 1996, at eighty-eight—and Duberman's mission has been made especially daunting by the quantity of material that Kirstein left behind (his extensive diaries begin in summer camp), as well as by Kirstein's tendency, in his autobiographical work, to obfuscate, exaggerate, and lie. (Kirstein's official memoir, "Mosaic," takes his story to 1933; its odd deceptions extend to an anonymous magazine photograph that Kirstein represents as an old love.) The happy news is that Duberman has proved equal to the difficulties both of the job and of the highly outspoken, often irascible man. He dispels the fog of myth that has spread around Kirstein's early years; he gleans hard facts from tricks and poses; he stands up to Kirstein's prejudices and carefully explicates his most gleefully outrageous opinions—Martha Graham's dancing is "a cross between shitting and belching," Kirstein fumed in his diary in 1931; in print he was hardly kinder, if less vulgar—in a way that informs us broadly about the subject as well as about the workings of Kirstein's mind and psyche. (Kirstein's grudging respect for Graham as a true American primitive—he more than once compared her work to Shaker furniture—eventually grew to the point that he invited her to teach at the School of American Ballet.) Like all good biographers, Duberman is part detective and part judge, but the most appealing aspect of his book, if on occasion the most problematic, is that he seems to love his subject more than Kirstein ever loved himself.

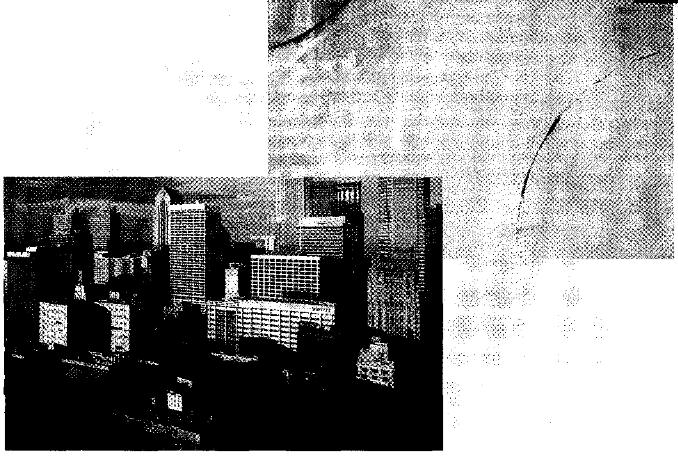
Even the physical aspect of the man was intimidating. Six feet three, with a somewhat hulking sense of being heavy on his feet, Kirstein was for many years a familiar presence in New York, particularly at New York City Ballet, where his appearance was almost as iconic as that of the dancers onstage: clad in a uniform-like black suit, his head close cropped and his jaw jutting out, he maintained a quasi-military air—not for nothing did he compare the School of American Ballet to West Point—and a habitual scowl that warned people unequivocally to keep away. This stern but elegant image is preserved in the many portraits of himself that Kirstein commissioned; Jamie Wyeth's striking mock-Sargent tribute, now in the Smithsonian, best conveys the way in which Kirstein had himself become a highly conscious work of art. His town house near Gramercy Park was a princely fantasia, containing a miniature ballroom, gold-draped walls hung with oils and drawings, and a receding perspective of small crystal chandeliers. When times were good, a splendid social life was overseen by his wife, Fidelma, and the guests—from the dancers of the corps de ballet to W. H. Auden—were the very best in body and mind. And when times were bad, there was still the grandly steadying figure, nearly as overscaled as the fantastic Nadelman sculptures he had installed on the New York City Ballet theatre promenade, presiding over the sublimely unreal world (magic, music, color, genius) that he had built.

The line between bold self-invention—that great American privilege—and dangerous, Gatsbyesque impersonation can be hard to locate. Biographically, the distinction invariably depends on the exposure of dark secrets (the hidden shame; the suffering it caused), but Duberman's burdens in this area have been eased (investigatively and morally) by Kirstein's penchant for public confession. There was the generous father who made a fortune as a partner in Filene's, and went on to become president of the Boston Public Library, but who was nevertheless viewed as one of the city's "housebroken, token aliens." There were childhood memories of being excruciatingly clumsy and, worse, of being taunted and tortured for being a "sissy." (Kirstein wrote openly about his homosexual history in an essay published in *Raritan* in 1982, which he republished both in "Mosaic" and in his collected essays, "By With To & From." Although it had long been known to the limited dance population that Kirstein worshipped boys the way Balanchine worshipped girls, the essay, "Carlsen, Crane," is considered his coming out.) At the next stage of development, rather predictably, we find the brooding Jewish homosexual at Harvard, at once scorning and longing for the upper-class boys known as "the Lads," with their Waspish good looks and their

Elegance by definition





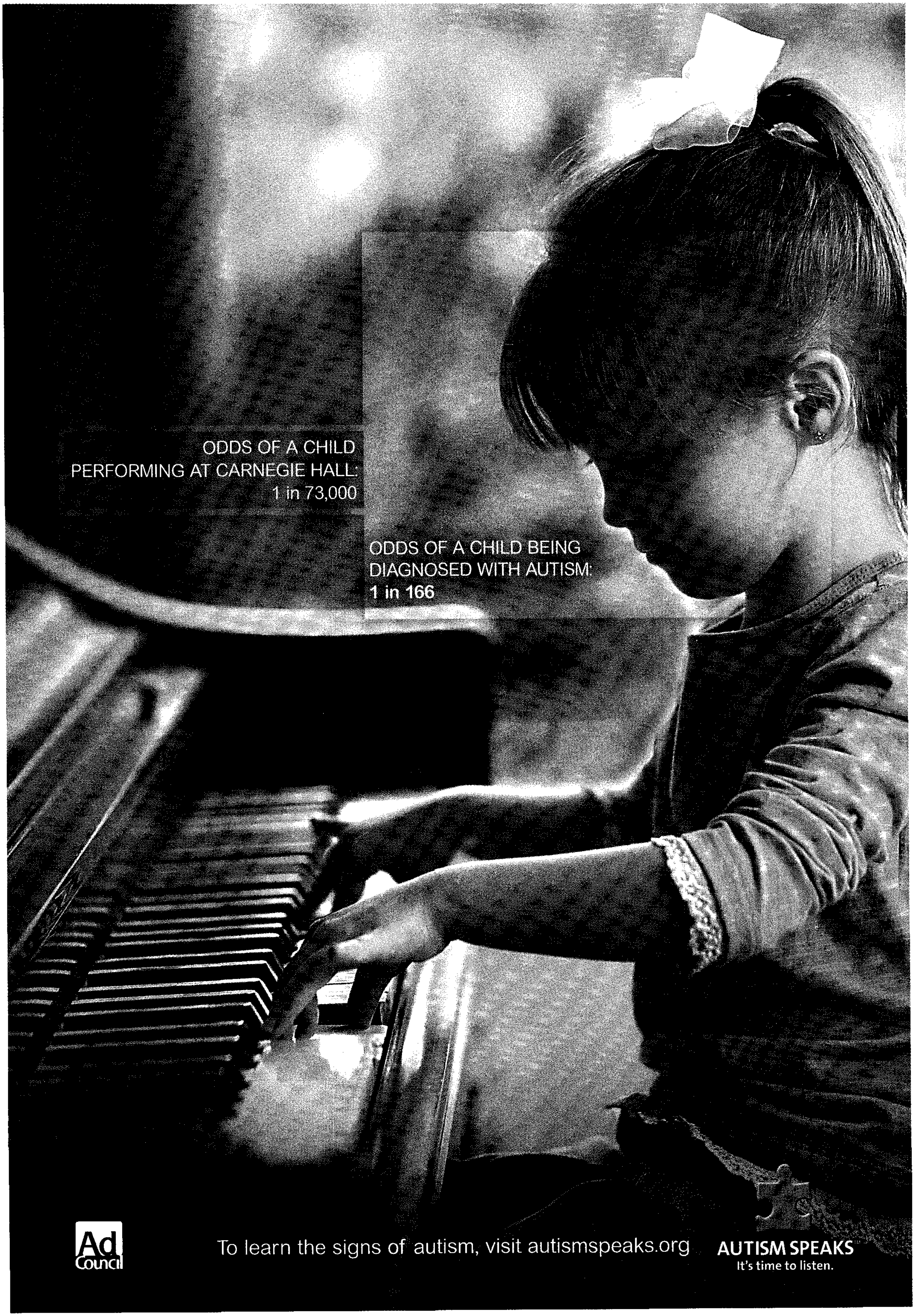


Thirty-one stories of full-floor residences, brilliantly conceived and thoughtfully designed. It's the ideal setting for a life well lived. Only 29 exclusive residences.

- *Over 4,000 square feet per residence*
- *Soaring 10-foot ceilings*
- *Spectacular 360° views of Philadelphia*
- *State-of-the-art automated parking and retrieval system*
- *Private elevator access to each residence*
- *Unequaled privacy and exclusivity*

1706 RITTENHOUSE SQUARE STREET

Sales and Design Center
1708 Rittenhouse Square Street, Philadelphia, PA
888.648.5721 ■ www.1706rittenhouse.com



ODDS OF A CHILD
PERFORMING AT CARNEGIE HALL:
1 in 73,000

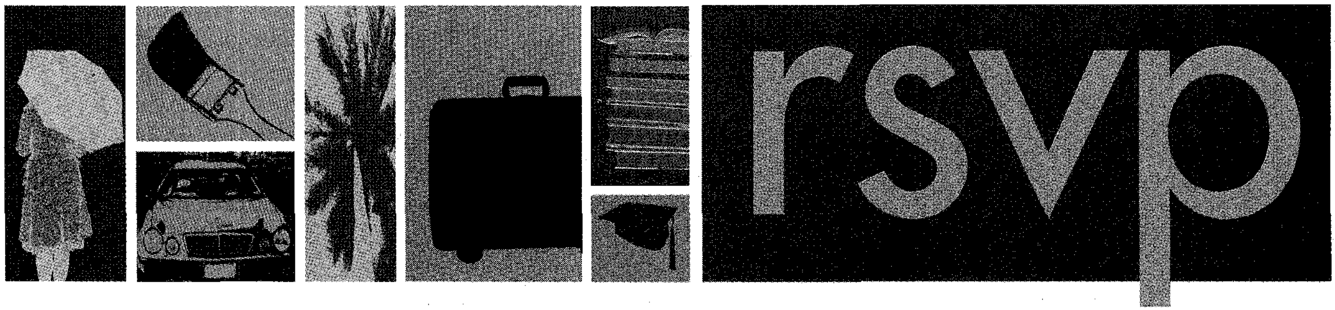
ODDS OF A CHILD BEING
DIAGNOSED WITH AUTISM:
1 in 166

Ad Council

To learn the signs of autism, visit autismspeaks.org

AUTISM SPEAKS
It's time to listen.

ADVERTISEMENT



READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

Whether you're seeking an unusual gift or an inspiring vacation, rsvp makes it easy to explore products and services offered by *The New Yorker*'s advertising partners. Simply visit www.tnyrsvp.com and connect to the advertisers that interest you, or phone us at 800.929.1431.

EDUCATION AND WRITING

POWELLS.COM. Independent bookseller Powells.com features over four million new and used books, all surrounded by exclusive interviews, original essays, and much more! **1-800-687-1943 x7001**

STEWART HOME SCHOOL. Progressive education and a home community for the intellectually disabled child or adult on an 850-acre bluegrass campus. **1-800-687-1943 x7002**

VOCABULA. A society is generally as lax as its language. Read *The Vocabula Review*. **www.vocabula.com. 1-978-546-3911**

HOME

DESIGN WITHIN REACH. Design Within Reach is the source for fully licensed classics, past and present. **www.dwr.com. 1-212-888-4539**

ENDLESS POOLS. The treadmill for swimmers. It is simple to install, economical to maintain, and fits easily indoors or out. Free DVD. **1-800-687-1943 x7003**

REPLACEMENTS, LTD. The world's largest inventory of old and new china, crystal, silver, and collectibles. More than 250,000 patterns available. Free pattern printout with prices. **www.replacements.com. 1-800-687-1943 x7004**

TIMBERPEG. Since 1974, Timberpeg has fabricated beautiful timber-frame homes all over the nation. Visit **www.timberpeg.com** to find a local independent representative or for more information. **1-800-687-1943 x7005**

TRAVEL

AUSTRIAN AIRLINES. Austrian Airlines flies from New York; Washington, D.C.; Chicago (as of May 29, 2007); and Toronto—to Austria and beyond. **www.aua.com. 1-718-670-8600**

BASIN HARBOUR CLUB AND RESORT. Lake Champlain, Vermont. Seventy-four cottages, forty-six guest rooms, golf, tennis, marina kids' camp, pets allowed. Twenty-three miles from Burlington, Vermont. **www.basinharbor.com. 1-802-475-2311**

COLORADO TOURISM. From skiing to symphonies, from vibrant cities to charming towns, Colorado's got it all. Order your FREE vacation guide today. **www.colorado.com. 1-800-687-1943 x7006**

COOPERSTOWN. A hub for fine arts, hands-on history, sports, and culture. **www.visitcooperstown.com. 1-800-687-1943 x7007**

CRANWELL RESORT, SPA, & GOLF CLUB. AAA four-diamond resort in Lennox, Massachusetts, with the Spa at Cranwell and an 18-hole golf course. **www.cranwell.com. 1-413-637-1364**

GALLEY BAY, ANTIGUA. An award-winning, intimate, all-inclusive Tahitian-inspired haven, fit with natural Caribbean elegance and charm. **www.GalleyBay.com. 1-954-481-8787**

HALF MOON is one of the most complete and luxurious resorts in the Caribbean. **1-800-687-1943 x7008**

HAWAII–THE ISLANDS OF ALOHA. From the clear ocean and lush mountains to the award-winning golf, let the temptations of Hawaii surround you. **www.gohawaii.com. 1-800-687-1943 x7009**

JENNY LAKE LODGE, GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK. A historic four-diamond lodge tucked beneath the majestic Teton Mountains. Impeccable service, endless wildlife, scenery, and activities. **www.gtlc.com/ny. 1-800-687-1943 x7010**

MONACO GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE. The Principality of Monaco, as grand as ever and yet surprisingly affordable! **www.visitmonaco.com. 1-212-286-3330**

MYTHS AND MOUNTAINS. If you can dream it, they can do it! Let them customize a trip for you and your family, or choose a scheduled group departure. Call for a catalogue. **www.mythsandmountains.com. 1-775-832-5454**

PARKER VILLAS—ITALY. Discover the splendor of Italy from a private villa or farmhouse amid vineyards and hill towns. **1-800-687-1943 x7011**

PETER DEILMANN GRAND HOTEL VOYAGES. Free air and more, visiting Southeast Asia on the ultra-deluxe 500-passenger M.S. Deutschland. **www.deilmann-cruises.com/asia. 1-877-331-0856**

ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURISM OFFICE. Romania: discover Transylvania's medieval towns and world-famous painted monasteries, Bucharest's architecture, and Romania's friendly people. **www.romaniatourism.com. 1-212-545-8484**

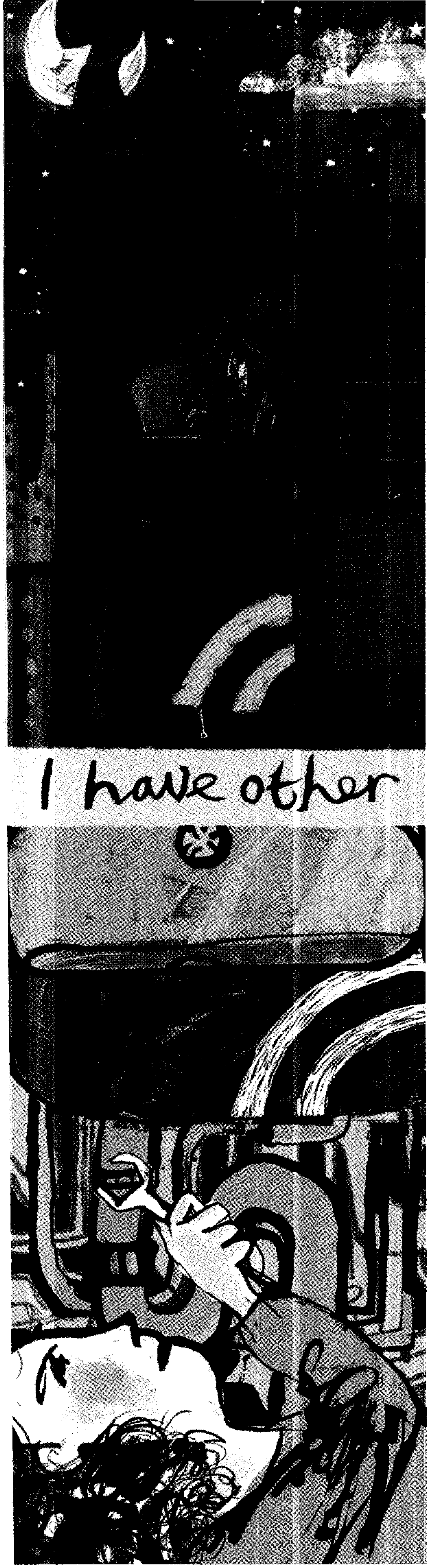
SILVER ASH RANCH. Family vacations, art retreats, corporate retreats, couples' getaways. Enjoy North Mississippi's spring-fed fishing lake, horseback riding in the 147,000-acre Holly Springs National Forest, and full-service accommodations. **www.silverashranch.com. 1-662-333-4677**

THEATRE AT SEA, INC. Baltic Theatre Cruise. Celebrate White Nights and Midsummer's Eve with Patricia Neal, Ed Asner, Kitty Carlisle Hart, and five other distinguished stars performing onboard. June 12th–23rd, 2007. **1-800-687-1943 x7012**

TOURISM IRELAND. Discover your very own Ireland in 2007. For your free vacation planner visit **www.discoverireland.com. 1-212-418-0800**

VISIT BRITAIN. Britain is full of delightful surprises. Go ahead, be a Brit different! **www.visitbritain.com/us. 1-800-687-1943 x7013**

VISIT LONDON. For all you need to help plan a great vacation in London, go to London's official Web site, **www.visitlondon.com. 1-800-687-1943 x7014**



©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

"depthless self-satisfaction." In time, he gained access to the Brahmin strongholds of the Lowells, the Cabots, and even the Adamses—"The Education of Henry Adams" became his model in both literary and patrician style—although no sooner had he charmed his way into the old aristocracy than he set his sights on a newer kind. Substituting talent and hard-won technique for blood and money, Kirstein celebrated the hand that could draw precisely, the body that could leap and turn. And if the idea of an "aristocracy of merit," as he liked to call it, did not put his demons to rest, it gave them a lifetime of useful employment.

The art that best fulfilled this working ideal was ballet. Purely aristocratic in its courtly origins and its affect, yet requiring the strength and stamina of the toughest athlete, ballet was at once the most platonic and the most intoxicatingly sexual of arts. In nineteenth-century Paris, the men of the Jockey Club arrived at the opera just in time for the third-act ballet. In early-twentieth-century Boston, Kirstein's budding fantasies were fed by an etching of Nijinsky in *Vanity Fair*, showing the dancer in the black velvet tunic of his costume for "Les Sylphides": androgynous, pure, yet suggestively wild—"the sum," Kirstein later wrote, "of masculine possibility." This is not to reduce Kirstein's complex passion to the flatly Freudian. Order, discipline, health, spiritual as well as physical grace, all were evident sources for his fascination, informing a taste that extended over many fields and decades without change. By the nineteen-sixties, Kirstein's restless eye had fixed on Japanese ritual sports—judo, kendo, karate—which he planned to import as he had once imported Russian ballet. Duberman, who tracks the evolving forms of Kirstein's ideal in his long but engrossing book, reports on Kirstein's self-styled "revelation" about the practical uses of such exotic rituals: they had been designed, he informed a friend, to ward off despair, or, more specifically, "to hold hell off at arm's length with beautiful manners and a sense of personal well being."

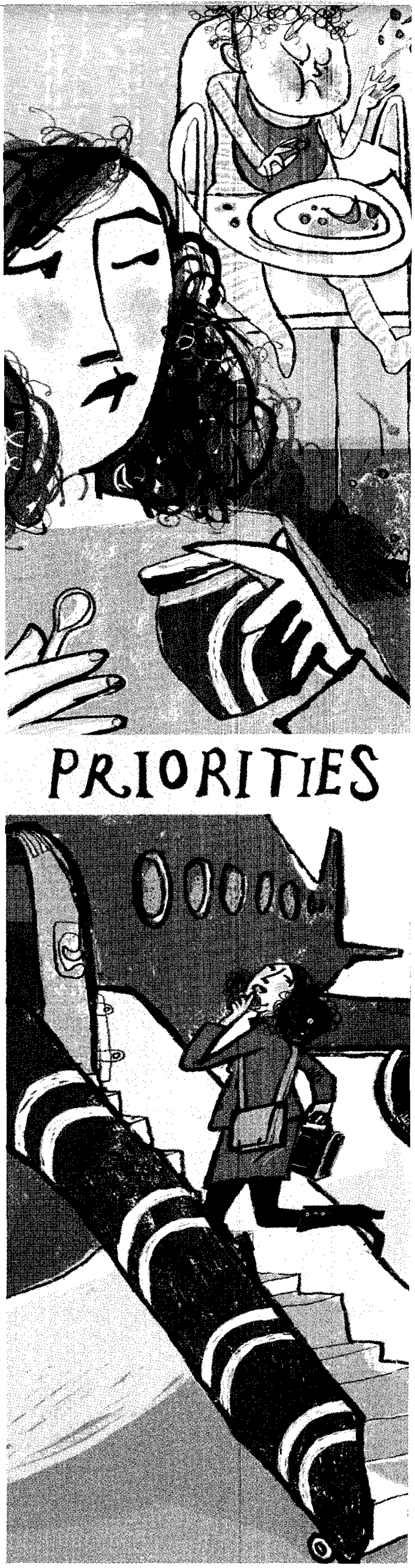
The death of Diaghilev, in 1929, had meant the end of the Ballets Russes. It was hard to say precisely why: the great impresario did not dance, or choreograph, or write music, or design scenery, or have any money, but he brought together those who did or had these things in a manner that could not be repeated. His empire had split into a number of competing companies, two of which were playing in Paris in the summer of 1933, when Kirstein, three years out of Harvard and desperate for entrée to this rarefied society, shuttled between the theatres from night to night. The larger company, bearing the proud title Les Ballets Russes de Monte-Carlo, featured the choreography of Léonide Massine; the smaller, ephemerally titled Les Ballets 1933, was a showcase for Diaghilev's last choreographer, the younger and much less famous Georges (as he was then) Balanchine. Kirstein, who had seen a good deal of Diaghilev's final seasons, was enamored of both men's work. If his diary at the time reveals a preference for Massine—an irony not lost on Duberman—his first published essay, in 1930, on "The Diaghilev Period," made it clear that he believed the future of the art belonged to Balanchine. "A revivified, purer, cleaner classicism" is the quality that Kirstein most valued in Balanchine's ballets "Apollo" and "La Chatte," each "as pure as 'Sylphides' or 'Swan Lake,' but with more depth of emotional intensity." Kirstein managed to meet Balanchine at a party later that summer, and almost at once the choreographer volunteered the critical facts that French dancers were too lazy ("always take time out for lunch"), that ballets were as transitory as butterflies ("a breath, a memory"), and that he would like to go to America. "With 20 girls & 5 men," Kirstein carefully transcribed Balanchine's promise, "he could do wonders." And, thanks to Kirstein, he did.

There was hardly anything more irritating to Kirstein than the assumption, common in later years, that the triumph of Balanchine's genius in America was inevitable. (Balanchine, who arrived with his manager in October, 1933, had insisted that the arrangement include his return fare.) If Duberman's chronicle can sometimes be faulted for excessive detail, it nevertheless forces us to comprehend the nearly endless series of impediments—box-office debts, illnesses, cancelled tours, inane criticism, the cost of everything—that made it appear inevitable, rather, that this wildly impractical enterprise would fail. The School of American Ballet opened in January, 1934, in rooms that Kirstein had leased on Madison Avenue, and its students' first performance—which included Balanchine's first American-made masterpiece, "Serenade"—took place that spring on a makeshift outdoor stage, in the rain, on the family estate of Kirstein's friend Eddie Warburg. They made their professional début later that year on a tiny stage in Hartford, Connecticut (Kirstein helped paint the scenery in time for opening night), and their subsequent New York engagements were routinely disparaged by the powerful *Times* critic John Martin, because Balanchine was a foreigner: why didn't Kirstein form a real American company? For a while, he tried: during the late thirties, when Balanchine was largely occupied with making dances for Broadway shows and Hollywood films, Kirstein ran a touring company called Ballet Caravan that featured "completely American" themes and several different (completely American, mostly forgotten) choreographers. In sum, it was fifteen years from Balanchine's arrival—years in which Kirstein's occupation included everything from making up budgets and arranging publicity to taking Balanchine to the doctor, all the while draining his own trust fund—to the establishment of New York City Ballet.

And even after the grand success of opening night at City Center, in 1948 ("Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," "Symphony in C"), it was only a large donation from Rose Kirstein that kept the company alive. As late as 1951, Kirstein had personally to raise the money to be sure they made it to 1952. (He appears to have borrowed against a substantial sum that was held in trust until his forty-fifth birthday; his parents had been very careful to make sure that their spendthrift son did not exhaust his fortune.) The factor that finally began to stabilize the enterprise was not a donor's check but the Tchaikovsky-Balanchine *Gesamtkunstwerk* and family spectacle "The Nutcracker," which had its début in February, 1954, and which—with its giant Christmas tree, its icy forest, its gorgeous Land of Sweets—came in at double the budget, or eighty thousand dollars. Kirstein dismissed City Center's complaints by remarking that "it took genius to acquire" such a debt.

In light of the decades of work, the financial outpouring, and the emotional commitment, it may be shocking to learn that Kirstein regarded himself as "superfluous" by early 1934. And that, in a very real sense, was true. The classical aesthetic that Kirstein had discerned in Balanchine's work beneath the layers of Diaghilevan chic—"the nobility of the unerring linear architecture" that he saw in "Apollo"—did not require Kirstein's contribution, or anyone else's. For Balanchine, the music was enough; it was his sole inspiration, and, along with the dancers, all that he required. If Kirstein had joined his varied artistic plans into the single aim of becoming a new Diaghilev, he came closest to achieving his goal with Ballet Caravan, the company that he ran while Balanchine was otherwise engaged. Ruling over this miniature kingdom, Kirstein declared himself "in seventh heaven": he wrote librettos for works like "Yankee Clipper," "Filling Station," and "Pocahontas"; he commissioned Virgil Thomson, Paul Bowles, and Elliott Carter to write music; he hired Eugene Loring, Lew Christensen, and Erick Hawkins to choreograph—and he had the artistic authority to cut both Hawkins's and Christensen's works as he saw fit. Which didn't mean, of course, that he could make them good. Ultimately, Kirstein had to choose between this liberating kind of work, which involved him in every creative aspect of production, and the job of chasing funds for the man who, on his return to ballet, in 1941, rapidly choreographed—without any libretto, to music by Tchaikovsky and Bach, and ceding no authority whatever—"Ballet Imperial" and "Concerto Barocco." He had to choose between Balanchine—between these imperishable works, which Kirstein, better than anyone, recognized as the summit of the art—and himself.

The decision he made is the stuff of history—ironically, there would probably not be a biography of Kirstein had he chosen himself—but carrying it through was harder than his later sermons about art and service made it appear. "What my role would have been had I not been, as now, disappointed, I have, now, no idea," he wrote in his diary in 1934; two years later, he vowed, in touchingly childlike tones, to "criticize and be harsh" with Balanchine "instead of being scared by his uniqueness and genius." He felt the edge of Balanchine's "slight contempt"; he dreamed of "Balanchine a murderer; myself shipwrecked." If, by the late forties, Kirstein could write with saintlike self-suppression

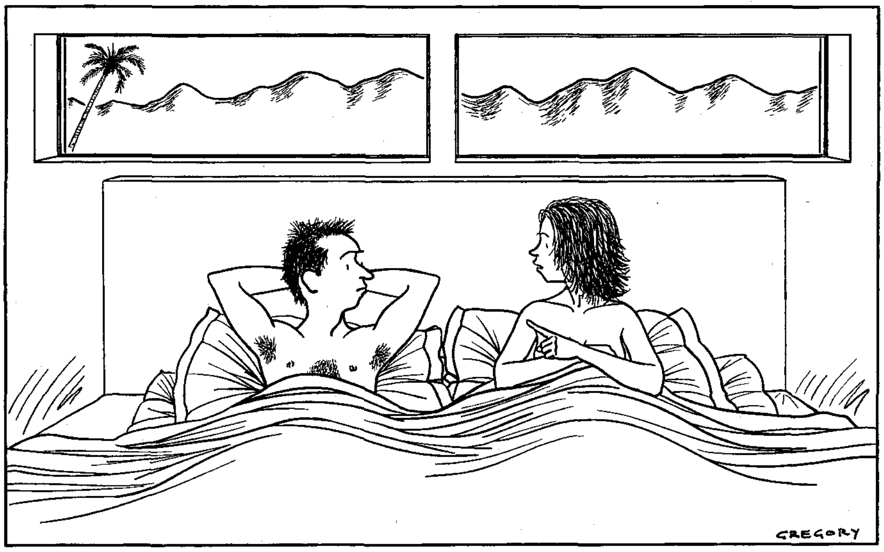


©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

that his "only justification" was to enable Balanchine "to do exactly what he wants to do in the way he wants to do it," he did not cease to chafe at the bonds that seemed to hold him back wherever he turned. Duberman writes of Kirstein's increasing bitterness when, in the early fifties, he found that his position as managing director of City Center kept him mired in administrative and fund-raising matters, which, as Duberman notes, "bored him to death and failed to employ his essential abilities"—abilities that came through in a fantastical plan for an unprecedented urban theatre complex (ballet, opera, drama) a decade before Lincoln (no relation) Center got under way.

The final twist in Kirstein's sacrifice was that it brought him no closer to the man or the works for which it had been made. One learns very little about Kirstein's relationship with Balanchine from Duberman's book, because—as Kirstein openly avowed in later years—no relationship existed. ("We never had any disagreements because we never talked about anything," Kirstein told this magazine in 1986. "Whatever he did he did by himself." This seemed like hyperbolic modesty at the time, but it was apparently true.) Accordingly, we learn almost nothing about the body of work that was the reason for everything that happened; generally speaking, each ballet receives an adjective or two ("sparkling," "brilliant") before disappearing into the winding narrative of money gained or lost, of critical vicissitudes, of the slow building of a great institution. This emphasis is not Duberman's failing; it is his job, and he performs it best when not pushing against its (or Kirstein's) limitations. His attempts to emphasize his hero's occasional artistic contributions—"the souvenir program that Lincoln was almost singlehandedly preparing"—make Kirstein seem even more bereft. If we, as readers, feel sadly confined to the edge of the music and glamour that are intrinsic to the subject, straining for a glimpse of the beauty that remains just out of sight, we know how Kirstein must have felt.

"It is not enough to be able to see, to have personal vision, an original eye, and the ambition to be an artist," Kirstein wrote in 1948, not about himself—although it might have been—but about the general state of modern art. The all-important missing element was technique: "digital mastery," as he later put it, for which ability he championed a range of contemporary artists from Pavel Tchelitchev to Paul Cadmus. But for all the awe this anxious and awkward man expressed before any sort of technical virtuosity, he did not regard technique as an end in itself. It was, rather, the necessary start of an internal chain reaction: technical precision implied a respect for tradition, which in turn presumed a reverence for the masters who had come before, which defeated the common tendency toward romantic narcissism (the ruin of so much modern art and dance) and opened one's eyes to the world and to the God-given nature of genius—which, in culmination, made the truly great artist a truly moral human being.



"Over all, I liked it, but I have a couple of notes."

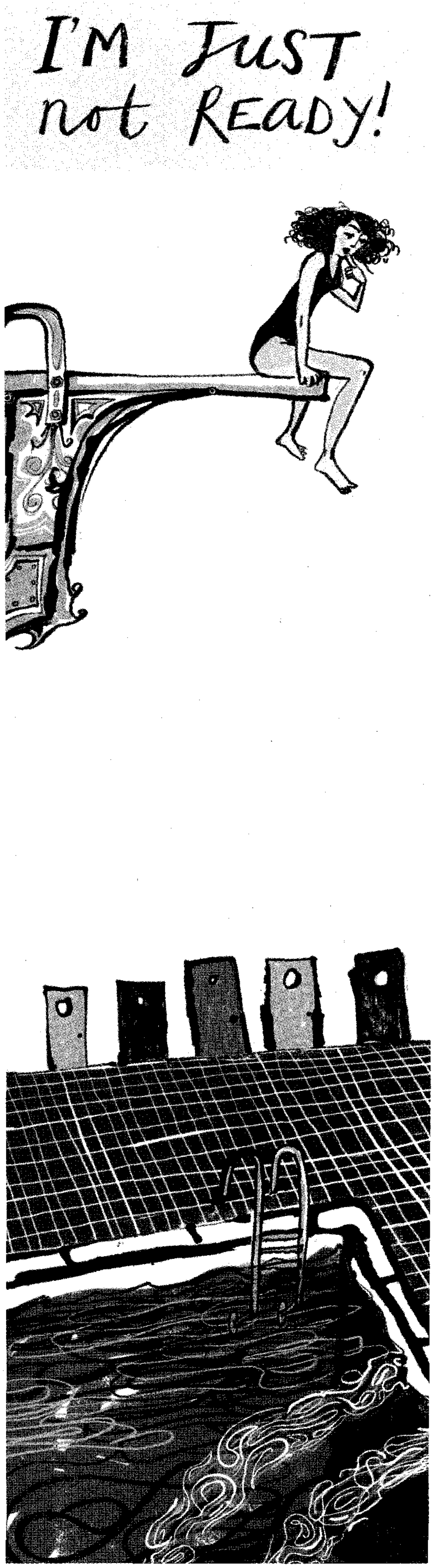
Kirstein had known two such artists for certain: Balanchine and Auden. "Everything Auden wrote, taught, or preached was within the frame of a rigorous morality," he wrote some years after the poet's death. (At the other end of the spectrum was Leonard Bernstein, whose music, according to Kirstein, reflected his limitations as a man, marked by "the dynamism of compulsive approbation-hunting.") As for Balanchine, one could simply point to his famous, if faintly mysterious, response to a pushy ballet mother who had asked if her daughter would become a dancer: "*La danse, Madame, c'est une question morale.*" But where did Kirstein fit into the equation? His artistic ambitions had all ultimately fallen through: painting, stage and costume design, literature. (Even the unfailingly generous Duberman admits defeat when faced with Kirstein's poetry.) It was in the idea of service to other artists that Kirstein found his wings, and he wore them proudly. But, given his persistent suffering—documented throughout this book—from artistic longing, guilt, fierce inner conflict, and a sense of self so painfully intense that the need to escape it prompted a lifelong spiritual search, from the esoteric doctrines of Gurdjieff to daily Mass at the local Roman Catholic church: did he think that he would have been a better man if only he had been an artist? Or that he might have been an artist had he been a better man?

Although Kirstein had long been disposed to bouts of depression, his first symptoms of serious mental disturbance appeared not long after New York City Ballet was established, in 1949. Whether this had to do with a release of long-held tension after attaining the goal, or with the frustration of finding that the goal did not relieve the tension, or with something entirely unrelated is impossible to say. Oddly, Fidelma Kirstein suffered "a nervous crisis" about a month before her husband did; Duberman points out that the couple remained in this sort of pathological synch—falling down and picking each other up—for years. The next full-scale eruption came during Kirstein's ill-fated struggle for artistic power at City Center, in the early fifties. "I utilized hysteria toward constructive ends," he wrote—meaning, it seems, that he capitalized on the sleepless energies of his manic states—"but I can't ever afford to do this again, because the border-line between hysteria and sanity is so close that one could really go out for good." By 1955, the line was gone: within weeks of quitting his job at City Center, he had to be restrained for forty-eight hours in a straitjacket and given electroshock therapy. The ugliest breakdown seems to have been connected with his attempt to direct a play he had written, at Harvard's Loeb theatre, in the late sixties; he had to be confined to a sanitarium even before the critics killed the play. The most heartrending episode took place a decade later, when, after refusing hospitalization, he was seized by paramedics and plainclothes police, acting as discreetly as they could, during intermission at a performance of City Ballet.

Each time, he recovered quickly, and the record of his accomplishments in these years is the more impressive for the internal minefields that he navigated. The American Shakespeare Festival, in fortuitously named Stratford, Connecticut, was not his invention, but he got it up and running in the mid-fifties: he oversaw the building of a theatre modelled on the Globe, he planned a resident school of classical acting—why shouldn't the best of British culture be transplanted to American soil? In the absence of a great stage director or other creative force, however, the transplant failed: the quality of the productions was so consistently poor that after a few years even the indefatigable Kirstein walked away. (Eventually, so did everyone else: the festival closed in 1981.) This failure only underlines the phenomenon of the Balanchine enterprise. In 1963, the Ford Foundation, which Kirstein had nursed along for years, announced a grant of six and a half million dollars for the support of ballet in the United States, with the lion's share for New York City Ballet. The following year, the company moved into the New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center, a New World Bayreuth—with pilgrimages made by subway and tickets at "popular prices"—that Kirstein's old friend Philip Johnson had custom-built for Balanchine: the stage's resilient pine floor was woven in a system that the choreographer had devised; the orchestra pit, doubled in size at Balanchine's insistence, was large enough for seventy musicians. (And not even Wagner had an adjacent school to train young artists to perform his works.) Governor Nelson Rockefeller, another convenient old friend, told Balanchine at the opening, "It's all yours, George. Take it from here."

About Kirstein's enduring personal appeal, despite the inroads of the illness, Duberman leaves us in no doubt, citing "Lincoln's generosity of spirit and his muted self-display; his range of interests and breadth of knowledge; his piercing intelligence, self-awareness, animal energy, and—though he liked to disguise it—his talent for intimacy." In fact, Kirstein's intimacies with a variety of men had continued throughout his marriage. His steady romance with a dancer, José Martinez, which had been going strong when he proposed to Fidelma, was hardly interrupted; like several of Kirstein's later flames, Martinez was drawn into the couple's social life, and—particularly, it seems, once the love affair cooled—became a friend of Fidelma's as well. Beyond this liberal domesticity, Duberman tracks Kirstein through his wilder nights at sailors' hangouts, male bordellos, and gay baths, offering snippets of his campy letters about such rendezvous points for "notorious homosexuals, deviated preverts, and merchant semen." Within certain circles, at least, Kirstein made no attempt to hide this part of his life, and he seemed immune to sexual shame. There is a note of pure bohemian detachment in his rebuke to Paul Cadmus—Fidelma's brother and a close friend—for portraying Lust as a repulsive monster (in a series of paintings of the Seven Deadly Sins): "I do not understand your aching agony about the flesh," he complained. "Lust isn't so bad, it lasts no time at all and is not destructive."

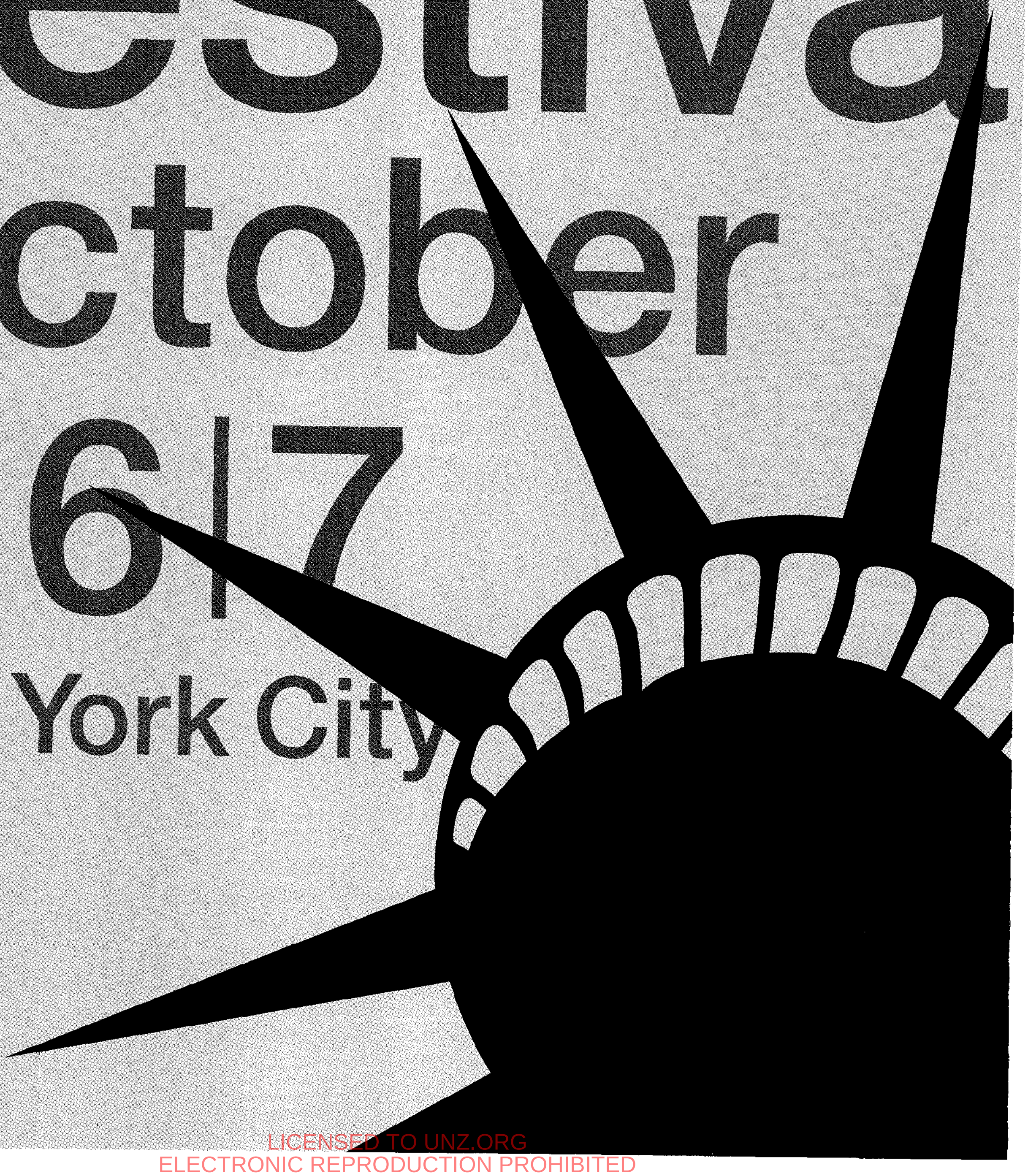
A clever formula, but hard to live by. The slow destruction of Fidelma Kirstein is a necessary subtheme of any biography of Kirstein, although there is room for debate about where the responsibility lies. Fidelma—the Spanish name means "faithful soul"—had grown up poor, in New York, and was attending art school and designing wallpaper for a living (like her brother, she was a gifted painter) when she met her future husband, at a party in 1939. Dark-haired and beautiful, she appears to have had some sort of breakdown already, and remained throughout her life nervous, fragile, and shy. Kirstein had had affairs with women as well as men in his early years, and his



I'M JUST not READY!
©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company

Advertisement

THE
NEW YORKER
Festiva
October
5|6|7
New York City

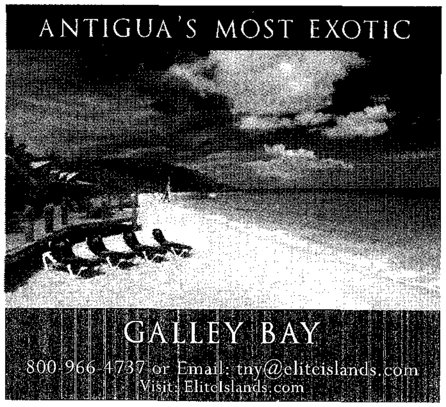


marriage—he decided within weeks that he would marry her—does not appear to have been merely a social front, nor was it (by his own account) a sexless union, although there were no children. On the other hand, it is unclear whether he (or anyone) had warned her about what lay ahead. Duberman credits Fidelma with an "aristocratic obliviousness toward mainstream standards of behavior"—true enough; she lived with a kind of serene affection within her brother's and her husband's gay circles—but he also notes that "now and then the problem of 'the boys' would prove difficult" for her. Unfortunately, "now and then" seems to have included every occasion that forced her to confront her husband's sexual and emotional infidelities, occasions that Kirstein amply provided—whether out of resentment, carelessness, or cruelty—for many years.

Some women, in the situation, would have taken lovers; most would have got divorced; and it is reasonable, by these standards, to say that Fidelma Kirstein was responsible for her own fate. At the very least, she could have gone on painting, and forged an independent life. But, as Duberman points out, she was in love with her husband, and she gave him all she had to give. (In the early sixties, Kirstein wrote to a gay friend who had just got married about how wonderful *it* is when "wives are large enough to know that they cannot change their men; they can only love them.") The most severe of Fidelma's documented breakdowns occurred when the couple travelled to Japan, in 1961, and Kirstein left her to go in search of sexual adventures; she collapsed and had to be taken back to New York at once. There, however, she had to deal with a continuing parade of young artists with whom Kirstein became infatuated—like the nineteen-year-old architecture student he escorted to the opening of the ballet's summer season, in 1966—and whom he continued to invite into his life and his home. (Another of her breakdowns was prompted by the fear that a particularly surly and contemptuous boyfriend was about to become her newest house guest.) Eventually, she settled nearly full-time in their country house, in Connecticut; she loved the outdoors, and looking after animals. But when, in 1982, at the age of seventy-five, she began to require constant care, Kirstein put her in a nursing home, where she remained—"desperately unhappy," he admitted—until she died, in 1991.

Balanchine entered Roosevelt Hospital, in New York, the same month Fidelma was shut away, but he did not last nearly as long. He died on April 30, 1983, a Saturday, and Kirstein went in front of the curtain at the theatre that afternoon to tell the audience that Balanchine was "with Mozart, Tchaikovsky, and Stravinsky," but that he would not have wanted all that they had worked for to be interrupted: "We will proceed." It seems a strange omission that Duberman offers nothing about Kirstein's personal reaction to Balanchine's death. And while he focusses a great deal of attention on the fraught selection of a successor—from the early fastening on Jacques d'Amboise to Kirstein's anointing of the young dancer Joseph Duell to the ascension of Peter Martins—he fails to mention Balanchine's will, which was devastating to Kirstein, and which induced a company-wide panic by stating nothing so certain as "We will proceed." Instead of leaving his body of works to New York City Ballet, Balanchine—choosing personal over institutional devotion—divided his riches among numerous beloved dancers and friends, with controlling rights over the vast majority going to his former wife Tanaquil Le Clercq, the ballerina Karin von Aroldingen, and his longtime assistant Barbara Horgan. Kirstein, who was given limited rights to two ballets ("Orpheus" and "Concerto Barocco"), was left essentially powerless, despite his title of general director, and remained so even after the heirs banded together to insure that New York City Ballet still had ballets to dance. He became an honored guest in his former home, and no matter how he raged at Horgan, or at Martins—or, as it sometimes seemed, at whoever crossed his path—he had to make peace with the fact that it was Balanchine who had taken away the keys.

Duberman subsumes the last thirty years of Kirstein's life under the heading "Decline," which does not seem entirely fair. It is true that Kirstein had run out of schemes for shaking up American culture, although the desire remained strong; in 1965 he went to Alabama to join the marchers in Selma. (He


ANTIGUA'S MOST EXOTIC
GALLEY BAY
800-966-4737 or Email: tny@elitcislands.com
Visit: EliteIslands.com

Swim At Home™
FREE DVD
Exercise & Therapy Pools
Swim against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for exercise, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. Just 8' x 15', an **Endless Pool®** is simple to maintain, economical to run, easy to install inside or out.
Already own a pool? Ask about the FASTLANE® by Endless Pools Inc.
For Free DVD or Video Call
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 5461
Visit www.endlesspools.com/5461

THE WALLET PEN®
Now, you always have a pen.
Sterling Silver
Made in Vermont
www.THEwalletpen.com

The salt air & sea of the Maine coast are yours . . .
on a private peninsula in Casco Bay
www.rockgardensinn.com 207-389-1339
ROCK GARDENS INN & Cottages

www.SilverAshRanch.com 662.333.4677
SILVER ASH RANCH
RETREAT
Located 50 miles south of Memphis in North Mississippi
Fishing, horseback riding, swimming, hiking, bon fires, art studios, conference center, Southern culture.

EUROPE by CAR
62 William Street, N.Y. 10005
212-581-3040 • 800-223-1516
SAVE ON RENTALS • TAX FREE LEASES
DISCOUNTS FOR FACULTY / STUDENTS
www.europebycar.com

architecture - landscape architecture - urban planning - urban design
Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
48 Quincy St.
Cambridge, MA 02138
617.495.5453
www.gsd.harvard.edu/cardisc/b.html
Design at Harvard
for people considering career changes or choices
Career Discovery Program
June 18 - July 27, 2007

Rome • Florence
Bettoja Hotels • www.bettojahotels.com
800-783-6904 • reservations@bettoja.com

COCKTAIL PIANO
NOTHING LOWERS STRESS LIKE COCKTAIL PIANO.......NOTHING!
Cocktail Piano Vols. 1 through 10 feature standards of the 1920s,30s, and 40s, plus Show Tunes, Movie Themes,World War-II love songs,1970s salute and Christmas. So relaxing.
CDs $18.95 incl. shipping. To hear the music call T/F (888) 388-1555.
To order call T/F (888) 521-9330. Discounts on volume orders.
Sound samples for all albums @ www.cocktailpiano.com

Dartmouth College
10-Day Language Immersion Programs
Arabic, Chinese, ESL, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Modern Greek, Russian, Spanish, Swedish
The Rassias Foundation
(603) 646-3583
www.dartmouth.edu/~rassias/programs/alps.html

Discover Peru & Machu Picchu
Free Catalog 800-368-2794
www.wildernesstravel.com/ny

MISSION LIGHTS
Table & Floor Lamps
Indoor & Outdoor Fixtures
Kichler's Canyon View Outdoor Lantern
(800) 736-0126
www.thebrightspot.com

would have been proud to know that he earned the era's foremost badge of honor, an F.B.I. file, even if it was disappointingly thin.) As for City Ballet, it may have become nearly an Old Guard institution, but there was still much work to do: when Duberman awards just a few sentences in a footnote to the Stravinsky Festival of 1972—one of the major cultural events in New York during the second half of the century, a single week featuring twenty-two new ballets—the balance of the book seems to have gone seriously askew. Didn't Kirstein play a role in these heroic proceedings? ("We were prepared to commit production capital for three years to budget the single week," Kirstein himself wrote about the preparations for the festival—several detailed paragraphs follow—in a history of the company that he published in 1973. "There was scarcely a sense of daylight spent outside the theater," he added of the glorious week itself.) If as the years went by Kirstein turned his enormous energies more to writing than to doing—he published five books in the seventies (including "The New York City Ballet," quoted above), and another five during the last decade of his life—the result was not decline but a continuation of his goals by other means. Order as principle, beauty as salvation: words, too, can push back the chaos within and help us expiate our sins.

"Our modern theatre assumes the frame for an atmosphere of ritual. We sit in big, multibalconied rooms, brightly lit, in expectation of magic," Kirstein wrote in "A Ballet Master's Belief," an elegy for Balanchine published the year after his death, in which God and angels and "deselfed communion" supersede the barre, the formal vocabulary of dance, and even the body. It is among the most beautiful of his later writings, a modest companion to his lavish and lauded book "Nijinsky Dancing," in which he studied the Russian virtuoso in many roles and from multiple points of view, via historic photographs, only to suggest that the true source of his genius was in his spirit: in his "pervasive impersonalism," his aura of "metaphorical courtesy," and (of course) his "moral authority." (One wonders how these distinctly uncarnal qualities would have struck the Boston adolescent with his copy of *Vanity Fair*.) The elegy is a companion, too, to "Memorial to a Marriage," in which Kirstein takes up Henry Adams's commission, from the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens, of a funerary monument for his wife, Marian Adams, who had died by her own hand: Was her fate her husband's fault? Might it be blamed on her family's history of mental illness, or perhaps on the disappointments of childless womanhood? Wasn't it partly the times that drove artistic women to despair? After a merciless inquiry into Adams's fundamentally chilly heart, Kirstein—whose words even in this book reflect the style that he had derived from Adams decades before—absolves him by reason of the "timeless" monument itself: that is, by the mortal woman's transformation into art.

Kirstein requested that there be no religious service when he died, and that no religious words be spoken as his ashes were scattered across the pond near his country house. (There were a scant dozen mourners, and the wind blew some of the ashes back in their faces. "It had been that kind of a life," Duberman observes.) Sometime afterward, there was a memorial service at the New York State Theatre, where various friends and officials made speeches, and pertinent sections of some of Balanchine's ballets were performed: the prayer that begins "Mozartiana"; the Garland Dance that he made for "The Sleeping Beauty," with its rush of beautifully trained children; and the conclusion of "Orpheus," in which the dead poet's lyre rises upward into the heavens. Eleven years later—this spring, on the centennial of Kirstein's birth—the Whitney Museum will mount a show of artists he supported; Eakins Press will release a complete bibliography; and New York City Ballet, even while vainly attempting to differentiate the ballets "in which Kirstein played a direct role, either by commissioning a score or designer, or suggesting the idea," has dedicated its entire season to him. This is only right, since it is the ballets in which he did not play a direct role—almost all the repertory—that best reflect what he gave to the world, at what personal cost, and to what celestial profit. "Released applause at the end signals the sight and sound of an angelic order," Kirstein concluded his elegy to Balanchine. "What has been seen and absorbed is commonly agreed to have been of the 'Divine.' " ♦

SUBSCRIBE TO CARNEGIE HALL'S 2007–2008 SEASON

**CARNEGIE HALL IS THE ONLY PLACE TO HEAR ALL THESE GREAT ARTISTS—
AND THE ONLY WAY TO GUARANTEE YOUR SEATS AND SAVE IS TO SUBSCRIBE.**

RECITALS

KIRI TE KANAWA • JOSHUA BELL
LEIF OVE ANDSNES • LANG LANG
ANNE-SOPHIE MUTTER
JESSYE NORMAN • BRYN TERFEL
MURRAY PERAHIA • MITSUKO UCHIDA
ANDRÁS SCHIFF • DOROTHEA RÖSCHMANN
IAN BOSTRIDGE • THOMAS QUASTHOFF
DMITRI HVOROSTOVSKY
PIERRE-LAURENT AIMARD
AND MORE!

ORCHESTRAS

BERLINER PHILHARMONIKER with Sir Simon Rattle
VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA with Valery Gergiev
LUCERNE FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA with Claudio Abbado
KIROV ORCHESTRA with Valery Gergiev
ROYAL CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA with Mariss Jansons
ST. PETERSBURG PHILHARMONIC with Yuri Temirkanov
THE MET ORCHESTRA with James Levine & Valery Gergiev
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA with Pierre Boulez & Bernard Haitink
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA with James Levine
AND MORE!

NEW & OLD

ENSEMBLE MATHEUS
BERLINER BAROCK SOLISTEN
JORDI SAVALL • TRIO MEDIAEVAL
THEATRE OF VOICES
KRONOS QUARTET
ALARM WILL SOUND
EIGHTH BLACKBIRD
THOMAS ADÈS • PHILIP GLASS
LAURIE ANDERSON • TERRY RILEY
AND MORE!

BOBBY McFERRIN
SIR SIMON RATTLE
VALERY GERGIEV
RENÉE FLEMING
SOUNDS OF CENTRAL ASIA
JAMES LEVINE
PIERRE BOULEZ
ANDRÁS SCHIFF
JOSHUA BELL
MARIZA
LEIF OVE ANDSNES
RAVI SHANKAR
CLAUDIO ABBADO
PIERRE-LAURENT AIMARD
MITSUKO UCHIDA
YEFIM BRONFMAN
MAX RAABE
JESSYE NORMAN
GUSTAVO DUDAMEL
ALISON KRAUSS
CHICK COREA
YURI TEMIRKANOV
KIRI TE KANAWA
FRANZ WELSER-MÖST
ANNE-SOPHIE MUTTER
DAVID SANCHEZ
YO-YO MA

CHAMBER MUSIC

THE MET CHAMBER ENSEMBLE
THE 12 CELLISTS OF THE BERLINER
PHILHARMONIKER • TAKÁCS QUARTET
BELCEA QUARTET • ZEHETMAIR QUARTET
MITSUKO UCHIDA AND FRIENDS
AND MORE!

POP, JAZZ, & WORLD

BOBBY McFERRIN • THE NEW YORK POPS
MARIZA • SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK
CHICK COREA • ALISON KRAUSS • LENINE
EDGAR MEYER • RAVI SHANKAR • MARVIN HAMLISCH
SFJAZZ COLLECTIVE • MICHAEL FEINSTEIN
AND MORE!

PERSPECTIVES

Thrilling musical journeys
curated by these
great artists:
YEFIM BRONFMAN
VALERY GERGIEV
BOBBY McFERRIN

BERLIN IN LIGHTS

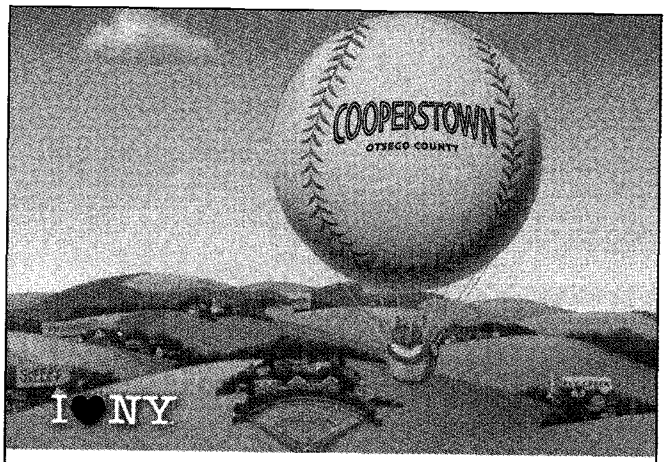
A citywide festival celebrating one of the world's great capitals • carnegiehall.org/berlininlights
BERLINER PHILHARMONIKER • MAX RAABE • SCHAROUN ENSEMBLE BERLIN • HK GRUBER
KNM BERLIN • PHILHARMONIA QUARTETT BERLIN • NOMAD SOUNDSYSTEM • AND MORE!

SUBSCRIPTIONS ON SALE SUNDAY, APRIL 15!
CALL 212-247-7800 OR GO TO CARNEGIEHALL.ORG

Bank of America
Proud Season Sponsor of Carnegie Hall

CARNEGIE HALL

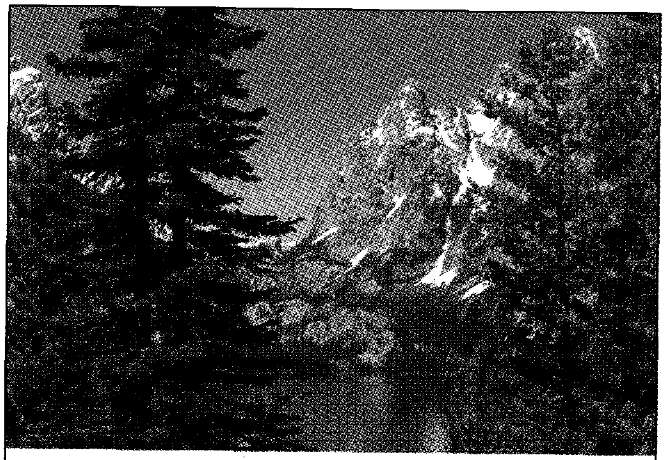
GREAT GETAWAYS



COOPERSTOWN

Visit Cooperstown, New York. Baseball and Soccer Halls of Fame, Glimmerglass Opera, Fenimore Art Museum, Fly Creek Cider Mill, The Farmers' Museum, Brewery Ommegang, Hyde Hall. *Welcome back to a place you've never been!* Free online coupons, videos, and trip planner available. **800-930-FAME (3263)** or **VisitCooperstown.com**

I ♥ NY®



JENNY LAKE LODGE

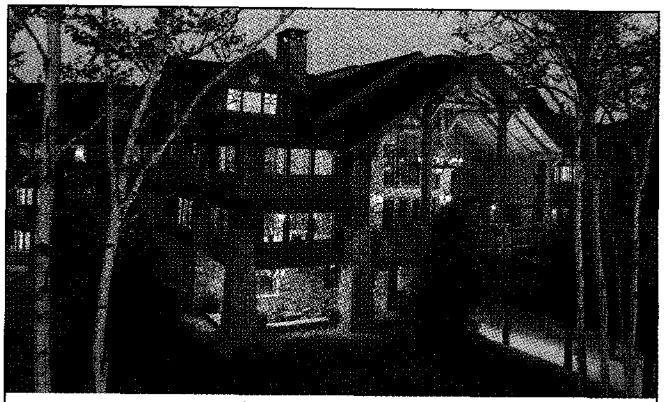
Is it the days filled with adventure? Or the night skies filled with stars? Located in the heart of Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming, enjoy scenic river rafting, horseback riding, hiking, biking, and wildlife viewing. In the evening, indulge in five-course dining at this breathtaking AAA Four Diamond lodge. **800-628-9988** or **gtlc.com/ny**

JENNY LAKE LODGE
GRAND TETON LODGE COMPANY

SILVER ASH RANCH

A wilderness beauty located in North Mississippi, fifty minutes south of Memphis. This spectacular 186-acre retreat offers unlimited access to the 147,000-acre Holly Springs National Forest. Fish, hike, horseback ride, swim, and relax. Full-service accommodations available for couples, families, artists, and corporate clients in rustic yet comfortable surroundings. Silver Ash Ranch has a developing orientation towards sustainable living and the arts. **662-333-HORSE (4677)** or **silverashranch.com**

SILVER ASH RANCH
RETREAT



THE WHITEFACE LODGE RESORT & SPA

Connect with nature, your loved ones, and yourself in Lake Placid, NY, just a few hours from Manhattan. Enjoy sumptuous suites, gourmet dining, and year-round activities in a luxurious Adirondack setting. Named in *Condé Nast Traveler's* "Hot List Hotels" and *Robb Report's* "Best of the Best." **800-903-4045** or **TheWhitefaceLodge.com**

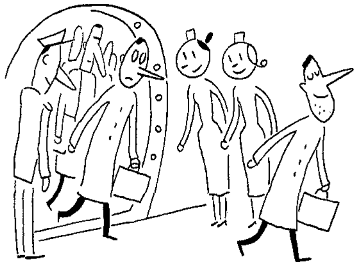
THE
WHITEFACE
LODGE
RESORT & SPA

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World®

BRIEFLY NOTED

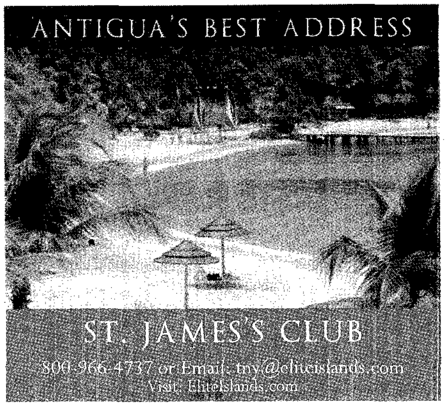
A Far Country, *by Daniel Mason (Knopf; $24).* Mason's second novel has echoes of his ardent début, "The Piano Tuner": once more, a shy protagonist is thrust out of the familiar, on a quest for an elusive figure in a terrifying jungle. Here the sultry atmosphere of nineteenth-century Burma has been replaced by the dusty despair of an anonymous Third World nation, and the jungle is a teeming, restive city, where the fourteen-year-old heroine, a migrant from a drought-stricken village, searches for her missing brother. Mason's sympathy for the powerless runs deep, but his characters, stripped of specificity, never quite achieve interior life. Still, the book powerfully evokes the claustrophobic isolation of its heroine, unprepared for "a world full of people who want to know what you will be, what is your skill and what is your purpose."

Gertrude Bell, *by Georgina Howell (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $27.50).* A passionate enthusiast of the Arab world, whose deserts she travelled with evening bags and embroidered tablecloths, Bell was instrumental in the creation, after the First World War, of an independent Iraq. Working as a diplomat and intelligence officer, she was sharply critical of British attempts to govern people of whose history and customs they were ignorant. This monumental biography shows us the daughter of a prominent Victorian industrialist who excavated ruins, became a distinguished translator of Persian poetry, and scaled the Alps in her underclothes. Bell's life was touched by considerable sadness—it's probable that her death, at the age of fifty-seven, was a suicide—but the woman who emerges in Howell's impressive synthesis is a figure of great intellect, political prescience, and indefatigable spirit.

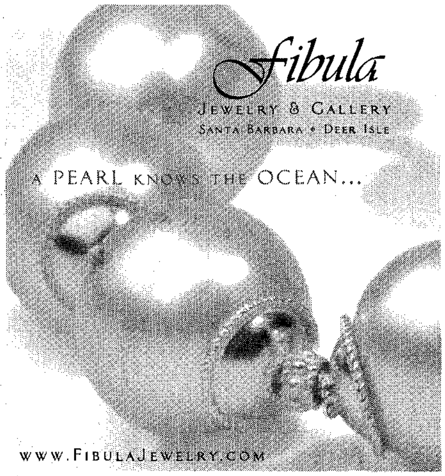


Henry James Goes to Paris, *by Peter Brooks (Princeton; $24.95).* In 1875, when Henry James was thirty-two, he boarded a Cunard liner, stopped to visit London tailors, and then went on to Paris, where he soon counted Turgenev, Zola, and Maupassant among his friends. Although James is now known as the master of the modern novel, his tastes during his Paris sojourn were markedly conventional. He preferred Balzac to Flaubert, and complained that Impressionist paintings made him think "better than ever of all the good old rules which decree that beauty is beauty and ugliness ugliness." In this affectionate study, Brooks concedes that the young James "missed the point, completely," but argues that what he observed in Paris deeply affected him, and was especially crucial to his late novels, which, with their shifting, pointillist perspective, "are both in method and in theme about ways of looking at things."

Femininity in Flight, *by Kathleen M. Barry (Duke; $22.95).* Barry shows how "pink-collar" activists among the ranks of flight attendants worked to improve the status of their profession. From the moment the first stewardess took flight, in 1930, these young, attractive, white women were essential to making the unfamiliar and often uncomfortable feel glamorous and safe. (Airlines initially required a nursing diploma of their hostesses.) Through the nineteen-sixties, however, attendants faced a range of discriminatory practices, including mandatory retirement upon reaching their early thirties or upon getting married, in addition to the predictable workplace hazards of long hours, drunken passengers, and "unofficial girdle checks" from pilots and crew members. Unionization was impeded by the dispersed, mobile nature of the workforce, and by a lack of sympathy from management and the public. Barry argues that the struggle to win professional respect was made particularly difficult by the conflict between the effortless glamour that attendants were expected to project and the tedium and difficulty of their actual responsibilities.



ANTIGUA'S BEST ADDRESS
ST. JAMES'S CLUB
800-966-4737 or Email: tny@eliteislands.com
Visit: EliteIslands.com



Fibula
JEWELRY & GALLERY
SANTA BARBARA • DEER ISLE
A PEARL KNOWS THE OCEAN...
WWW.FIBULAJEWELRY.COM

Magnificent Meetings
IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
TOWN OF SNOWMASS VILLAGE
GROUP SALES DEPARTMENT
800.598.2006
www.snowmassmeetings.com

French & Italian Holiday Rentals
Live like a European in your own chateau, villa or farmhouse. Weekly rentals. Most regions.
www.villeetvillage.com
(510)559-8080
VILLE ET VILLAGE®

thinkSicily.com
villas with pools and on the water

CENTER for FURNITURE CRAFTSMANSHIP
LEARN WOODWORKING
on the coast of Maine
www.woodschool.org 207-594-5611

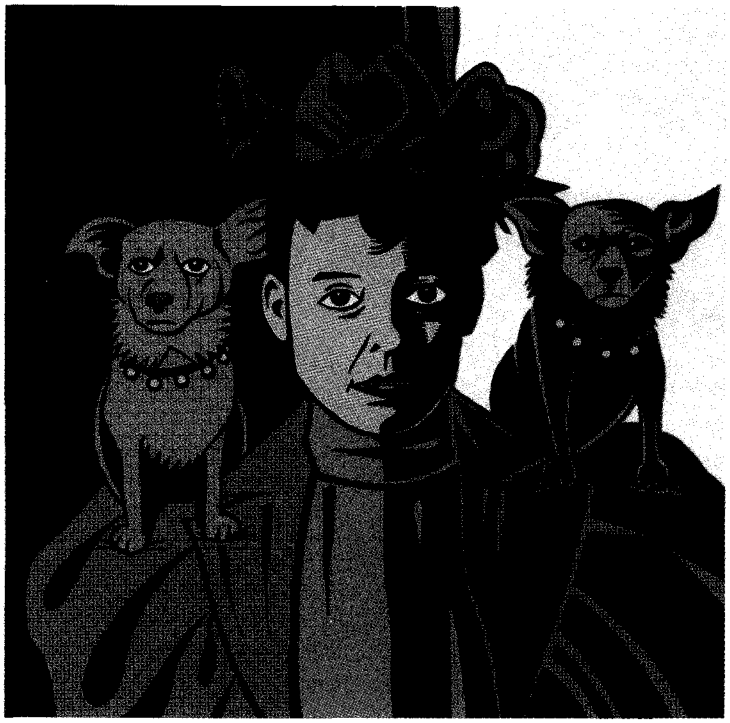
BOOKS

THE CHANGELING

A new biography of Edith Wharton.

BY JOHN UPDIKE

The life of Edith Wharton is not an inspiriting rags-to-riches saga, nor is it a cautionary tale of riches to rags—riches to riches, rather. Born Edith Newbold Jones, in January of 1862, into one of the leading families of New York—the phrase "keeping up with the Joneses" is said to have originated with reference to her great-aunts Mary and Rebecca Jones, who shocked the rest of their staid society by building a mansion north of Fifty-seventh Street, unthinkably uptown in the nineteenth century—the author maintained multiple establishments and travelled in the highest style, with a host of servants, augmenting her several inheritances by writing best-selling fiction. In the Depression year of 1936, when two thousand dollars was a good annual income, her writing earned her a hundred and thirty thousand, much of it from plays adapted from her works. Yet her well-padded, auspiciously sponsored life was not an easy one. The aristocratic social set into which she was born expected its women to be ornamental, well-sheltered, intellectually idle agents of their interwoven clans, whereas Edith was an awkward, red-haired bookworm and dreamer, teased by her two older brothers about her big hands and feet and out of sympathy with her intensely conventional mother, née Lucretia Stevens Rhinelander—a mother-daughter disharmony that rankled in Edith's fiction to the end. She felt like a changeling, writing, in a last, unfinished effort of autobiography, "Life and I," that her parents "were beginning to regard me with fear, like some pale predestined child who disappears at night to dance with 'the little people.'"



Wharton: from ugly upper-class duckling to literary queen.

THIERRY GUITARD

In truth, some of her imaginative activity was alarming, as she describes it; from the age of four or five she would march up and down the house with a book in hand, pretending to read aloud words that she concocted in an " 'ecstasy' of invention." In "Life and I," she writes of "the rapture of finding myself again in my own rich world of dreams" and of "the ecstasy which transported my little body." Her mother disapproved and attempted to distract her with suitable playmates; her father's library was the site of her reading pleasure, as she lay stretched out on the rug. George Frederic Jones had graduated from Columbia College, sat on charitable boards, and had inherited enough money to keep up (just barely) with his wife's expenditures. Thrift and a dip in the family fortune prompted him to move the family to Italy and France, with their dollar-friendly economies, between 1866 and 1872; Edith returned, at the age of ten, knowing French, Italian, and German, and with a lifelong love of Europe.

In 1881, the family went again to Europe, this time for the father's health; he and Edith saw sights in Italy with Ruskin's writing as their guide. But George Frederic Jones died the following year, in Cannes, at the age of sixty-one, when Edith was twenty. She gave him credit for her bookish, culturally voracious side, though in her memoir "A Backward Glance" she credits her mother with arranging the private printing of her first book, "Verses," when Edith was sixteen. Others remembered it as her father's idea, and on her deathbed she assigned her father credit. In 1905, when "The House of Mirth" was published, to great success and acclaim, she wrote to a friend, "I often think of Papa, and wish he could have been here to encourage me with my work." Yet had he lived, her unhappy married life, and her eventual blooming into one of the twentieth century's finest American writers, might well have taken other turns, to posterity's loss. The upper crust builds thick inhibitions around its would-be writers; a live father and a more compatible husband might have kept Wharton's rather dour, frequently satiric genius sealed in a carapace of good manners and amateurish diffidence.

As Wharton's reputation gradually emerged, after her death, in 1937, from under the cloud of her late, commercially successful but critically denigrated novels and the impression they reinforced of a facile, popular "lady novelist," she has not lacked for biographical and critical attention. Her literary executor, Gaillard Lapsley, a conservative Cambridge historian, sold her manuscripts and letters to Yale, embargoing "anything of a biographical sort" for thirty years. However, in the mid-nineteen-forties he invited Percy Lubbock, another Cambridge scholar whom Wharton had met through Henry James, to compose a memoir of her, which to some other of her acquaintances seemed a poor caricature. The embargo was lifted in 1968, and Louis Auchincloss's friendly, elegantly illustrated brief biography, "Edith Wharton: A Woman in Her Time," followed, in 1971. As early as 1966, a number of eminent American writers, including Edmund Wilson, Leon Edel, and Alfred Kazin, had been considered by the custodians of the Wharton lode for the authorized biography; the Yale professor R. W. B. Lewis was chosen. His "Edith Wharton: A Biography" came out in 1975, winning the Pulitzer Prize, and it remains, more than thirty years later, the gold standard—the Wharton biography that most people have read. Now an equally long and territorially similar biography, simply titled "Edith Wharton" (Knopf; $35), has been produced by Hermione Lee, the first female Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature at Oxford and the author of book-length studies of Elizabeth Bowen, Willa Cather, and Philip Roth, and of a greatly admired, nearly nine-hundred-page biography of Virginia Woolf. The reader peruses her biography of Wharton, watchful for the ways in which it differs from, and improves on, Lewis's.

Lee tells us that her Wharton "makes use of the recent publication of her letters to Léon Bélugou and Louis Bromfield, draws on a large scatter of unpublished letters . . . and follows her trail more closely in France, Italy, and England." These are real additions to the record, but nothing on the sensational order of the revelations that Lewis's biography contained: an account of Wharton's passionate affair, from 1908 to 1910, with the hitherto obscure journalist Morton Fullerton; the publication, in an appendix, of an enthusiastically pornographic fragment of an unfinished story titled "Beatrice Palmato"; and the inclusion, complete, in Lewis's text of a long, long-lined poem, "Terminus," addressed to Fullerton in the hot wake of his embraces in the Charing Cross Hotel.

Lewis, surveying his task in a prefatory chapter, accentuates the positive:

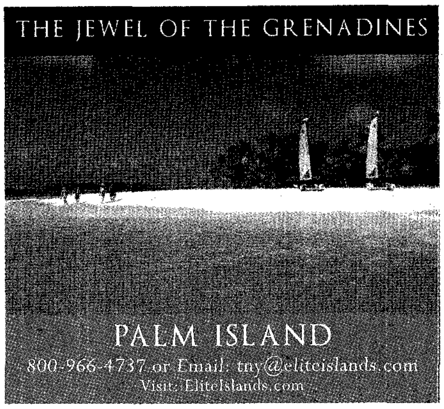
> If Edith Wharton did look forward rather fearfully to being given biographical treatment, she also took pains to see that the biographer would have at his disposal as complete a record as possible. [She] destroyed relatively little and destroyed selectively—most notably, the letters she had written Walter Van Rensselaer Berry and the majority of letters Berry had written to her over the years. She left behind, meanwhile, a number of extraordinarily revealing documents: diaries, unpublished poems, fragments of autobiography, unfinished stories, which, to speak personally, shook to pieces most of the preconceptions with which I came to this work.

His impression of her as "rather too much of the *grande dame* . . . whose private life was a narrow one, who was cool and even abrasive in her outward relationships, and puritanically repressed within" was supplanted by "a picture of a woman hardly recognizable alongside the Edith Wharton of legend. There was, after all, a fund of passion and of laughter in her, and almost unbelievable energy. There was genuine daring of both a personal and a literary variety." Lee, looking at the same archives, sees a glass half empty, a fund of suppression and silence:

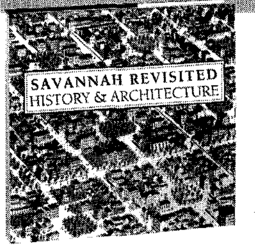
> Wharton's life story often feels like a cover story, with tremendously articulate activity on the surface, and secrets and silences below. This is partly due to the missing bits in the archive, missing because she—or someone else—deliberately made away with them. There is no remaining correspondence with her parents or her brothers, and hardly any of their own documents. There are only a few letters from the most important person in her life, Walter Berry: she destroyed most of his letters to her, and managed, also, to retrieve and make away with hers to him; only four of these slipped through the cull. There are very few of her many letters, some of them extremely personal, to Henry James: he burnt them. . . . There are only three painful letters from her husband, and few traces of him. There are no letters from her lover, Morton Fullerton, though hers to him came to light many years after her death (how she would have hated it). Her published autobiography is selective and evasive. . . . Reserve and concealment are everywhere in her fiction.

It is not that Lee is disapproving of Wharton, or fails to do justice to her exemplary qualities, her intelligence and artistry and the triumphant energy and will invested in the passage from the ugly upper-class duckling to the literary queen with her posh leather-bound library, her splendid gardens, her international fame. But something slightly heavy and lustreless weighs on the big pages as Lee inventories the many members of Wharton's extensive acquaintance and tracks her avid travels through the American Northeast and Europe and North Africa; each page begins to loom as a cliff that the reader must scale upside down, top to bottom.

Just a few glances into Lee's lauded


THE JEWEL OF THE GRENADINES
PALM ISLAND
800-966-4737 or Email: tny@eliteislands.com
Visit: EliteIslands.com

BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTH


SAVANNAH REVISITED
HISTORY & ARCHITECTURE
Mills Lane's classic portrait of Savannah's extraordinary buildings and town plan.
FIFTH EDITION
visit our web site or call for catalogue
www.southernhistory.org
1-800-896-9772
THE BEEHIVE FOUNDATION
Savannah, Georgia

WINE, DINE & RECLINE
Distinctive Packages Available
For reservations, telephone 413.298.1690
THE RED LION INN Stockbridge, MA redlioninn.com

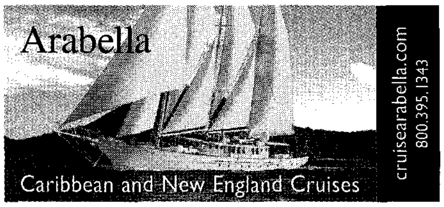
Join Homer, Socrates and Michelangelo on Our Unique, Cultural Small-Ship Cruises
Call toll-free 1•866•352•8601 or visit
TravelDynamicsInternational.com

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guidebook TD-70, call 1-800-821-3990 or write to: Vantage Press, 419 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016

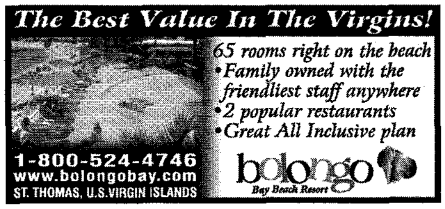
AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 380 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
www.uptontea.com
34-A Hayden Rowe St. Hopkinton, MA 01748

Food & Wine
All-inclusive gourmet cuisine & grand cru wines
Luxury Hotel Barge Cruises
For information call 1-800-222-1236
or visit www.fcwl.com/NYR3
FRENCH COUNTRY WATERWAYS

The Crooked Road™
Virginia's Heritage Music Trail
(276) 492-2085
www.thecrookedroad.org


Arabella
Caribbean and New England Cruises
cruisearabella.com
800.395.1343

FESTIVAL OF THE PHOTOGRAPH
SALLY MANN • WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD • EUGENE RICHARDS
JUNE 2007
www.festivalofthephotograph.org
3 DAYS OF PEACE, LOVE, AND PHOTOGRAPHY


The Best Value In The Virgins!
65 rooms right on the beach
•Family owned with the friendliest staff anywhere
•2 popular restaurants
•Great All Inclusive plan
1-800-524-4746
www.bolongobay.com
ST. THOMAS, U.S.VIRGIN ISLANDS
bolongo Bay Beach Resort

Planning your San Francisco Trip?
2 FREE Cable Car Tickets* when you book your hotel!
*check website for details
Only in SanFrancisco.com

biography of Virginia Woolf suggest an animating difference: she loves Virginia Woolf, or—to put it less heatedly—her life and her subject’s touch. In an afterword called “Biographer,” Lee joyfully outlines her contacts with Woolf—her discovery, when she was eight or nine and sleeping over at a friend’s house, of a Penguin edition of “The Waves” on her bedside table, and her feeling that “I had happened on a secret language which belonged to me”; her exploration of a London whose place-names and vistas Woolf had experienced decades before; her sense, as she began to seek interviews (“to be met, on the whole, with kind but wearied civility”), that she was moving toward a person who “was at once locked in past, distant history, and touchably close.” The starchy Joneses, with their ritual transatlantic reach toward the seats of real culture, their naïve and monotonous snobbery, their strange mixture of religiosity and materialism, their unforgiving family quarrels, do not invite touching. Lee, in praising Wharton’s artistry, keeps using the word “ruthless”: “Ethan Frome” unfolds with “brilliant, ruthless speed”; “The Age of Innocence” uses “her entire family network, and every vase, net curtain and picture-frame in the Jones household, in the most ruthless and lavish way”; and the short story “Roman Fever” is an “impeccable, ruthless masterpiece.”

When Edith Jones first returned to New York, according to Lee, it “seemed to the ten-year-old, after six years in Europe, startlingly ugly and drab, and . . . from this moment on she felt like an exile in America.” Returning at the age of forty, in 1903, to the Mount, the stately home she had built in fashionable Lenox, in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, the proprietress did write to her friend Sally Norton of “the wild, disheveled, backwoods look of everything when one first comes home.” But it was the backwoods people, their dishevelled and sparse culture, their “complete mental starvation,” that made Wharton an expatriate. Lee explores, in the vast tracts of the novelist’s writings, her annotations in her own beloved books, and reports:

> Santayana, whom she greatly admired, gets one annotation in “The Life of Reason.” Next to this remark—“In some nations everybody is by nature so astute, versatile, and sympathetic that education hardly makes any difference in manners or mind”—she writes “France.”

Lee is very good on Wharton in France. The Rue de Varenne, its *hôtels particuliers* dating back to the eighteenth century and “packed tight with ancient families,” was, with several changes of address, where Wharton lived from 1907 to 1920; here, in the aristocratic Faubourg Saint-Germain, she wrote a great deal of American fiction, including “Ethan Frome,” which was begun—surprisingly—as an exercise in French. For four strenuous years, she founded and directed a number of charities for those who, like Belgian children, were displaced and deprived by the First World War. For her tireless work, which nearly broke her health, she was made a Chevalier de l’Ordre National de la Légion d’Honneur; “Mme Warthon” was cited as one “*qui a toujours eu pour la France le sentiment qu’on donne à une seconde patrie.*” Another honor from her second country, the Prix de Vertu, was bestowed in a speech that claimed, of her writings, “*Jamais la France n’a été mieux comprise ni mieux aimée*”—France has never been better understood or better loved. Wharton’s spoken French, we are told, was grammatically faultless but pronounced with a strong “English” accent. Her love letters to Fullerton switch back and forth between French and English, and Lee says, “Sometimes French seems to be the only possible language for what she wants to say: ‘*Si tu veux que nous nous aimions encore, aimons nous. J’aurais toujours le temps d’être triste après*—’ ” Lee herself seems at home in the language, and leaves half her French quotations untranslated, setting the reader a salutary test.

After the war, Wharton tired of Paris, writing to Bernard Berenson, “Paris is simply awful—a kind of continuous earth-quake of motor-busses, trams, lorries, taxis & other howling & swooping & colliding engines, with hundreds & thousands of U.S. citizens rushing about in them.” By 1917, she had found a likely house, a half hour from Paris in the village of Saint-Brice, in the area of Fontainebleau; the dilapidated house had a romantic past as a *maison de plaisance*, a rural retreat occupied by a dashing Venetian family whose eldest daughter, a flaxen-haired beauty with the stage name of Mademoiselle Colombe, was the mistress of, successively, an Irish nobleman and the keeper of the king's finances. Wharton named the place Pavillon Colombe and, after extensive interior renovations and a start at turning its forested seven acres into a garden, had moved in by 1920. At the same time, vacationing in the South of France, she found in the town of Hyères an empty house, built into the ruined walls of the town's medieval castle, that she arranged to rent on a long lease, renaming the place Sainte-Claire-du-Château. Here, to create a garden, she needed to build terraces, haul in soil, construct pergolas and paths, and develop irrigation; the results, imperilled by the region's sharp frosts, droughts, and violent rains, were what Lee calls a "dramatic and enchanting" garden, described, when the house was sold after her death, as "among the most celebrated in France." The biographer draws a pleasing parallel between gardening and novel-writing:

> The mixture of disciplined structure and imaginative freedom, the reworking of traditions into a new idea, the ruthless [that word again!] elimination of dull, incongruous or surplus materials, and the creation of a dramatic narrative, all come to mind—not to mention patience, stamina, and attentiveness. John Hugh Smith reported to Lubbock, in 1938, that "she told me that she thought her gardens were better than her books."

Lee is at her best with Wharton's books. Her close and ingenious explications reveal formal patterns of design and persuasive, sometimes subtle connections with Wharton's experiences; as with most authors, her life was her ultimate subject, whether she was projecting her imprisoning marriage and thwarted romance into the rural misery of "Ethan Frome" or using her own broad experience of authorship in the wide-ranging satire of "Hudson River Bracketed." Lee gives the later, critically shunned novels respectful readings, and is keen enough on the short stories to rouse guilt in a susceptible breast over their less than canonical status. On the three full-length novels (all with "of" in their titles) at the heart of Wharton's enduring accomplishment, Lee is wise, fresh, and generous, though in my own taste she ranks "The Custom of the Country" too highly as "her greatest book" (not to mention "her most ruthless, harsh and ebullient"), and slightly underplays the tragic impact of "The Age of Innocence," even "though, as usual, personal emotions are carefully distanced and dressed up." Lee spells out "the qualities that make Wharton a great writer—her mixture of harshly detached, meticulously perceptive, disabused realism, with a language of poignant feeling and deep passion, and her setting of the most confined of private lives in a thick, complex network of social forces." The biography's penultimate chapter, "A Private Library," movingly describes Wharton's wide reading (her favorite author was Goethe, read in German) and earnest study—from her lonely girlhood on, she consumed volumes of anthropology and Darwinism, history and philosophy. Her inexorable naturalism was acquired via books as well as by bitter experience.

She wrote, famously, in bed, tossing her handwritten pages onto the floor for her secretary to type, and balanced her writing desk on her knees with an inkpot in it and a pet Pekinese dog on the bed with her. She lived into modern times, long enough to vote for Roosevelt once and then, deeming him too "socialist," not again. But she was not a modernist, though well aware of changing fashions; her young friends could not convince her of the virtues of "Ulysses," which she called "a turgid welter of schoolboy pornography (the rudest schoolboy kind) & unformed & unimportant drivel. . . . The same applies to Eliot." Dreams, delirium, and ghosts figure in her fiction, but not a programmatic, fragmentary surrealism. Asked about the role of the unconscious in creating fiction, she sounds somewhat French, somewhat starchy, and quite sensible:

> I do not think I can get any nearer than this to the sources of my story-telling; I can only say that the process, though it takes place in some secret region on the sheer edge of consciousness, is always illuminated by the full light of my critical attention.

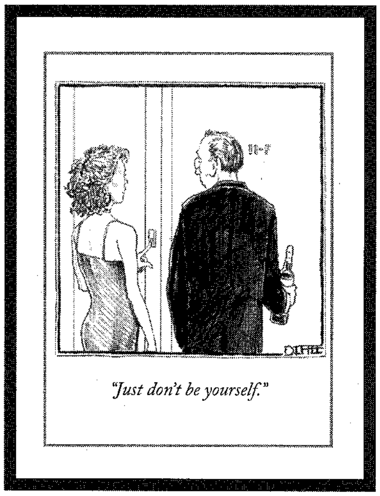
The full light was not necessarily a harsh one. Her fiction shows a striking empathy with the losers of the world, without her wanting to be one of them. In the dreariest days of her dying marriage to Teddy Wharton, when she felt herself locked up in a *prison de suie* ("prison of soot"), she wrote Berenson, "You mustn't think there haven't been bits of blue sky all the same; there always are with *me;* I can hardly ever wholly stop having a good time!" ♦

Advertisement

CARTOON PRINTS

"I usually do two hours of cardio and then four more of cardio and then two more of cardio."

Jason Polan, 2006



"Just don't be yourself."

Matthew Diffee, 2006

Virtually every cartoon ever published in *The New Yorker.* Order online at The Cartoon Bank.

Search by artist, topic, or date.

WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM
A New Yorker Magazine Company
1-800-897-8666

BOOKS

THE WIVES OF OTHERS

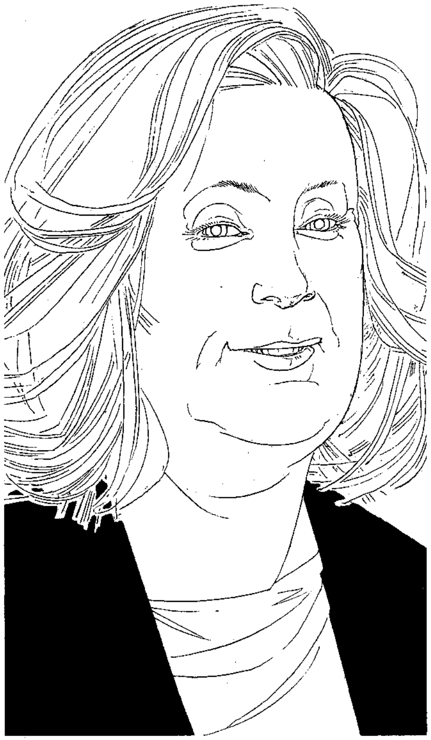
Are stay-at-home mothers putting themselves—and feminism—at risk?

BY REBECCA MEAD

When Betty Friedan wrote "The Feminine Mystique," forty-four years ago, she did more than launch a revolution by identifying "the problem that has no name"—the crushing ennui of the modern housewife. She also invited a bit of wordplay that has proved irresistible both to her detractors and to her would-be successors. If "The Feminine Mystique" has acquired the status of a classic, the various iterations of "The Feminine Mistake" have provided something of a barometer of a shifting cultural climate.

In 1967, "Alice in Womanland, or The Feminine Mistake," by the pseudonymous Margaret Bennett, provided a satirical overview of the condition of the American woman, its chapters on marriage, family, and work framed within an extended allusion to Lewis Carroll—a tactic that, like the lyrics to Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit," might once have made sense but these days indicates a culture that was on the verge of losing its collective mind. By 1971, the feminist movement was sufficiently well established to merit a parodic counterblast from the humorist Cal Samra, whose own "The Feminine Mistake" was, he claimed, "perhaps the first true masculinist tract since the Koran." When Judith Posner's "The Feminine Mistake" appeared, in 1992, it was time for feminist one-upmanship. Posner, a sociologist influenced by the burgeoning New Age movement, argued that those women who had followed Friedan's counsel and sought to enter the workplace on a par with men had gained nothing but their own subjection to corporate culture, and would do well to cast aside career in favor of personal growth, forming a vanguard for the wholesale reformation of consumer capitalism. "We can even say that the glass ceiling was a blessing in disguise," she maintained. "Today, women can not only see to the glass ceiling, they can also see *through* it."

The latest "Feminine Mistake" (Voice; $24.95), by the journalist Leslie Bennetts, means to be a corrective to such correctives. Just as Posner's book was conceived as a response to the media phenomenon of the overwhelmed Superwoman (Posner cited a *Time* cover from 1989 that featured a woman with a baby in one arm and a briefcase in the other, accompanied by the text "In the '80s they tried to have it all. Now they've just plain had it. Is there a future for feminism?"), Bennetts's book appears amid trend stories like one that was published, notoriously, in the *Times* in the fall of 2005, in which female Ivy League students disparaged the working-mother model of their mothers' generation and declared an intention to be provided for by their future husbands as soon as they possibly could.



Leslie Bennetts

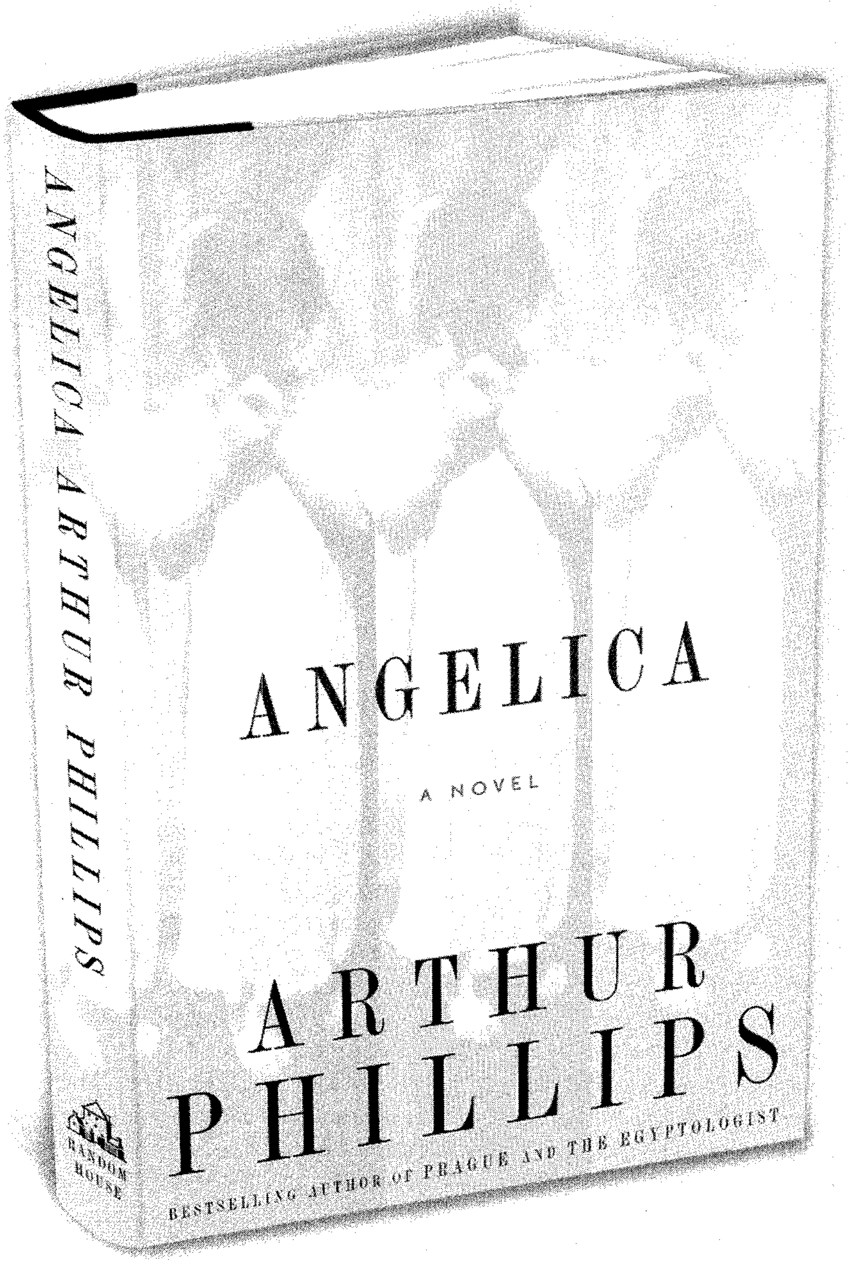
DAVID JOHNSON

Bennetts, who is the same age as the mothers of those Ivy Leaguers, is appalled by that attitude. She argues that women *must* work, even after becoming mothers—not so much because, as Betty Friedan lyrically expounded, "if women do not put forth, finally, that effort to become all that they have it in them to become, they will forfeit their own humanity," as because a woman without a job or a career will be in dire economic straits if she loses her provider to death, desertion, or debility. Nor should a woman who leaves the workplace when her children are babies count on being able to rejoin it later; her skills may have become unmarketable, Bennetts warns, and her years off will be counted against her. "It's nice to be at home when your child loses her fourth tooth," she writes, "but is it worth the price you might pay if your breadwinner dies or divorces you, and you end up losing that home entirely?" The feminists of Bennetts's youth proclaimed that a woman needs a man the way a fish needs a bicycle; Bennetts's point is that bicycles get broken or stolen all the time.

She is alarmed that women aren't taking precautions. Census Bureau data show that 5.6 million mothers stayed home with their children in 2005, about 1.2 million more than did so a decade earlier; a survey of women who graduated from Harvard Business School in the years 1981, 1986, and 1991 revealed that only thirty-eight per cent of those with children remained in full-time employment by 2001. A poll cited in a recent issue of *Psychology Today* claims that forty per cent of today's women would prefer a return to the gender roles of the nineteen-fifties. "Once seen as a quaint relic of bygone times, the stay-at-home mother who depends on a husband for economic support while taking care of their home and children has come back into vogue with a vengeance, as newly stylish as a vintage alligator purse," Bennetts writes. She has a particularly low opinion of mothers who decide not to work in order to have more time to shop for vintage alligator purses and go to lunches carrying them. Bennetts, like Friedan, concerns herself almost exclusively with the life styles of the well-off, and focusses on professional women or the wives of professionals; but even among women without professional qualifications, she thinks, the decision not to work is a cop-out. "Under questioning, many stay-at-home wives admit they were bored or unhappy with their work before quitting their jobs," she writes. Their insistence that they are

ANGELICA by ARTHUR PHILLIPS

From the bestselling author of
PRAGUE and *THE EGYPTOLOGIST*—
a dazzling new novel of psychological suspense
that will "engage, surprise, and entertain."*


ANGELICA ARTHUR PHILLIPS
ANGELICA
A NOVEL
ARTHUR PHILLIPS
BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF PRAGUE AND THE EGYPTOLOGIST
RANDOM HOUSE

A Victorian house
of secrets and spectres.

A haunted family
in love and in crisis.

A masterful drama
of doubt and danger.

PRAISE FOR *ANGELICA*

"A symphony of psychological complexity."
—*Kirkus Reviews** (starred review)

"Exquisite . . . the award-winning Phillips is a writer of uncommon versatility. . . . **Highly recommended."**
—*Library Journal* (starred review)

PRAISE FOR
ARTHUR PHILLIPS

"Phillips knows how to craft a twisting, page-turning tale."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

"Phillips is a wisecracking micro-biologist of society and spirit."
—*People*

RANDOM HOUSE

WWW.RANDOMHOUSE.COM WWW.ARTHURPHILLIPS.INFO

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fulfilled by taking care of their families is, she says, "the socially acceptable cover story" for their failure to find work that they like enough to leave the kids with a sitter for it.

To Bennetts, the new "stay-at-home momism," as she termed it in the 2005 magazine article from which this book grew, is a kind of nationwide female delusion: "a plague of silence across the land," she says, with Friedanesque rhetoric. (Elsewhere, she cites a soccer mom turned entrepreneur who likens the divorce and desertion among her peers to "the slaughter of the lambs"—a slightly less inflamed metaphor than Friedan's description of domesticity as "the comfortable concentration camp," but along the same lines.) Where Friedan's interviews convinced her of a pervasive discontent, though, Bennetts finds, and deplores, a pervasive contentment. Interview after interview reveals a woman who seems, actually, pretty happy with her lot, at least until Bennetts sweeps in and points out how terrible things will become if her husband leaves her. (A typical response to a question about plans for the future—"To be honest, I haven't thought long and hard about that"—is provided by the stay-at-home mother of a two-year-old and a two-month-old, a woman who deserves a medal simply for answering the door to Bennetts.) The response of one woman to the bald question of what she would do if the worst were to happen—"I would get married again"—strikes Bennetts as so absurd as to be barely deserving of commentary, although half of all divorced women remarry within five years of their first marriage ending, and three-quarters remarry within a decade of a split.

To Bennetts, this domestic satisfaction is a travesty. Although she claims that her argument is an economic one, rather than one based on "values," she believes not only that women have to work but that they should want to. She's also convinced that working mothers are the best kind that children can have, teaching resourcefulness and independence by example, and demonstrating the virtue of engaging in work that one loves. A baby boomer to the core, Bennetts is happiest when she is quoting exultant, successful older women who have juggled work and child care and have come out the other side saying things like "You know what? I think my kids really benefited." In her view, "a combination of good child care and an egalitarian marriage" is equal to the challenge of running a household, and she points to herself as a writer for *Vanity Fair* who works from home and also makes dinner for her kids every night, at least on those nights when she's not interviewing Jennifer Aniston about being yet another woman who didn't expect her husband to leave her.

Where Friedan's book had empathy for the housewives she wrote about, its author finding her own domestic anomie mirrored in that of her interviewees, Bennetts's encounters with the contemporary American wife have left her hopping with exasperation. "Stay-at-home mothers typically describe their domestic contributions as if there were no conceivable way a woman could manage to work and also to put nutritious food on the table at night," a typical harangue concludes. The possibility that a younger generation of mothers might reject the boomer assumption that one would want to have it all, let alone manage to do so, is unfathomable to her.

Yet you needn't doubt the appeal of an egalitarian marriage, good child care, and a job you love to wonder whether the new momism is necessarily the worst choice in the world for women who don't have those satisfactions. Bennetts dismisses any suggestion that children beyond infancy might do better under the care of their mothers than they do in child care, but she is short on answers for women whose budgets do not stretch to hiring a well-chosen private surrogate. (Her children's nanny is the second on a list of four women to whom the book is dedicated, after her mother but before her daughter and Betty Friedan.) And she seems impatient with anyone who has failed to find, as she has, the thrill of work, particularly work that grants a certain degree of child-friendly flexibility. (Then again, even a magazine writer who works from home is going to have to leave her baby with a nanny for long hours, unless she hires a nanny who can write.)

She barely considers the possibility that a woman might clear-sightedly find the rearing of her children the most rewarding work she can do, not out of a sense of self-sacrifice but out of a sense of personal fulfillment, a position eloquently characterized a few years ago in the book "Maternal Desire," by the psychologist Daphne de Marneffe. Nor does she consider whether the flight from the workplace might be a justified rejection of a culture that assumes that parenting can be dealt with in the margins of one's work life. There is a real economic cost when someone gives up work in favor of being a mother, as Ann Crittenden skillfully outlined six years ago in her book "The Price of Motherhood"; and that cost does, as Bennetts argues, become acute if a woman is unexpectedly widowed or divorced. But to some extent such circumstances can be hedged against with insurance policies and the efforts of a decent matrimonial lawyer. For many women, a contented life of motherhood and homemaking, even given the uncertainties, may offer better odds of satisfaction than the guaranteed stress of unloved work and the difficulties, emotional and practical, of surrendering to another the task of caring for one's children.

Nor is the defensive crouch that Bennetts recommends likely to enhance a marriage, marriage itself being the epitome of a good-faith enterprise. Bennetts does women a service by pointing out the dangers of financial dependency in marriage, but emotional dependency is at the core of the marital relationship. It is reassuring to discover that this is as true of Bennetts as it is of the stay-at-home wives she interviews: in a recent magazine article, she wrote that she and her husband of eighteen years have "a life so intricately intertwined that I long ago ceased to be able to imagine a separate existence." The briskness of her mandate (get a job) and the alarmism of her monition (you never know, he might leave you) hardly do justice to the complexity of married life, which encompasses vulnerability in the present and includes the hovering prospect of loss. The best way for a woman to be independent of a man is to refrain from marrying one, which is hardly a solution that Bennetts, her interview subjects, or her readers will find satisfactory. For all her efforts, the time isn't likely to come soon when the Feminine Mistake can be retired as the name that has no problem. ♦

DEPARTMENT OF CLARIFICATION

From the Los Angeles Times.

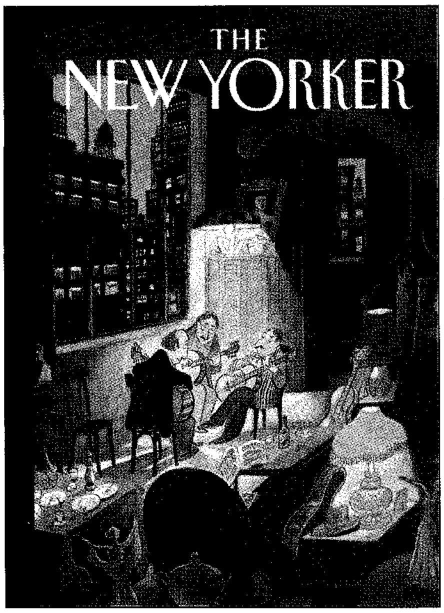
Scandinavian fest: A listing in Sunday Calendar said hot dogs would not be allowed at the Scandinavian Autumn Fest and Marknad on Sept. 17 at Vasa Park in Agoura. No canines will be allowed at the event.

Advertisement

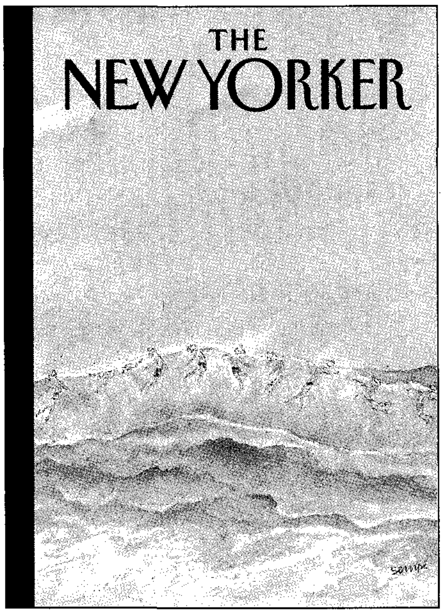
SPECIAL OFFER

Jean-Jacques Sempé

Sempé



"Three Amigos"



"The Kindly Wave"

In response to popular demand, we are pleased to present two limited-edition lithographic cover prints by Jean-Jacques Sempé. Each framed print measures 25" x 31" and is signed and numbered by the artist.

To order, call 877-408-4269, or shop online for free shipping.

www.newyorkerstore.com

also available at THE CARTOON BANK www.cartoonbank.com

POP MUSIC

FEELING IT

Feist's radiant new album.

BY SASHA FRERE-JONES

In 2001, the Canadian musician Leslie Feist was twenty-five years old, couch-surfing in Berlin, and occasionally performing with two musicians from Toronto: Peaches (born Merrill Nisker), an electronic-music artist given to profane lyrics, and Gonzales (born Jason Beck), a multi-instrumentalist. As Peaches, dressed in a pink mesh top and hot pants, barked terse, hammering songs like "Fuck the Pain Away," Feist would stand behind her, wearing a leotard and manipulating a sock puppet. (Her stage name then was Bitch Lap Lap; she now performs as simply Feist.) When Gonzales released an album called "Presidential Suite," Feist accompanied him on tour around Europe. At the end of each show, Gonzales posed for photographs with audience members while holding a placard bearing the name of the city in which he was performing. Later, Feist explained that she and Gonzales made the placards before each show, using a "font that we felt expressed the city's character."

When not helping her friends, Feist, who had spent her teen-age years in a Calgary punk band singing so hard that she damaged her vocal cords, was recording songs of her own. The material bore little relation to Gonzales's musical stunts, and it did not sound much like the noisy, epic songs she had been playing in Toronto as a member of the large indie-rock band Broken Social Scene. Feist's new songs were quiet and careful, with no trace of confrontation. Her voice is gentle but grainy, and full of emotion—capable of swooping up to end a phrase on a full, strong tone. In 2002, a collection of recordings that Feist made in Toronto, informally called the "Red Demos," began to circulate on the Internet. Though the quality of the sound was rough—on one song you can hear the hum of streetcars in the background—tracks like "The Water" and "Mushaboom" were confident and subtle, recalling the work of the English R. & B. singer Sade. Between gigs in Europe and North America, Feist recorded "Let It Die," which consisted of six original songs and five covers, including an airy, largely faithful rendition of the Bee Gees' 1979 No. 1 hit "Love You Inside Out."

When "Let It Die" was released, first in Europe in 2004 and then in America the following year, Feist became the most visible member of the close-knit Toronto indie-rock community (she also has a home in Paris). Her looks—she has icy blue eyes and in photographs evokes the severe glamour of Françoise Hardy—helped make her a pinup girl for indie fans, and her music was smooth enough to appeal to mainstream listeners. "Let It Die" sold five hundred thousand copies, and the visionary pop musician Andre 3000, of OutKast, called her music "amazing."

I've seen Feist live several times in New York in the past few years, and found myself wavering between admiration for her controlled performances and the quality of her songs—especially "Mushaboom," a lilting track about a city woman who yearns for a house in the woods, aware that "it may be years until the day my dreams will match up with my pay"—and unease that the indie community, which had previously wanted little to do with commercial pop like the Bee Gees or Sade, was eager to embrace a woman who often seemed content with being merely a deft, twenty-first-century version of those artists.

Credit her audience with some foresight. Now thirty-one, Feist makes a persuasive case for herself as a songwriter and a musician on "The Reminder," her calm and luminous new album, which consists of twelve original songs and one remarkable cover. "Let It Die" was a sleek affair, alternating between electronic bleeps and lounge music, ready-made for hotel bars and furniture stores. "The Reminder," most of which was recorded live at a large house outside Paris, is less mannered. Feist collaborated with Gonzales and the engineer Renaud Letang (who produced "Let It Die" together), as well as with the British musician Jamie Lidell and a member of the Toronto scene who goes by the name Mocky. (Do these Canadians simply not like the names their parents gave them?) Feist's main topic isn't love so much as relationships, and the various emotional combinations a man and woman can form.

"I Feel It All," one of the album's best songs—like "Mushaboom," it was written without a collaborator—skips along while Feist describes feelings that she can't control: "I didn't rest, I didn't stop. Did we fight or did we talk?" The song is built around Feist's vigorous acoustic-guitar strum: she plays like a street busker, strong on the downstroke and evenly loud. A three-note motif on a glockenspiel and an organ runs through the song, softening the forward motion of the guitar. In a short chorus, the guitar stops and Feist sings harmony with herself: "Ooh, I'll be the one who'll break my heart, I'll be the one to hold the gun." Then Gonzales plays a rising and falling two-note ostinato on the piano, subtly coloring the song. The accretion of felicitous musical details is typical of the album's smart, unfussy arrangements.

Feist can be charming when she wants to be; "Brandy Alexander" is a mixture of the cute and the direct. The rhythm for the song is provided by regular finger snaps, which are joined occasionally by a kick drum that mimics the steady iambs of a human heartbeat. As the verse begins, Feist's voice is relaxed and free, and she declares her longing unambiguously: "I'd like to be the girl for him, and cross the sea and land for him." The chorus adds three piano chords, played squarely on the downbeat, and a conceit that succeeds in being adorable only because Feist sings it so plainly: "He's my Brandy Alexander, always gets me into trouble, but that's another matter."

In March, Feist and her small band—the brothers Jesse and Bryden Baird on drums, keyboards, and trumpet, Afie Jurvanen on guitar, and Dafydd Hughes on the piano—played the songs from "The Reminder" live for the first time, at a small church in Toronto called St. George the Martyr, not far from Queen Street, the city's main drag for clubs and bookstores. The church, a squat stone structure with wooden beams stretching across the nave, was filled with about two hundred people sitting in white pews and in folding chairs. Feist wore tight black jeans, a simple black shirt, and pointy black boots that forty years ago would have been called Beatle boots.

Feist's manner onstage is businesslike: she is not given to moving much, unless a song is so rhythmically pronounced that it seems odd not to. For all the aloofness she projects in photographs, onstage she is plainspoken and relaxed, more focussed on playing than on winning over the crowd. Though the material was obviously new to some of Feist's bandmates (other musicians had helped record the album), they ably navigated the quiet songs, adding dashes of trumpet and backing vocals at unexpected moments. (This was one of many recent shows suggesting that arrangements may be the new frontier in indie rock, as the music moves farther and farther from its punk roots and as musicians like Burt Bacharach and Brian Wilson are cited more often as inspirations; the glockenspiel is the new guitar feedback.)

For "The Water," a ballad with an almost imperceptible pulse, Feist moved to a piano and played by herself. In this song, the relationship isn't between two people but between Feist and the earth: "The harbor becomes the sea, and lighting the house keeps it collision-free. Understand the lay of the land and don't let it hurt you, or it will be the first to." Feist sang this verse in a restrained head voice, and then opened up, back in her chest voice, for the three syllables of the title words, which she repeated twice.

After so much quiet music, I was ready for a little rhythm and noise, which Feist supplied by singing the album's most daring track, "Sea Lion Woman," a traditional song whose best-known version is a recording by Nina Simone from 1964. The song, which sounds a bit polite on "The Reminder," was crackling and appropriately ragged at the church. As in Simone's version, the performance began with clapping on the offbeats and Feist's band members chanting the words "sea lion" several times. Feist sang the first verse unaccompanied; unlike Simone's throaty and robust reading, her voice was a near-whisper: "Sea lion woman dressed in red, smile at the man when you wake up in his bed. Sea lion woman dressed in black, wink at the man and then stab him in his back." Then she stepped back and paraphrased the melody on her electric guitar, a curvy red Guild Starfire from the mid-sixties, giving it a rockabilly twang. Here Feist seemed fully an artist—unafraid of tackling a revered song made famous by another woman who also lived in Paris. Feist and Simone do not share much in the way of sound or history, but the late—and notoriously prickly—singer might have found something to like about the Canadian's spirited take on this piece of the American public domain. Maybe the idea of playing secular music in a church would have pleased the contrarian in Simone (who also covered a Bee Gees song, "To Love Somebody," in 1969), or perhaps she would have admired a woman who, with little self-congratulation, was pulling off a feat that many would have warned her against even trying. ♦

Feist's voice is gentle but grainy, and full of emotion. Photograph by Greg Kadel.

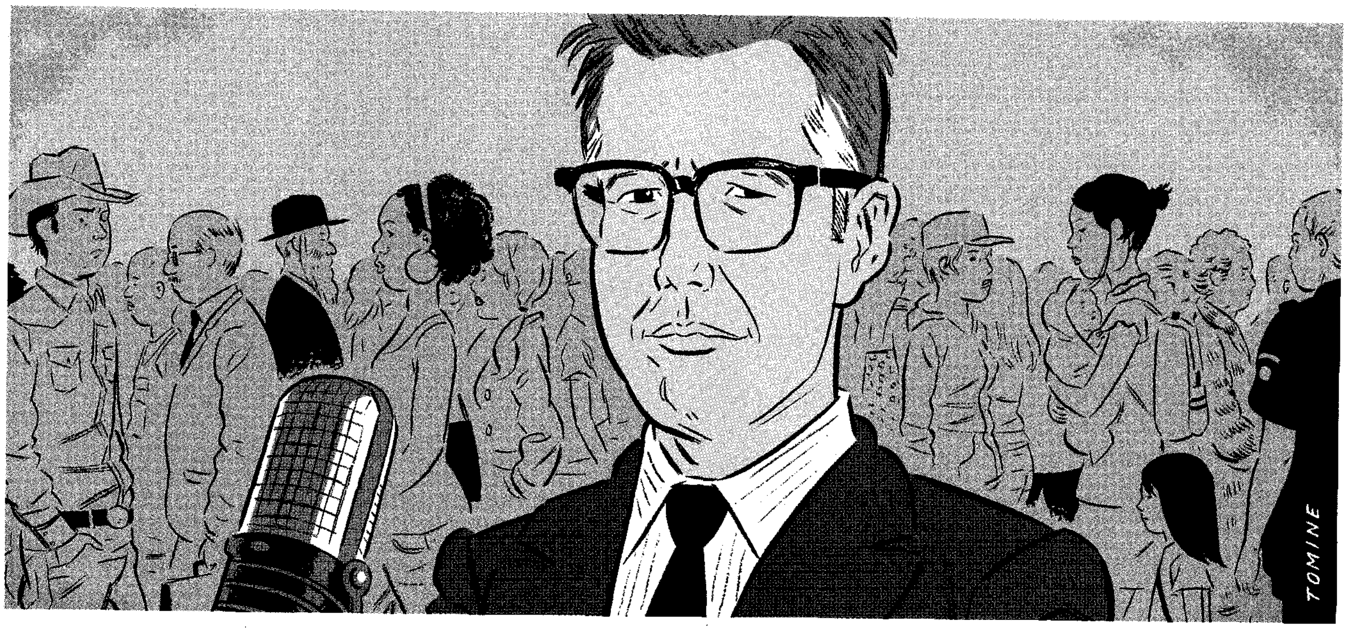
ON TELEVISION

LANDSCAPE ARTIST

Capturing the eyes, as well as the ears, of America.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

One is so reluctant to express any degree of dislike for "This American Life," the popular public-radio storytelling program created by Ira Glass twelve years ago, and featuring such stars as David Sedaris, Sarah Vowell, and John Hodgman, that one's inclination is to avoid the use of the first-person pronoun for as long as possible, in order not to be identified with any reservations concerning the show. One wants deniability; in fact, one wants to hide. One doesn't want to die at the hands of angry public-radio fans, who would not be deterred by one's cries of "Stop! I love public radio, too! Please! I'm one of you! *I give them money!*" One wants very much to like "This American Life"—to love it—because the people who make it are so obviously thoughtful, intelligent, and respectful of their subjects. Totally. Also, one is not proud of one's feelings, and one suspects that the gnawing stomach acid sometimes released when one listens to the show is composed partly of envy. One has, one must admit, often fantasized about having a radio program of one's own, though in truth it would be very different from "This American Life": it would be broadcast from one's home, possibly when one was in one's pajamas, possibly in bed, only when one was in the mood, and it would involve no actual work. (One must mention here that one has friends who have contributed to or are in some way associated with "This American Life.") In any event, "This American Life" has now come to Showtime as a weekly half-hour television series, and one has a job to do.



Public radio's "This American Life" comes to Showtime, along with its host, the storytelling guru Ira Glass.

ADRIAN TOMINE

On the radio, despite all that is right with "This American Life"—and so much is—a certain amount of smugness comes through, though it is hard to locate precisely. Certainly, the stories are as well thought out and edited as anything you will ever hear on radio; the show is produced by WBEZ, in Chicago, and distributed by Public Radio International, but people think of it as a characteristic National Public Radio show—fair-minded, literate, and comfortable with kneading together the high and the low, Wittgenstein and Waffle House. Glass, who just turned forty-eight, got his start at NPR nearly thirty years ago, and has since become a kind of storytelling guru. In a manual that he and the cartoonist Jessica Abel put together in 1999, called "Radio: An Illustrated Guide," Glass describes how the show works. Here I found a clue to the source of my irritation with "This American Life." Glass begins each show with an introduction to the day's theme—which might be something like lost love, or what power and powerlessness do to people, or what it's like to be a teen-age girl—and then he returns to provide commentary between the show's segments, or "acts," as he calls them, and to close the show. (He also does segments himself.) He describes the show's structure this way: "There's an anecdote, that is, a sequence of actions where someone says 'this happened then this happened then this happened'—and then there's a moment of reflection about what that sequence means." He goes on, "It's the structure, essentially, of a sermon; you hear a little story from the Bible, then the clergyperson tells you what it means." Well, no wonder my head is exploding—meaning is being forced into it. When it comes to meaning, I prefer to grow my own. Sometimes, after reading certain magazines or watching certain TV shows, people speak of feeling as though they needed to take a shower; after listening to "This American Life," sometimes

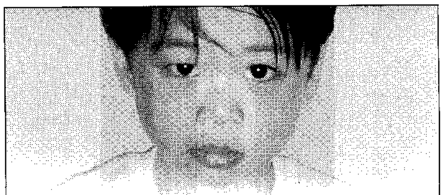
I feel I need to roll around in the dirt.

Glass's voice, literally and figuratively, is one of the least appealing on "This American Life"; he speaks in a rushing staccato mumble. In an instructional video he made for Current TV, he said that it's crucial for people who want to be any good on radio or TV to avoid the familiar orotundity that we all think of as the proper way to address an audience, and he plays an old tape of himself reporting a story in just such a voice. He's right: he sounds professional, and yet nothing he says sticks in your ear. But what he opted for instead was to make no effort to enunciate clearly, and isn't there something rude about that? Disregard for listeners' ears is also glaringly evident in several of the show's other contributors, who should just sit quietly in a room and write—they're good—and let someone else do the talking for them. This business of keepin' it real—it can be carried too far, and it can come across as arrogant. Real is *earned:* Garrison Keillor's "Prairie Home Companion" sets up a fictional world that is so fully imagined that it seems as real as the one we actually inhabit—precisely because he's performing, and not just "being himself."

"This American Life" has such devoted fans that Glass must have been nervous about messing with the show by taking it to TV, though the move is one he's been considering for years. (Read online the six-thousand-word diary he wrote for *Slate* of an exploratory trip to Hollywood that he took in 1999.) Radio, as Glass himself has pointed out, is already a visual medium, so in a way the danger he faced was of translating the form to TV in a boring way—of simply replicating onscreen the pictures that develop in listeners' minds as they hear the stories. He knew that the TV show would have to work from a different model. Still, the result is very recognizably "This American Life" both in structure and in content. Glass has used the new medium as well as he can; the framing device actually works better on TV, and seems less condescending, because we've all become used to not giving TV our full attention and Glass's commentary helps us absorb the stories. (For some people, TV is now just the radio that's on in the background.) Glass hasn't done anything really new here—unless you count the gimmick of having him speak while sitting at a desk that's placed somewhere out of doors. The playful visuals don't add much to the stories; an animated segment by Chris Ware in the fourth episode is nice but really no different from the kind of shorts you can see on IFC or the Sundance Channel or even PBS.

The stories themselves, though, are, for the most part, ones that benefit from the medium, usually because television allows us to see people's faces. In a piece about a man who runs a street-theatre improv group that goes around getting bystanders to participate in its shenanigans, a shot of the man's face, as he's justifying a prank he has pulled, shows his refusal to let doubts about the consequences of his actions penetrate his skull, and marks him not as a visionary but perhaps as a sociopath. A piece about a widower who built his dead wife a mausoleum that's big enough for him to hang out in—and where he does hang out, three times a week—is enriched by the sight of a little portable TV sitting on top of the man's own waiting tomb, which is already engraved with his name and birth date and that chilling hyphen.

Still, the camera can take you only so far; you need good sense and soul to get you the rest of the way, and Glass, in this new medium, has more to learn. The series, incredibly, begins with a short reminiscence by a woman who, as an eight-year-old, peed while riding the school bus, because she just couldn't hold it anymore. The nut of the story is that she thought she'd figured out how to position herself so that no one would notice what she was doing. What she hadn't counted on was that the stream would move once it was on the floor, and that everyone would know, and that it would be a source of humiliation for years to come. This anecdote would have been just as vivid on the radio, where we would have been spared the image of urine running along the floor. Seeing it called to mind a recent episode of the CW reality show "Pussycat Dolls Present: The Search for the Next Doll," in which a group of young women trying out for the pop group catch a virus and some of them are shown vomiting—vomit included. In this age of transparency, one sometimes wishes for a little opacity. ♦



Give your life purpose and his life hope.
Assist a needy child.
Children INCORPORATED
www.childrenincorporated.org
1-800-538-5381

Encouraging Fur To Fly Since 1997
The Internet's #1 Pet Travel Resource with over 25,000 hotels, campgrounds, beaches and fun places that welcome pets (+ pet sitters, kennels and more)
petswelcome.com

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY JUNE 2007
BENCH MARK(ER).
Mark the big things in life.
ARCHIE'S ISLAND FURNITURE
800-486-1183
www.archiesisland.com/benchmarker

the PORCHES Inn at MASS MoCA
STYLE LUX COMFORT
[unconventional accommodations]
413.664.0400 • NORTH ADAMS, MA • www.porches.com

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-15
200 styles • FREE catalog
1-800-992-WIDE
HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69D2 Hingham, MA 02043 www.wideshoes.com

Let Avis plan your European driving tour.
25 Avis *Personally Yours* itineraries outline scenic drives in Belgium, England, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Scotland, Spain and Switzerland.
FREE Sample: 1-800-698-5674 AVIS. *Personally Yours*

617.855.3570 pavilion@mclean.org www.mclean.harvard.edu

THE PAVILION
at McLean Hospital

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment.
Unsurpassed discretion and service.

Consistently ranked the nation's top psychiatric hospital, McLean is an affiliate of Harvard Medical School and Massachusetts General Hospital, and a member of Partners HealthCare.

nebraska summer writers' conference

Sara Gruen / Ron Hansen / Lee Martin / Stephen Dunn / Jim Shepard / Li-Young Lee / Judith Kitchen / Dorianne Laux / Sean Doolittle / Joe Mackall / Hilda Raz / William Kloefkorn / Timothy Schaffert / Brent Spencer / Stan Sanvel Rubin / Agents and Editors

JUNE 16-22, 2007

Workshops and Master Classes in all genres
Literary agents and manuscript review

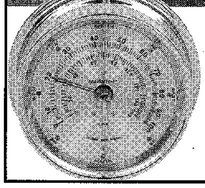
http://www.nswc.org

Director: Jonis Agee
email: nswc@unl.edu
phone: 402.472.3067 or 402.455.1500

University of Nebraska Lincoln

The Power of Mindfulness
A Retreat for Business Leaders & Innovators
conducted by
Jon Kabat-Zinn
October 26 – 31, 2007
Menla Mountain Retreat Center – Phoenicia, New York
$4,650 (early registration $3,950) all inclusive
www.umassmed.edu/cfm/pm_retreat.aspx
(508) 856-1084
Center for Mindfulness in Medicine, Health Care, and Society
University of Massachusetts Medical School

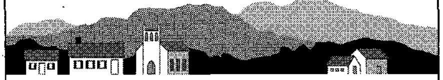
MAXIMUM®
WEATHER INSTRUMENTS



Beautifully crafted and technically precise, Maximum instruments bring the complete weather story into your home. For a FREE catalog call us at 508.995.2200 or visit
www.maximum-inc.com
Wireless instruments available!

TRANQUILITY · ROMANCE · ADVENTURE
ANSE CHASTANET RESORT · ST.LUCIA
1-800-223-1108 • www.ansechastanet.com

Discover historic Dorset



...an almost perfect Vermont village.
www.dorsetvt.com

MUSICAL EVENTS

CLUB ACTS

New York's vital new-music scene.

BY ALEX ROSS

I had a curious experience in downtown Manhattan the other night. Early in the evening, I attended a concert of works for instruments and electronics by Alexandra Gardner, at the Greenwich House Music School, on Barrow Street. Then I went to the East Village to catch a late show by the clarinettist and composer Evan Ziporyn, at a club called the Stone. Arriving on Avenue C with a few minutes to spare, I stopped in at a corner deli, and, as I browsed for chips, I was amazed to hear the beautifully fractured finale of György Ligeti's Violin Concerto on the P.A.—a New York Philharmonic broadcast, with Christian Tetzlaff playing and Alan Gilbert conducting. I felt as if I had stepped into an alternate universe where New York evenings unfolded to a contemporary-classical soundtrack.

We're not at the point where Stockhausen's "Gruppen" rumbles over the loudspeakers at Starbucks and American Apparel, but there's more new music in the city than ever before. Forty years ago, New York had just two full-time new-music ensembles: the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble and the Group for Contemporary Music. Now there are more than forty such outfits, from Alarm Will Sound to Wet Ink. Although these groups sometimes play in the uptown concert halls, they more often appear downtown and in Brooklyn. The Stone features experimental composition alongside free jazz and non-commercial rock. So does Tonic, which, sadly, has been priced out of the Lower East Side and will close its doors on April 13th. And, on a recent night at the Williamsburg art space Galapagos, the ensemble ThingNY played a sometimes punishingly loud set of pieces for electric guitar, trombone, keyboards, bass, and drums, while, in an adjacent room, R. Luke DuBois mesmerized a hipster bar crowd with organically shifting masses of electronic tone. The latter event was part of a monthly series called Darmstadt, named for the legendary avant-garde gathering where Ligeti made his reputation.

An exceptionally vital group of young composers is driving the proliferation of new music. As they pontificate on blogs and Web sites such as Sequenza21 and NewMusicBox, distribute music via MySpace pages and Internet radio, and post flyers for their shows, they act for all the world like unsigned rockers trying to make it in the city. Some, like Christopher Tignor, have adopted a double identity, studying composition by day (in Tignor's case, at Princeton) and playing by night in a post-rock band (Slow Six). Classifying their work becomes tricky; many composers of Tignor's generation are erasing the line between classical and pop, dispensing with performers in favor of laptops, incorporating improvisation and world-music practices, or singing their own art songs in semi-pop style. Complicating the picture further is a new breed of pop artist who composes on the side. Glenn Kotche, the drummer of Wilco, has released an album of solo works on Nonesuch; Franz Nicolay, the keyboardist of the Hold Steady, also writes for the rock-inflected Antisocial Music collective. The long-reigning master of genre ambiguity is John Zorn, who founded the Stone in 2005, and whose madcap career has unfolded at the intersection of popular culture and jazz, rock, and classical composition—otherwise known as the corner of Second and C.

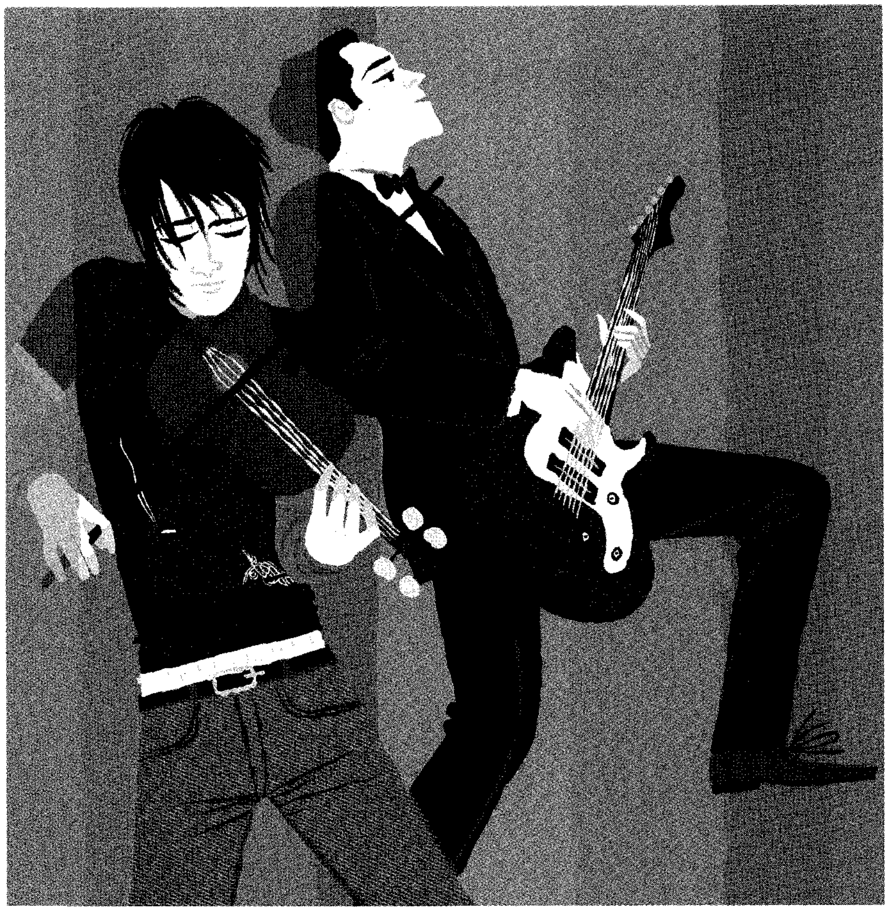
Sometimes the blurring of boundaries leads to overamplified mush. Just as often, though, it generates a new kind of interstitial music—one that makes a virtue of falling between the cracks. In Nico Muhly's "Keep in Touch," the weighty, gospel-tinged voice of the singer-songwriter Antony Hegarty is interwoven with broken scales on the viola and bubbling electronic textures. In Gardner's "Luminoso," flamenco strummings are digitally processed in a way that evokes a lone guitarist wandering around a sun-baked ruin. And at the end of Ziporyn's set at the Stone a quartet of players—the composer on clarinets, Robert Black on bass, Ha Yang Kim on cello, Nathan Davis on percussion—improvised on notated parts to create a work of disciplined wildness that will never be heard in exactly the same way again.

Since George Gershwin's time, people have been talking about a total synthesis of pop and classical traditions. Such a fusion is probably as undesirable as it is unattainable: genre distinctions are part of what makes music comprehensible in the first place. Nonetheless, all music exists on a continuum, and it's thrilling when a programmer decides to follow a common thread from one genre to another. In February, at Zankel Hall, the pop polymath David Byrne presented a concert called "One Note," at which all the performances were, in some way, derived from a single droning tone. Drones hummed through a Persian-tinged folk-rock performance by the Iranian-American singer-guitarist Haale; formed bonds between an eclectic set of pieces by Alarm Will Sound (a Renaissance saltarello, Giacinto Scelsi's 1973 composition "Pranam II," an arrangement of an ambient track by Aphex Twin); and rumbled beneath an antic, captivating set of songs by the Parisian singer-songwriter Camille, whose style falls somewhere between Edith Piaf and Björk. Zankel has become a vital center for such experiments; John Adams's In Your Ear festivals, in the same space, have roamed intelligently across the musical map.

Wordless Music is a major new series devoted to conversations between genres. It's the brainchild of Ronen Givony, a junior staffer at the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. An omnivorous listener who absorbs everything from Shostakovich string quartets to the digital collages of the Books, Givony one day asked a colleague why any music for small groups of instruments—classical or rock or jazz—couldn't be presented as "chamber music." With the enterprise of a born impresario, he decided to launch his own series, at the Good Shepherd Faith Church, on West Sixty-sixth Street.

One recent Wordless concert, toward the end of March, convened three groups from Canada. Polmo Polpo, a band headed by the guitarist and sound artist Sandro Perri, unfolded richly arpeggiated improvisations over deep bass notes. The ensemble Toca Loca offered a vibrant short set of works by Georges Aperghis, Dai Fujikura, Louis Andriessen, and Andrew Staniland (whose "Adventure Music" is an alternately beautiful and terrifying instrumental meditation constructed around recorded sounds of ice sheets cracking). Finally, the Social Music Work Group led a brassy and viscerally satisfying rendition of Terry Riley's minimalist classic "In C." At another concert, last week, a capacity crowd took in the gifted young pianist Gilles Vonsattel, who played Bartók's "Out of Doors" Suite and Ravel's "Ondine"; the Portland guitarist Matthew Cooper, whose one-man band Eluvium drifts from serene simplicity to apocalyptic noise; and Amiina, Icelandic string-quartet players who also make magical little noises on mallet percussion, harps, zithers, keyboards, musical saws, and bells of the hotel-desk type.

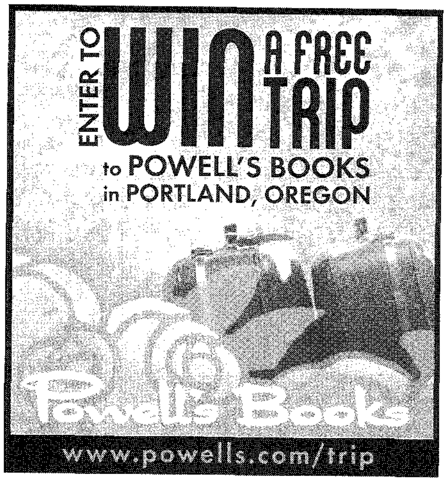
Everyone has something to gain from this exercise. Classical types can expose their wares to a new crowd: the youthful-intellectual demographic that classical presenters often talk about but seldom attract. At the same time, the so-called "pop" artists—none of them remotely of the Top Forty variety—can enjoy an atmosphere free of background chatter and clinking beer bottles. Listeners benefit the most; they experience familiar repertory from new angles or discover music that they otherwise might have missed.



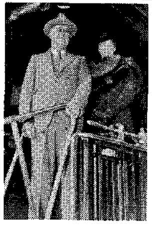
Many young composers are blurring the boundary between classical and pop.

JOSÉ LUIS MERINO

Givony is now planning a second season, which will include more coolly transcendental Icelandic music—performances by Valgeir Sigurdsson and Múm—together with "Popcorn Superhet Receiver," a densely notated, glissando-heavy piece for strings by Jonny Greenwood, the lead guitarist of Radiohead. Givony is still looking for participants from the classical world, where he has encountered some blank stares. Anyone who imagines that Wordless Music is overrun by uncouth pop fiends has the wrong mental image: this crowd listens as intently as any audience I've encountered outside of Austria, and saves its whoops of enthusiasm for the end. At the moment, there is no more inventive music series in New York. ♦


ENTER TO WIN A FREE TRIP
to POWELL'S BOOKS
in PORTLAND, OREGON
Powell's Books
www.powells.com/trip

Language Fun for the Whole Family!
www.languagesleuths.com


THE ROOSEVELT RIDE RETURNS
From May 3 to October 31 board a Metro North train to Poughkeepsie arriving by 10:45 AM. The Roosevelt Ride Shuttle takes you to the historic sites and back to catch the 5:30PM train to NYC. Reservations required call (845) 229-5320 or visit
WWW.HISTORICHYDEPARK.ORG

For Women Tired of Struggling With Their Weight
GREEN MOUNTAIN at FOX RUN
Proven solutions for weight, diabetes and lifestyle change since 1973.
www.fitwoman.com • 800.448.8106

Missing A Piece of Your Pattern?®
American Sterling Silver
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
Over 1,200 Patterns In Stock • Flatware
Holloware • New/Used • Buy/Sell
Call us at 800-270-4009 or
Visit our website: www.beverlybremer.com
3164 Peachtree Road, NE. Dept. NY, Atlanta GA 30305 • M - Sat 10-5

LONDON FLATS
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 - 423-652-2048
www.farnum-christ.com

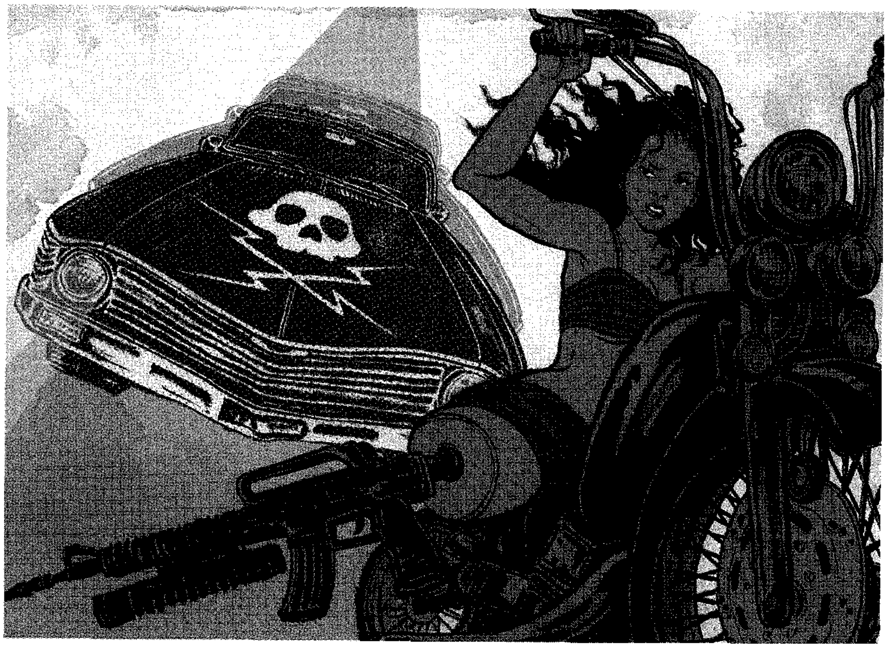
THE CURRENT CINEMA

SLEAZE CITY

"Grindhouse" and "The TV Set."

BY DAVID DENBY

With the three-hour-and-eleven-minute "Grindhouse," the writer-directors Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez have put together an entire evening's entertainment devoted to the violent schlock movies and decrepit theatres that they loved as kids and never stopped loving. "Grindhouse" is a single film with no intermission, but it includes two new features and such divertissements as trailers for ridiculous imaginary pictures ("Werewolf Women of the S.S."), ads for revolting food at local restaurants, and artifacts of down-at-the-heels moviegoing from decades ago. At climactic moments in the two features—say, just as the hero and the heroine are about to get it on—the scene sometimes comes to an abrupt halt, and the words "Missing reel" flash on the screen. Now and then, the movie develops hiccups, as if frames had been chopped out—a tribute to needy projectionists of old who kept the images they liked best. And deep scratches, as lovingly inscribed as the speckled antiquing on a blanket chest, run through long stretches of film. The general intent here is to louse up the surface of the movie as much as possible and make that degraded surface, in a kind of high-tech punk conceit, a central part of the experience. Tarantino and Rodriguez are trying to re-create their memories of moviegoing as a blissfully sullied urban folk ritual in which sprawling teens squandered their time in seedy picture palaces.


YUKO SHIMIZU

Rose McGowan as a pole-dancer turned vigilante in Rodriguez's "Planet Terror."

Why would such technically sophisticated filmmakers, who have the power to do whatever they want, make a movie like this? Because it amuses them, and because the movie just might irritate the squares—the schoolteacherish elements in the audience who still believe that movies should be nice. And also, perhaps, to free themselves. Embracing trash is a way of not giving a damn about feelings or art or anything else except craft. Down there on the sticky floor of the theatre, you can be as crazily violent or as sleazily erotic as you want. What surprises me, I suppose, is not the impulse itself—who hasn't, in a foul mood, felt something like it?—but the wide-spread notion in the press that Tarantino and Rodriguez have become moviemaking radicals. They haven't: genteel, middlebrow culture lost its sway years ago, and plenty of other filmmakers are doing hyper-violence and sleaze. Tarantino and Rodriguez aren't going against the flow; they're trying to get ahead of the flow. What they'd like, of course, is to bring to their version of trash that extra touch of madness which turns exploitation into wit.

In the first of the two features, "Planet Terror," Rodriguez, the co-director of "Sin City," unleashes a plague on a small town in Texas. People who are infected become zombies that prey on the living. Or something like that. In any case, this dawn-of-the-dead fantasia is gleefully disgusting: flesh melts, bodies explode like packages of liquid squeezed too hard, testicles roll around on the ground like spilled Brussels sprouts. The slaughterhouse outrages, combined with a complete absence of meaning, are what's supposed to be cool about "Planet Terror," and the audience (largely young men) whoops and hollers on cue. I closed my eyes here and there, and then opened them again, looking for signs of irony. I found a few. Rodriguez did the cinematography himself, and the camera occasionally loses interest in what's going on, pausing to leer at an actress's cleavage. Continuity is intentionally spotty, focus intermittent. Rose McGowan, as the heroine, Cherry, a retired pole-dancer, seems as entranced by her own sexual splendor as a ruby-lipped tomato on the cover of a Mickey Spillane novel. (Yes, I know, wrong period—but that's what she looks like.) When Cherry loses a leg to the ghouls, her old lover (Freddy Rodriguez, who's a pocket-size dynamo) outfits her with a machine gun for a stump; she raises it like a dog taking a pee and blows away anyone within fifty yards. Some of this flaming luridness is exciting, but Rodriguez quickly becomes desperate. The movie is as repetitive as hell and, despite his continual attempts to raise the ante, quite boring. At a certain point, of course, a loving re-creation of something tawdry isn't all that different from the original. Even a postmodernist bloodbath is wet, sticky, and red.

Tarantino's feature, "Death Proof," though it's based on seventies car-chase movies like "White Line Fever," isn't as

ILLUMINATE YOUR MIND

Plato, Dostoevsky, Darwin...
Great minds, Great books.
Week-long seminars on classic texts.

SUMMER CLASSICS
IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
July 8 - 27, 2007

505-984-6117
seminars@sjcsf.edu
www.stjohnscollege.edu

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE
ANNAPOLIS · SANTA FE

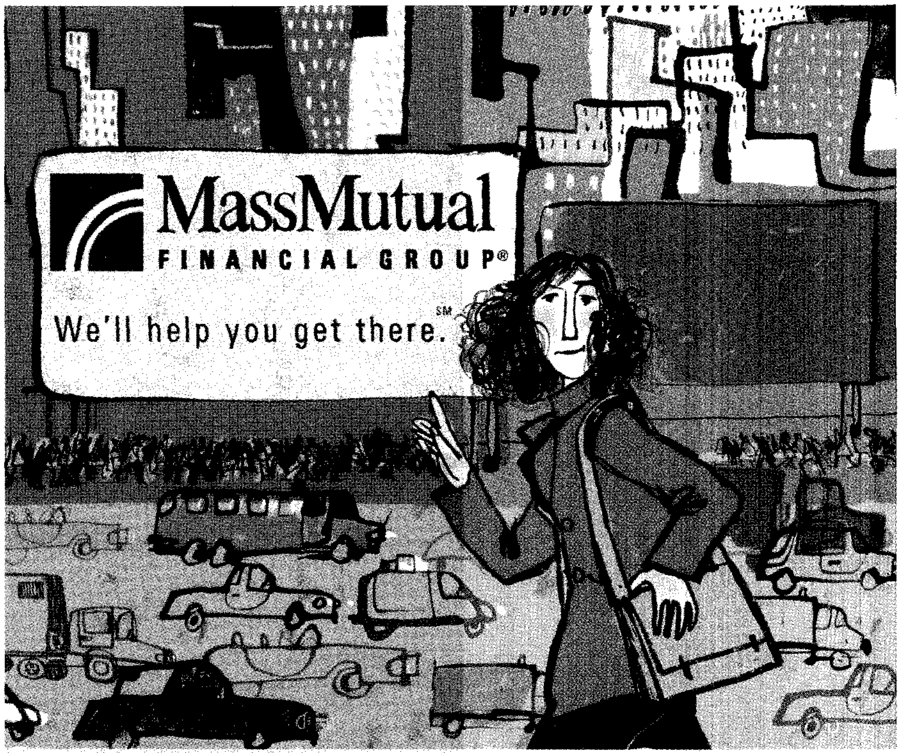
GET SERIOUS ABOUT
WEIGHT LOSS

Lose 7 - 14 pounds during a 2-week stay at our residential weight loss center. Through our Healthy Lifestyle Program℠ you will learn how to prepare healthy meals and break the yo-yo diet cycle. We will help you discover a fitness program that works for you so that you can maintain your new healthy lifestyle.

800.292.2440
Ask about our special rates and programs
www.hhhealth.com

Hilton Head Health
INSTITUTE

MassMutual Financial Group is a marketing designation (or fleet name) for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company (MassMutual) and its affiliates. ©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.



I can't keep putting this off!

MYSTERIOUS SOUTHEAST ASIA

FEATURING FLY FREE &
FREE SHORE EXCURSIONS

- Departing December 2007 – February 2008
- 14-20 nights; packages from $6,606 pp
- 500-passenger ultra deluxe *MS Deutschland*

For a free video/DVD or brochure:
1-877-331-0856

PETER DEILMANN
OCEAN CRUISES
THE WORLD IS NEW AGAIN
www.deilmann-cruises.com/asia

Ship's Registry: Germany

Journey Back in Time.

We offer 37 historical study tours. All are led by noted scholars and reflect our 31 years of experience. Visit www.archaeologicaltrs.com, call 212-986-3054 or toll-free 866-740-5130.

archaeological tours
LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
superb itineraries, unsurpassed service

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

1-800-477-1856
"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links, 14K Gold $595, Sterling $165
Visa/MC/Amex | Unconditionally Guaranteed
104 N. Churton St. | Hillsborough, NC 27278
dallaspridgenjewelry.com

If you can dream it...we can do it!

Myths and Mountains
800/670-6984
www.MythsAndMountains.com
Asia • Southeast Asia • South America • Antarctica

The Berkshires only Four Diamond Resort

800-272-6935
cranwell.com/ny
CRANWELL
RESORT • SPA • GOLF CLUB
Lenox
Massachusetts

for the discriminating vacationer...
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
http://www.kiawahexclusives.com
1-800-845-6966

flagrantly imitative as "Planet Terror"; nor are its images as rigorously defaced. The movie begins with a chummy girl posse (Sydney Poitier, Jordan Ladd, Vanessa Ferlito) riding around Austin in a red Honda Civic hatchback, and then settling into a comfortable bar for the night. The talk is intimate, detailed, funny. Tarantino demonstrates his usual insistence on sociability: everyone gets a chance to elaborately explain herself, curse up a storm, and wrangle with friends. Then Kurt Russell enters the bar; he's the legendary Stuntman Mike, a veteran stunt-car driver, and, as he sweet-talks Ferlito in his soft voice, his weathered ease is enormously charming. Something like normality appears to be taking over the screen. But Mike, it turns out, has a mysterious grudge against young women. His stunt car has been reinforced against crashes—made death-proof—and he rams into the three women on the highway in the dark. Homicide by vehicular assault is a gooney teen fantasy, and Tarantino goes all the way with the extreme violence of it, showing us the women's bodies being pulled apart over and over.

Tarantino obviously likes his characters a great deal, but he's caught in the contradictions of making an *hommage à schlock*: he has to kill the women in order to set up the rest of the movie. It's as if he couldn't decide whether to be a humanist or a nihilist, so he opportunistically becomes both. Immediately, he brings on another group of chattering girls, two of whom (Zoë Bell and the fast-talking Tracie Thoms) are movie stuntwomen themselves. Just for fun, Bell straps herself to the hood of a roaring 1970 Dodge Challenger, with nothing more than two belts tied to the window posts. When Stuntman Mike shows up and starts banging his death car into the Dodge, the women refuse to give in, and a classic battle follows. As the cars try to force each other off the road, the struggle rages across backcountry Texas terrain, in (as far as we can tell) real space, at good speed, and without digital enhancement. Nothing quite this exciting has been seen since Steven Spielberg's 1971 film "Duel."

In the end, Tarantino has his triumph in "Grindhouse," but, apart from this scene and a few good jokes, the movie won't do much for anyone who doesn't have an academic or fanboy absorption in junk. Tarantino and Rodriguez assume that we'll relish the movie's violence or shrug it off as play, as they do, but not everyone in the audience will want his enjoyment of it taken for granted that way—the mashed and maimed bodies leave depressing images in the mind and, at this moment in history, carry terrible associations. The two men love movies, love movie culture, love audiences, but how can you accept

---

THE NEW YORKER IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC. COPYRIGHT ©2007 CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

VOLUME LXXXIII, NO. 8, April 16, 2007. THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028792X) is published weekly (except for five combined issues: February 19 & 26, June 11 & 18, July 9 & 16, September 3 & 10, and December 24 & 31) by Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. Louis Cona, vice-president and publisher; Jamie Engel, associate publisher; Alatia Bradley, advertising director; Karen Quinn-Panzer, advertising director; Melissa McCarthy Strome, advertising director; Judy Safir, director of finance and business operations; Daniella Wells, executive director marketing and strategic planning; Janine Silvera, executive director of creative services; Jacqueline Cinguina, director of integrated marketing; Steve Porter, creative director/advertising; Ellen Reid, creative services director; Lynn Oberlander, general counsel. Condé Nast Publications: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Charles H. Townsend, president and C.E.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; Debi Chirichella Sabino, senior vice-president and C.F.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president/human resources. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. Canada Post: return undeliverable Canadian addresses to P.O. Box 874, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 8L4.

POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037 0684. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037 0684, call (800) 825-2510, or e-mail subscriptions@newyorker.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks after receipt of order. For advertising inquiries, please call Karen Quinn-Panzer at (212) 286-5465. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail covers@cartoonbank.com. For permissions and reprint requests, please call (212) 630-5656 or fax requests to (212) 630-5883. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The New Yorker's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. Visit us online at www.newyorker.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037 0684 or call (800) 825-2510.

THE NEW YORKER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY THE NEW YORKER IN WRITING.

a love that expresses itself obsessively with an assault on the human body?

"Truthfully, 'original' scares me a little," says Lenny (Sigourney Weaver), the head of a television network in Jake Kasdan's satirical comedy "The TV Set." Lenny is the chief nemesis of Kasdan's hard-pressed hero, the writer-producer Mike Klein (David Duchovny), a veteran of the TV wars who has a challenging idea for a new show—"The Wexler Chronicles," it's called, and it's about what happens to a young man when his brother commits suicide. It's meant to be a serious idea with comic overtones, but we never find out whether it would have worked, because Lenny keeps squeezing and altering the original conception until the show—now titled "Call Me Crazy!"—becomes a piece of conventional whimsy. Lenny, whose latest smash is "Slut Wars," a reality show in which long-stemmed tootsies stand around in bikinis, openly loathes art, which she considers not only a waste of time but an insult to *her*. Ferociously, she insists on blandness. Weaver, never one to hold back, gives her readings a crushing vehemence. As a comedienne, she doesn't have the lyrical gift—the charge of fantasy—that Faye Dunaway brought to a similar character thirty years ago in "Network," but she's effectively hateful, and poor, earnest Mike doesn't stand a chance.

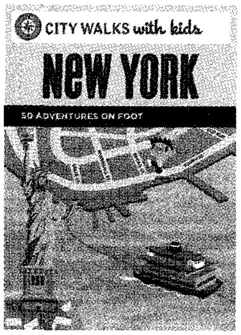
Kasdan, the son of the Hollywood insiders Lawrence and Meg Kasdan, has been working in movies and television since his début as a child actor, in "The Big Chill," in 1983, and he appears to know, with an almost nauseated sense of familiarity, all the ways in which the TV industry can cheat, cozen, seduce, and buy even a halfway serious writer out of his convictions. Kasdan is shrewd and funny about such things as the ease with which powerful people can mimic, when they need to, the forms of sincerity and concern. The satire is unrelenting but not too broad; it stays close to common observation. Kasdan's special target: the astonishing Hollywood habit of prefacing even the most negative opinions of a writer or an actor's work with upbeat panegyrics ("We loved it! Loved it!"), followed by the inevitable "But we have some concerns," which, it turns out, completely undermine whatever it was that the writer or the actor was trying to do. ♦

Win at Losing

Each year you plan on losing weight, but never reach your goal. Come to a place where people lose weight and learn to keep it off. The Duke Diet & Fitness Center's residential program has helped people achieve lasting weight loss and improved health. Our balanced approach – through nutrition, exercise, counseling and medical management – can help you win at losing weight.

Duke Diet and Fitness Center
DUKE UNIVERSITY HEALTH SYSTEM

1-800-235-3853 (DUKE) or www.dukedietcenter.org



Big Apple adventures on foot for grown-ups and kids.

In Stores Now!

$14.95

CHRONICLEBOOKS.COM

CHRONICLE BOOKS

OPTIMO EXTRA FINO
Authentic hand-woven, hand-finished panama hats from $1,000.

Montecristi™

www.montecristihats.com

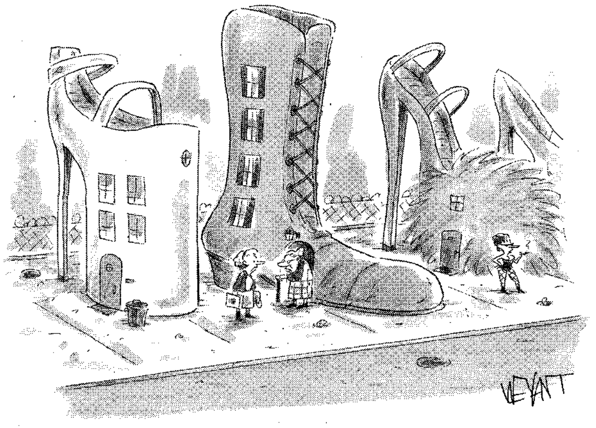
MassMutual Financial Group is a marketing designation (or fleet name) for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company (MassMutual) and its affiliates. ©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

MassMutual
FINANCIAL GROUP®
I've HeARD OF These Guys!

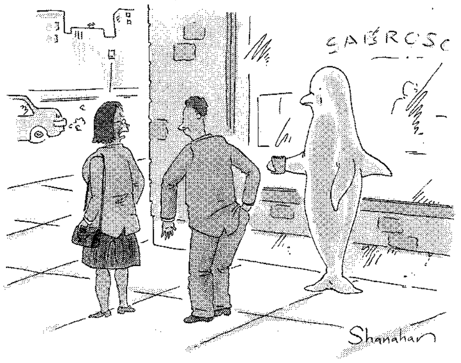
CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Mike Twohy, must be received by Sunday, April 15th. Finalists in the April 2nd contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the April 30th issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION



"Remember back when the worst thing you could catch around here was athlete's foot?"
Charles Beckman, Towson, Md.



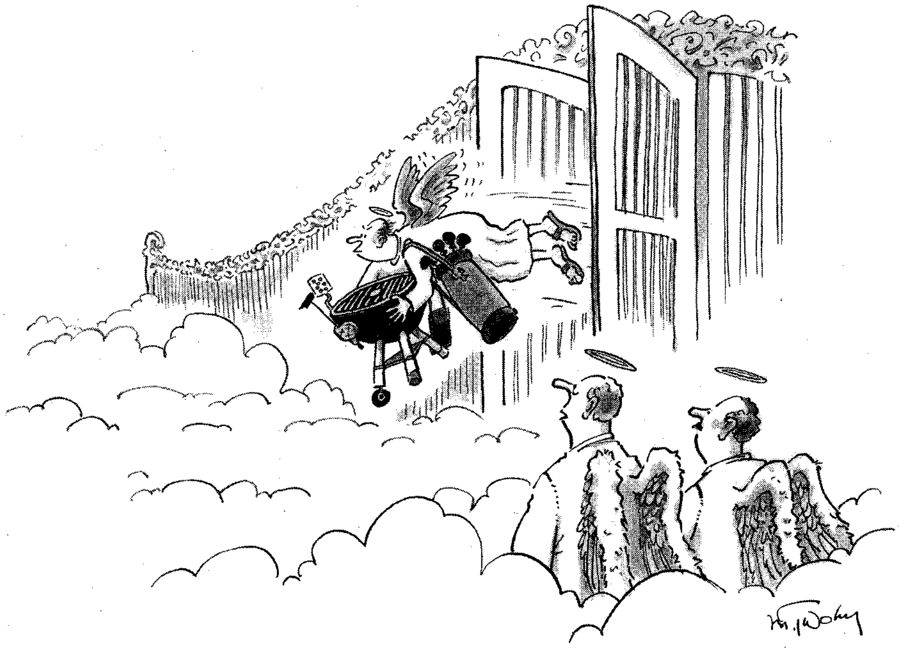
THE FINALISTS

"Come on, George. You know he's only going to spend it on more oxygen."
Justin Sarma, New York City

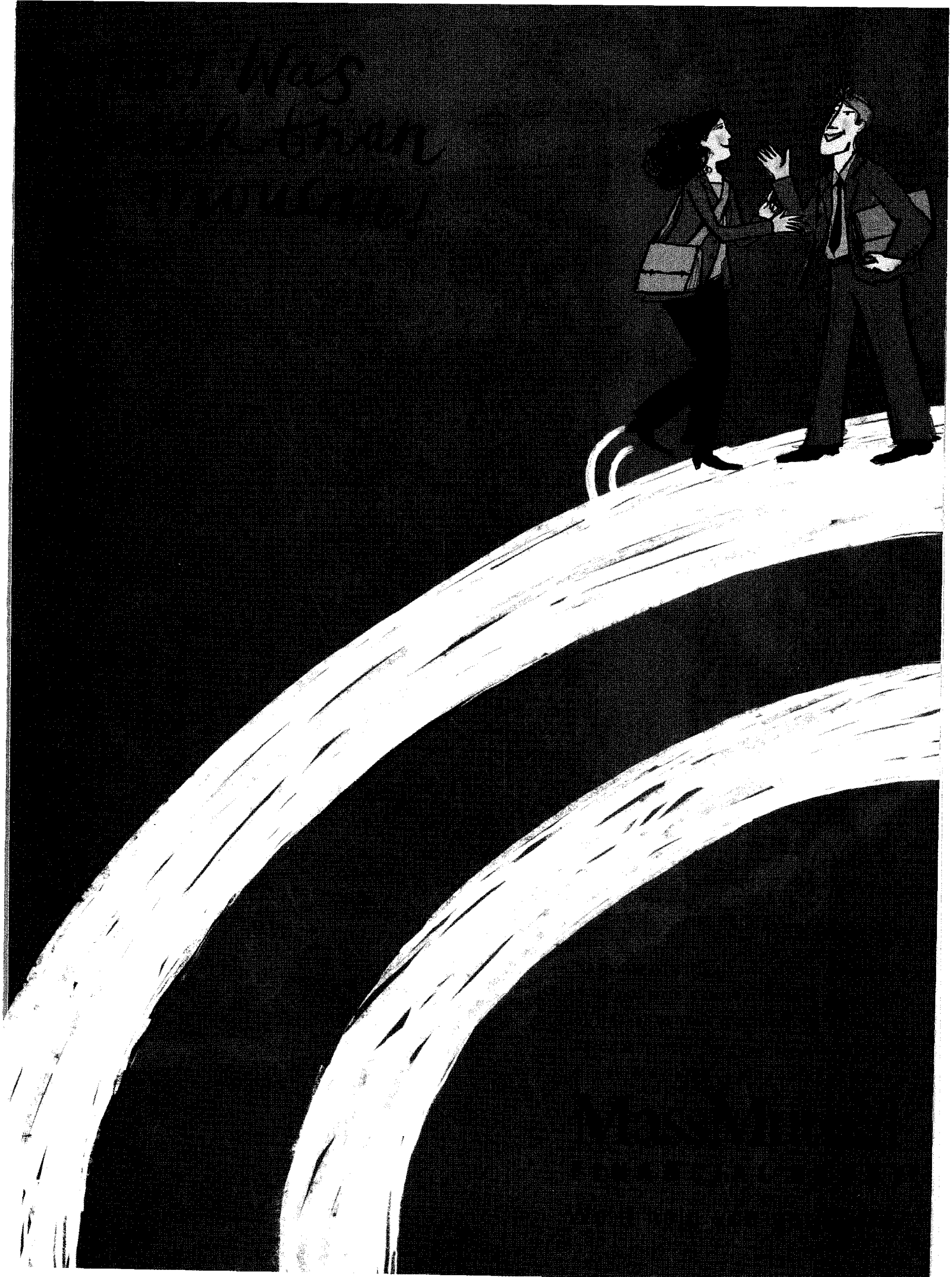
"If he's so damn intelligent, let him get a job."
Lawrence Wood, Chicago, Ill.

"Give him money, and you feed him today; teach him how to earn money by somersaulting on cue, and you feed him for life."
Richard Nathan, Burbank, Calif.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



“ ______________________________ ”



MassMutual Financial Group is a marketing designation (or fleet name) for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company (MassMutual) and its affiliates.
Life insurance issued by MassMutual, Springfield, MA 01111-0001. ©2007 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company. CRN200903-089778

©2007 DCI

Ipanema Beach, Brazil

One down. 999 to go.

1,000 PLACES TO SEE BEFORE YOU DIE

BASED ON *THE NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLER

NEW EPISODE **WATCH IT THURSDAY APRIL 12 AT 9PM EP** Travel channel

get going at travelchannel.com/1000places